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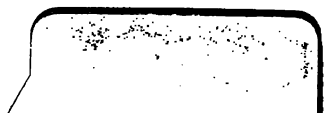
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CONFESSIONS OF AN HOMCEOPATHIST.

CONFESSIONS
OF AN
HOMŒOPATHIST.

— “Quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?”

HOR. SAT.



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PREFACE.

THE object of the author in publishing this Work, is to expose, in an agreeable form, the fallacies of a peculiar system of Empiricism, which has but too frequently succeeded, in luring its dupes to their ruin.

The doctrines of Homœopathy have been ably combated in various Medical Periodicals, and the utter falsity of its pretensions to rank as a science, clearly and distinctly proved ; but the Public (really the most interested party) either do not see these publications, or regard them with a prejudiced eye, thinking that they proceed from persons jealous of any other practice being pursued, than that recognized by Colleges, and guarded by Diplomas.

The popular form has been adopted in this Work, as best calculated for general circulation, and it is intended, that the inductions from the facts stated, should be drawn by the reader, in

place of entering into argumentative disquisitions, on the truth or falsehood of the system.

The mighty amphitheatre of Pagan Rome, when mistress of the world, vibrated with the applauding shouts of a whole people, when the masked actor uttered the philanthropic sentiment, "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto." A similar feeling of love to his fellow-men, actuated the author in sending this book into the world, and his hopes will be disappointed, if his efforts for their benefit be not met with some approbation.

No man, no, not even an "admirable Crichton," can make himself master of every science. The most learned must take much upon trust. This proposition being true with regard to the real sciences, has led multitudes to suppose that the same laxity of judgment may be applied to pseudo-sciences, and thus the "ipse dixits" of designing and presumptuous men, often pass in the world, as current as the established results of proved knowledge.

Man is a strange compound; the wisest in worldly estimation often rushing headlong into unknown dangers by devious paths, solely to avoid the beaten track, because in it *some* have stumbled, and *all* have not passed in safety. Such persons doubt science, because science is

not omnipotent, and pursue an *ignis fatuus*, without knowing where it may lead.

“Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour’d of its harm !
Strange world that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm.”

Well hath the satirist remarked, that in all the deceptions practised on man, each pretender (no matter how absurd his theory) proves that

“Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l’admire.”

A common feeling of humanity, should dictate to any one who has discovered that a pitfall, or series of traps, have been cunningly contrived in the neighbourhood of the public way, whilst the path leading to them is placarded as “*safer and shorter than the high road,*” to tell his brethren, that loss, danger, and perhaps death, may be encountered there, notwithstanding the specious appearances, and plausible assertions which tempt them to take that way.

Circumstances, of a peculiar nature, made the author acquainted with the history of one of the most successful of the disciples of Hahnemann. Its details were given by a dying man, painfully aware how near he stood to the barrier which intervenes between time and eternity—who no

longer wished to deceive others, and whose awakened conscience told him he could no longer deceive himself.

The author has pondered for some years on the propriety of placing these Confessions before the public ; and he does so now, from a feeling that the time demands them, and a conviction that they will prove useful.

The characters and incidents described, are not the mere creations of fancy, but the grouping together of realities. Obvious reasons have necessitated the employment of fictitious names ; the localities, also, both in Germany and Britain, are altered, to avoid the imputation of personality as much as possible.

For faults of style the author craves indulgence, and begs to express his sincerest wish that his reader, in laying down the book, may acquiesce in the motto, and join him in saying—

——— “ *Quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ?* ”

CONFESSIONS OF AN HOMŒOPATHIST.

CHAPTER I.

“Virtuous and vicious every man must be
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise,
And e’en the best by fits what they despise.”

POPE.

“First falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects.”

COWPER.

Ask me not, dearest Amelie, to give any reasons for the step I am about to take! I would not chafe thy gentle loving spirit by now telling thee the cause—but it must be. We leave this place to-morrow, perhaps never to return—this dear old Schloss, with its fine chasse, and venerable trees. We must give up the pleasure of lording it over our serfs and vassals, and like the descendants of Ishmael, shift our camp to some locality where we may be free from the impertinent intrusion of those rude Islanders, whose perpetual wanderings lead them restlessly and uselessly into

every land. Amelie, I have lived amongst them—I have learned them well! and to what has my knowledge led? To hate them! Sapperment, I hate and abhor them with a depth of rancour they could hardly imagine! They have been my tools, and my fools: from the unwitting, aye, and from the wilfully blind, too, I have derived my large revenues, and for their folly, and their gold, I present them with my hatred! Nation of asses—congregation of dupes—insolent assumers of authority over the whole world; would that with one stamp of my foot I could sink their petty dominion in the ocean, or crush it to powder at a blow, and annihilation in a moment should be their doom!

Thus spoke the Count Von Eisenberg, partly addressing himself to his young and pretty wife,—partly in soliloquy, as with compressed lips, clenched hands, and ill-suppressed fury, he strode up and down the noble dining-room of the Schloss of Falkenbrun, of which estate he had but lately become the possessor.

From the attire of both the lady and gentleman, it was evident that they were just returned from some distinguished reunion, and the flush of excitement, which dancing and brilliant conversation had induced on the cheek of the Countess, began to give place to the paleness and languor of fatigue. Sitting before the blazing wood fire, she was making some preliminary preparations for retiring to her chamber, and had just relieved her aching head from the weight and confinement of a splendid tiara of brilliants, which vanity deemed no burden in the ball-room, when her colour

was brought back, with even a deeper flush, and she was terrified in no ordinary degree by this sudden outburst of unexplained wrath, in a husband, who, since their union, had ever in her presence been the very personification of gentleness.

“Leave Falkenbrun?” cried the lady. “Falkenbrun, where our happiest days have been spent? You do but jest! What, dearest Wilhelm, can have thus ruffled and disturbed you, and have drawn from you such severe language as you have uttered against the English? I am sure I never met more agreeable persons, or freer from frivolity, than the two gentlemen we encountered this evening. Forrester is every thing that is noble, gallant, and generous; and the young physician, who accompanies him, adds, to the possession of extensive learning, an instinctive knowledge of the world, perhaps gained by varied travel, and a naïvete which is quite charming: there is something quite delightful and particularly amusing in watching the efforts he makes to express his really fine sentiments, with his stock of broken German. I declare, Wilhelm, notwithstanding all the long vows the Pharrer caused me to utter at the altar of the Minster-kirk towards your amiable self, that when I am in the society of these agreeable men, I feel half inclined to forswear them all, and cast my allegiance back to the good father.” Here a darker cloud than before passing over the Count’s brow, warned the fair lady that she might be carrying her playfulness too far in her husband’s

present mood, so having paused for a moment, with woman's ready apprehension, she resumed,—

“But, dear Wilhelm, don't look so cross; for, notwithstanding their great merits, I am only half in love with these same Englishmen; but if you do not banish that sour krout face, and put to flight the clouds which obscure your brow, with a little good humoured sunshine, I shall never be able to prevent involuntary thoughts.”

“Well, Amelie, one might suppose you thought I was jealous; but, my own darling child, you have never given me cause; but, to take a leaf from your own book, as you acknowledge to having been half in love with them, perhaps it would be wise to try and save the other half by immediate flight.”

Stooping, he kissed her cheek, and left the room. In a few minutes the library bell was heard ringing loudly. Then there was opening of doors, with an evident bustle and stir in the house, and shortly after, a good humoured looking, thick-legged maid, with a waist of most uninsect-like dimensions, tripped hastily into the room, approached the Countess, (who now seemed to have forgotten her preparations for retiring, and was sitting with her head leaning on her hand, her eyes fixed on the dying embers of the wood fire, apparently deep in thought, really tossed in a confused maze of perplexing ideas,) and announced that she bore a message from her lord.

At first her words fell unintelligibly on the ears to



which they were addressed, and it was not until they had been repeated that their purport was clearly understood. They were to this effect, that the Count requested she would give orders for whatever she required to be got ready, as the caleche was ordered to be ready to start at five in the morning.

It was now past two o'clock, consequently such an intimation, which amounted to a command, was startling. At first, the high-born lady, and much-indulged wife, was disposed to dispute the possibility of fulfilling this order, and the term "Unmöglich," slipped in very hissing and disagreeable accents from lips which seemed formed only for the concord of sweet sounds; but there is no instrument, however dulcet its tones, which may not be played out of tune.

The Countess was busily planning a remonstrance to her husband, and about to send it in word-embodied form, when the Count's footsteps were heard in the gallery, and the now excited lady rushed to meet him, ready to urge a thousand objections to this extraordinary journey; but her courage failed her, when she marked the stern, cold manner of her husband.

Expostulation was cut short in a moment; his imperative manner put all opposition to flight;—a chilling damp fell on her loving heart, and she listened to the general directions he gave to have what she immediately wanted packed up, and get as much rest as possible before starting, almost mechanically. Leaving the room, he added, "I shall be engaged in the library,

and would not be disturbed till all is ready for starting."

Reader, have you ever seen some brilliant exotic reared and fostered in the genial but artificial temperature of a well-attended conservatory, and flourishing in luxuriance, health, and beauty: tempted by the balmy air of morning, and the warm sun of noon, the gardener hath opened the sashes to admit the invigorating breeze, but alas! he hath forgotten to close them at eventide, and the nipping air, with frosty chill, hath struck it to the life-knot. The morning sun shines bright as ever; but the plant has found the fatal truth—it lives not in a congenial climate: its flowers fade and fall: its leaves shrivel or hang, moist and matted, against its stems: its odour is gone or changed to rankness: its proudly towering head droops lower and lower: that chilling blast of cold neglect, permitted by its former kind protector, hath robbed it of beauty, perhaps of life. So is it with woman's fond affections; they may be pruned, clipped, lopped, and thwarted in a thousand ways, only to make them flourish more vigorously; but let the cold breath of neglect, or inconsiderate regard to feeling, once blow unkindly where love hath hitherto ever been, and blighted like the flower, they die, or if they perish not entirely, still their freshness and their bloom are gone—perhaps, for ever.

So was it with the lovely Countess: a few minutes and a few words had metamorphosed her from a joyous

and happy wife, into a submissive, but wretched woman. She felt that her place in her husband's heart was lost, or had only existed in her own imagination : she prepared to fulfil, as duty, what she would have hastened joyously to do for love ; but she wept as she gave her directions to her maids, and assuredly failed in giving obedience to those injunctions of her husband which counselled the taking of rest : she had learned that—

“ A wounded spirit vainly seeks repose.”

All nature was slumbering next morning in the dark pine forest around Falkenbrun, where, save for the echoes of a cascade which incessantly roared and brawled in a neighbouring hill, nothing was to be heard.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the rattle of wheels and tramp of horses, and a handsome caleche with imperials and all the paraphernalia of travelling, not omitting the cumbrous and useless one of a huge chasseur in the rumble, and several outriders, came into view.

There was evident haste intended, and there was a great deal of *German* haste effected ; that is to say, the postillions cracked their whips incessantly over their heads, and shouted and made violent gestures, it is presumed, to indicate to their steeds their wishes that they should exert themselves also, and the quadrupeds seemed perfectly to understand the bipeds, for they snorted and shook their heads, and jingled their bells, and tossed about their great scarlet worsted tassels, so as to prove their zeal, if not their ability, for going.

Morn had risen, and the frosty leaves of the forest crackled under the wheels, as fresh and vigorous they pushed along. The noon-day sun gleamed on the emblazoned pannels, as with steadier pace they wound along the beautiful banks of the Salsa, and astonished the little village urchins with the clatter and style of the turn-out: night found them still wending their weary way with fagged horses and jaded riders. Leaving the high road, the carriage now proceeded along a narrow track, where caution became necessary to avoid accidents, and some of the outriders were sent forward at the gallop to an inconsiderable inn, or Gasthaus, which was situated about a mile farther on.

On their arrival at the house, they found all in darkness, but by dint of shouting, knocking, and blowing on a horn, they managed to awake the landlord, who, roused by this unusual clamour and the sound of so many horses' feet, (for his fears had multiplied them) thought his house was surrounded by banditti, and accordingly prepared for defence, after his own peculiar fashion, not with sword or pistol, but by disarming risk, and having safely lodged his moderate stock of silver spoons in the bottom of an old stuffed chair, and deposited some twenty gold Friedrichs in the not-un-leather-like receptacles between his cheeks and teeth, then proceeded to open the window and challenge the intruders, whose hammering at the door became louder and louder in the direct ratio of the delay he gave in answering them. During the parley which ensued, the carriage came up, and by its bright lamps discovered



the character of his visitors; so, hurrying down, enveloped in that vestment inseparable from German comfort by night or day, his schlafrock, he sallied forth, and with many apologies for the poorness of his accommodation and the meagre state of his larder, ushered a lady and gentleman into his best room. Both were closely muffled up; yet, notwithstanding the style of their equipage and the flaunting liveries of their servants, there was something strikingly Jewish about themselves. The gentleman's black beard was long and handsome, and his garb, although rich, was cut in a fashion, and with a peculiar flow, indicative of the Israelite: the lady, who was very handsome, had yellow sandals on her feet, which did not appear till the travelling boots of sable which she wore over them were removed, and the graceful mantilla floated from the top of her head nearly to the ground; the want of a bonnet was supplied by a richly furred velvet hood.

"Jews," said Boniface to himself, after his first glances had fallen on his visitors, "and nothing but pork in the house,—and no ordinary Jews either."

Here Rothschild-like visions began to float before his mental eye, of increasing the golden store which already distended his buccal pouches, to realize which the whole household were soon kicked, cuffed, cursed, and shouted into action, and a tolerable supper was shortly served up, in which, as in the minor theatres, the sole performer, to wit, the pork, had to sustain very many parts, and not one of them in his own name.

During this meal, the gentleman always employed

one of his domestics to interpret any directions he gave, and seemed quite unconscious of the meaning of any thing said in German ; nay, the landlord heard some of the servants making allusions to their master in that language, which he felt confident they would not dare to do, if they thought he could, in the slightest degree, comprehend them.

Supper over, the parties retired to rest ; but Herr Wirth was not satisfied without the exercise of a little landlordish curiosity, and not having been able to pump much out of the wearied and sleepy servants, he crept in his soft pantoufles to the chamber door of his strange guest, where, to his no small astonishment, on peeping through the key-hole, he beheld the quondam Jew now divested of his tabard, and with as well shaven a face as any monk of St. Francis. The long black beard lay on the toilet table, and, wonderful to relate, the gentleman was addressing his fair companion volubly in choice and unmistakeable Saxon.

Here was a mystery : all landlords love mysteries, provided they have not to pay for them ; consequently, Hans Pichler, the landlord of the Weissen Hirsch, may be pardoned if he only yielded to the foible of his cast.

“ I ought to have known it—a Jew ignorant of any language ?—impossible ! But may be there is nothing Jewish about him but his beard.”

Thus muttering he descended to the coach-house to examine the carriage, the armorial bearings particularly attracting his attention.

“ Jew, indeed ! Mullets gules—Bend ragulee—



Falcon crest. Oh, no! this is a nobleman—do as well—curse the light, I can't see the motto."

Thus thinking aloud, our host was searching into the heraldic lore of the pannel, when his lucubrations were disturbed by a smart tap on the head with a pistol butt, and his little heart came jumping into his mouth with fright, as the night-capped head of the chasseur was protruded between the leather blinds of the carriage, with a "Donner and Blitz," like portable thunder, recommending the intruder to the care of certain persons, not divinities.

When Herr Pichler had somewhat recovered from the start this apparition had given him, he pretended that he only came to see "if he could in any way administer to the chasseur's comforts;" and having offered wine, schnapps, and finally tobacco, that key to all German confidences, &c., he then adroitly insinuated his wish to know the name and rank of a master possessing such trust-worthy servants? But, alas! here, again, he was doomed to disappointment, for the answer came in a somniferous growl, which went off gradually in a sonorous yawn, "Der Teufel! lass mich in Ruhe!" (the Devil? let me alone!)

Herr Pichler slunk away, pondering in his mind some of the strange superstitions of his Vaterland.

"If it should be the Devil, why, then, Frau Pichler, you may get your wish so often expressed when you get in a tantrum that *he* should take me. How I wish I had a bit of his gold; for if he be Satan, it would set fire to brimstone: that was the way Heinrich Voss

saved his mill, and, perhaps, his soul, when he sold the sack into which he was to be put himself, to the Kobold. But, no matter, the sun will be up in an hour, and then ——”

Hans Pichler having resolved on employing this protective test, crept noiselessly to bed, carefully avoiding to disturb his notable Frau, who, he well knew, would have given him no peace for attempting to satisfy his own curiosity, unless he were also able to gratify her's. Leaving them to their repose, we shall say a few words about the locality in which this part of our story is placed.

Very few persons frequented the Weissen Hirsh, except such as had business at the neighbouring mines, and it was chiefly by supplying the few luxuries necessary to those inhabitants of a subterranean world, that the little establishment was supported; unusual, therefore, in the highest degree, were such guests as occupied it this night. Although in the neighbourhood of scenes of great beauty, still there was very little to tempt the traveller in the immediate locality. In the distance the lofty peaks of the Alps might be seen blending their whiteness with the fleecy clouds, whilst the lower mountains of the same chain extended to the plateau, on which the little inn was placed, which, wild and waste, was still more deformed by the huge heaps of mould and stones which were thrown up from the numerous shafts, and which, although but as ant-hills in the prospect, still made their presence unpleasantly felt by the lovers of the picturesque. Bounding this



uneven tract, which it would be an anomaly to call a plain, dark masses of pine forest filled up the intervals of waste barrenness, or of slimy bog, till they reached the mountains, whose sides they clothed with their dark mantle. No Schloss or chateau of any importance was to be seen on any side ; and the dingy chalets of the miners, with their shingled roofs, covered with large stones to prevent them being blown away by the blasts from the Tyrol in winter, gave the only indications of life in this secluded spot.

The geologist would have found little difficulty in proving that mighty forests covered this whole tract of country at some former era ; but little was there, save here and there a blackened stump, or moss-covered log to excite a similar surmise in the common observer. The roads on every side were bad, being little used, except for the purpose of conveying the ores to distant smelting houses.

On such a scene the evening sun had set ; but ere his first slanting eastern ray had fallen on it next morning, it was completely metamorphosed. Scarcely had the travellers been housed when snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and continued to do so continuously and silently, till the morning was far advanced, and even then its never ending drop curtain still descended till all around was screened beneath its white mantle, and the earth covered more than a foot deep.

By the time the morning meal was over the snow began to fall in smaller and thinner flakes, a little wind sprung up which gave promise of a cessation

and the impatience of the traveller would hear of no delay.

The bill was paid so liberally that our host forgot the brimstone test; trunks, valises, and all other travelling gear were packed, and the horses harnessed, and, preceded by a man on foot provided with a pole to sound the safety of the road, the travellers started; the whole equipage looking like something visionary, the horses pawing and struggling without producing sound, and the wheels revolving as if shod with velvet.

As they proceeded, the difficulties of the way increased, the drifts of soft snow in some places were very deep, and made the draught so oppressive to the horses that the drivers were obliged to stop every few minutes to give them breath.

During one of these pauses the gentleman descended from the carriage, and impatient at the slow rate at which they were proceeding, mounted one of his attendant's horses, and having said a few words of comfort to his fair companion, strove to urge on his domestics to greater exertion, by sometimes galloping on before and assuring them of the safety of the road, then encouraging, by promise of reward, some peasants who had collected to spoke on the wheels.

However, after proceeding some distance, it appeared that this impatience had led them astray, and that by some mischance they had quitted the track, and were struggling onwards through the open fields. This mistake was made apparent by meeting a half frozen stream, which still pursued its course unimpeded by



the snow, but which was too deep and muddy for a vehicle to pass. It was clear they had missed the ford, yet, that they could not be far from it. The party scattered along the banks to seek it, and the gentleman, with his chasseur and the peasant who had acted as guide, till superseded by the impatience of the traveler, took the direction indicated by the only one of them who could have known it, as the most likely to extricate them from their difficulties.

The gentleman was galloping along before them, when suddenly man and horse disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed them up, and a sullen crash resounded with that kind of report which is given by a heavy body being suddenly plunged into deep water.

"Lieber Gott!"—the old shaft—shouted the peasant. "He's destroyed."

Cautiously approaching the spot, they perceived that the rider, careering over what he thought was firm ground, had been precipitated with his horse down the neglected shaft of a disused mine, the mouth of which had been completely grown over with brambles, and still more perfectly concealed from view by the recent snow. To the lookers-on, his fate seemed inevitable. Water generally filled neglected shafts, and they were rarely free from mephitic vapours capable of destroying animal life in a few minutes.

In vain they strained their eyes to look down the chasm, and held in their breath to listen for the slightest indication of sound from below; but nothing was to be heard, save the tinkle of the drops of water

as they dripped from the sides into the accumulation below. Their shouts soon drew the rest of the retinue, who quickly gathering around, stood confounded at the seeming impossibility of doing any thing to save the lost man.

A new actor rushed upon the scene ; it was the lady, the wife of that lost man : her quick ear had caught the murmurs of alarm, and her agitated heart boded mishap to him she loved. Forgetful of every thing but of his safety, she rushed through the blinding snow, loosing her delicate chaussure in the first few steps she attempted, and before one word had conveyed the intelligence of the accident, her heart and eye had told her all.

Horror-struck, for one moment that lady gazed, with straining eyes and frantic gestures, as she hung over the fatal chasm, and one wild and piercing shriek burst from her, thrilling to the hearts of all who heard it, when she saw the black and fearful depth.

“ Oh save him !—save him !” cried the frantic lady. “ Can ye do nothing ? What, Arnold, Rudolph, Herman, will you not attempt to save him ? Are there no ropes ?”

The men shrunk back, unwilling to risk life so hopelessly, and the guide assured her that no man could descend there and live.

“ Then, cowards, tie me ; I will descend myself ;—quick—quick ; tie me with something, and let me down. O, stand not thus—my heart, my heart will break.”

The peasant guide meanwhile shook out the glowing ashes from his pipe into the chasm, and watched their descent; the greater part of them lodged on some ledge or projection, about thirty feet from the surface, and continued burning.

"There is no fear of the mine damp," said the man; "but no use in going down."

At this moment, whilst the despairing lady wrung her hands in hopeless agony, two strangers rapidly approached the group. In appearance they were unmistakeably English, broad shouldered, deep chested, and clean faced, simply attired as sportsmen, with guns in their hands, and knapsacks on their backs.

The instant they saw the lady, each uttered in surprise—"The Countess Eisenberg,"—"The Gräfinn Von Eisenberg."

In circumstances like these, a word is often sufficient explanation; and this the young men received by a gesture from the Countess, pointing to the chasm, and "My husband," hoarsely gasped, as though utterance was impeded.

In a moment their knapsacks were flung down, some ropes and the traces of the carriage were quickly spliced, and the only delay caused, arose from the anxiety each showed to encounter the danger himself, and prevent his friend from descending. ♣

"Here, Howard," said the taller and handsomer of the young men, "as you have seen sea service, you will be better able to secure the knot of this rope round my waist, than I can myself."

"Not at all, Forrester," said the other, at the same time passing the other end of the rope round his own body, and securing it with that peculiar loose looking knot called "a sailor's." "You have just given the best possible reason for my going down; I was used to ropes, and so feel little risk; and again, though no longer a mast climber, my peculiar province at present is saving the bodies of men. So now, my dear friend, whilst I try the strength of these ropes—Here, men, haul on, ye lazy hounds—get one of yonder carriage lamps and light it for me."

This little discussion occupied scarcely more time than we have taken in describing it. The lamp was lighted, and when all were expecting to see the bold young man descend at once, he disappointed them, and showed that his valour was tempered by discretion, for tying it to the free end of the rope, he passed it rapidly down the shaft, his quick eye following its glare. Almost immediately it was withdrawn, and with an "all right," which told that he had made a satisfactory discovery, he slipped over the edge, adding, "keep me to this side, and hold hard when I bid you, and look sharp that those lubbers don't let me go by the run."

Hardly had he descended thirty feet when he cried to those above "to hold hard," and the light being let down to him, he was seen deliberately unfastening the rope from his own person, and securing it round that of the fallen Count, who, in a state of insensibility from the shock he had received, was hanging in a fearfully

perilous position over a ledge about three feet wide, (on which Howard now stood) with his head downwards, and his feet up against the perpendicular wall.

It was providential that his insensibility continued till timely succour came, for the slightest movement would have precipitated him down several hundred feet.

On a signal being given, those above hauled up the body of the Count, for such it appeared to be, and Howard quickly followed: whilst drawing him up, the lamp slipped from its fastenings, and went rattling down the abyss, giving him a start, and showing to the panic-stricken men who were raising him, the immense depth of the gulf over which he was hanging.

What pen could picture the agony of hope and fear which alternated in the bosom of the Countess, during these painful moments of suspense; her struggling breath came and went; and when those hour-seeming minutes passed, and the object of her love was restored to her arms, still the doubt and the terror were there, that her arms only embraced the bleeding corpse of her husband.

It was otherwise decreed; though mutilated, with limbs broken, and a fearful gash across his face, still life was not extinct, and the dash of a little water from the stream, and the application of the lady's salts, roused the suspended faculties, and a long drawn sigh gave the first indication of returning life. At that instant, angels might have envied the smile which crossed that lady's countenance; it was a tiny ray of

hope, beaming forth from the furnace of woman's ardent love.

Forrester put the Countess in mind that his friend, who had already done such good service, could now, from his medical knowledge, follow up what he had begun.

"Oh, Mr. Forrester, forgive me,—joy, at recovering poor Wilhelm, has made me forget every thing else. Your friend can assist me; and oh! the gratitude of an almost distracted woman can never repay you both."

Howard set systematically to work, and in a few minutes ascertained the general amount of injuries which the nobleman had sustained: he found that an arm and leg were broken, and, besides a severe injury in the head, and minor contusions, he was apprehensive that the chest had been severely crushed.

Pouring a cordial down his throat, he recommended that the injured gentleman should, as gently as possible, be conveyed to the nearest house.

The carriage by this time had become fixed in the snow, consequently was useless; but by taking off the doors, and making use of such appliances as were at hand, a tolerable bier, or litter, was constructed, and the wounded man being placed upon it, and well secured from the cold, was immediately borne on the shoulders of the peasants who had collected, and of the servants, in the direction of the little inn they had left in the morning.

Whilst this arrangement was effecting, the Count had two or three times opened his eyes, and then closed

them with a shudder of irrepressible horror, when he saw the fine features of Forrester gazing with benevolent earnestness into his countenance. Although this excited some little surprise at the time, the Englishmen (for so we must conventionally call them, although Howard was a son of Erin,) were far from guessing the deep rooted source whence these expressions of dislike arose, and they naturally attributed them to the shock he had received having deranged his mind.

Leaving the carriage, in which the chasseur had established himself, pipe in mouth, and a flask of Kirschenwasser in hand, in order to defy the cold, the little procession waded on through the deep snow with considerable difficulty. Supported between the two gentlemen, and rather carried than walking, Amelie kept close to the litter; once, and once only, during the journey, the Count raised his head, and looking wildly around, when he saw his wife supported on the arm of the handsome Englishman, uttered a curse, and sunk back fainting and convulsed, whilst the purpled flood of life bubbled from his lips in a gush.

The lady seemed to read his thoughts; and although sadly needing assistance, no persuasion could induce her to accept of aid any more, till at length the little inn was reached; and then exhausted by emotion, cold, and fatigue, she sunk fainting on the threshold.

Borne to the best chamber in the house, the unfortunate Count was placed in bed, and then it was that Howard had to exercise all his ingenuity to effect the necessary medical objects he had in view, with the

very scanty means which the retired establishment afforded.

There is no situation in life in which genius displays itself so forcibly as when it is obliged to work out its ends with means which would, in other hands, be inefficient; and it is in this particular position that an Irishman's genius is most resplendent, and shows itself most at home; he seems peculiarly framed for such exertions, and there is no country in the world, in peace or war, which has not seen the ready expediency of the Irishman to suit himself to, and make available the most untoward circumstances.

In the present instance Howard was, as it were, every where; now rummaging out mine hostess' stock of old linen, tearing bandages, and setting all the woman kind in the house to sew them together; now mixing cordials, with verbal comfort, to revive the hysteric Countess; now hewing splints out of logs intended for the fire, in order to set her husband's fractured limbs; directing fomentations here, and frictions there; and, most curious of all, obtaining the most perfect and willing obedience, and ever and anon making a personal attack on a Westphalian ham which stood on the table, and hurrying its morsels down, with frequent sips of Rhine wine, devoutly wishing all the while that it were Drogheda Ale, or Guinness's XX.

Our readers may readily forgive him the apparent selfishness of thus taking care of himself in a scene of so much distress; but in excuse we must advance, that no time was lost, and this ambulatory breakfast was



well earned by a sharp walk of twenty miles, as well as by his subsequent exertions that morning, the whole having been rendered more difficult than ordinary by the deepening snow, which rendered progression more fatiguing than a much greater distance on firm ground.

Forrester, although of frank and manly bearing, had all the reserve of the Englishman; and although most anxious to render every assistance in his power, still was of far less use in the present bustle; however, both exerted themselves so effectually, that before evening, every comfort was supplied to the injured man, his limbs set, wounds dressed, and the extent of injury nearly ascertained, and the fair lady, looking fairer still from the fatigue and anxiety she had undergone, hovered, like a ministering angel, round the couch, causing to the spectators, when years afterwards they recalled the scene, a feeling of loveliness to revive her memory, and bring to the minds of each, the words of the poet, in all their force and truth:—

“ Her’s was a form of life and light
Which seen, became a part of sight,
Which rose where e’er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory.”

Oh ! Woman, didst thou know that position in which thy beauties and virtues shine forth most winningly, thou wouldst cheerfully exchange the garish and ornate splendour of the ball-room or the assembly, for the simple, affectionate duties of the chamber of illness and death; for it is there that thy loveliness comes

home to the very heart's core with irresistible force, and produces an admiration, mingled with respect, which defies envy, and converts thee in the eyes of all beholders into a little divinity.

Poor Amelie, the tears of gratitude overflowed thine eyelids, when Howard whispered that there was still hope for thy husband's life, notwithstanding the severity of the injuries he had suffered, and fervent were the prayers thou offeredst up, that the means he was employing might be blessed !

A fortnight passed in this manner : the Englishmen seemed to have forgotten that they were travellers, the violence of the Count's fever had abated, every thing was proceeding in a satisfactory train, and joy again began to visit the bosom of the fond wife. The Englishmen made short excursions in the neighbourhood, or amused themselves shooting, but were never long away from the bedside of the invalid. At first, when returning consciousness made the Count aware of his perilous condition, and that he found himself in the hands of these strangers, he showed the utmost uneasiness ; nay, his looks and expressions indicated absolute terror, and he desired that they should be kept away from him ; but, by degrees, their unremitting kindness rendered their presence more supportable, and at last, their appearance was hailed with delight. Then, and then for the first time, was the grateful Countess permitted to inform him of the share these Englishmen had had in rescuing him from certain death. No prejudice could stand long, opposed to the

evidences of such disinterested kindness and humanity: and, although it evidently cost him a struggle, still prejudice was conquered, and the Count received the kindnesses and attentions of the foreigners, on which, indeed, he was now in a certain measure dependant, with gratitude and courtesy.

CHAPTER II.

“Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden school.”

“The kindest heart that nature form’d,
Whence generous thoughts incessant rose,
Beat in his breast—but there too storm’d;
Passion the fiercest.”

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

THE injuries sustained by the Count Von Eisenberg were of a very serious and dangerous character: his head had been much injured, and the upper part of his thigh was fractured in such a way as to leave no hope, should life be spared, of his being other than a cripple for the remainder of it. Howard thought lightly of all the rest in comparison with these, although any of them existing alone might have been deemed serious.

Skill and unwearied kindness greatly alleviated the intensity of the Count’s sufferings; and as soon as the first fever had passed over, Howard found it easier to

satisfy his complaints, than those of the Landlord, at his appropriation of every thing in the house which could in any way be rendered useful to the comfort of the sick man. With him he used but one convincing argument, which invariably converted his grumblings into smiles of acquiescence—that argument was gold! As constant intercourse and continued and unremitting kindness produced familiarity between the members of this little party, thus brought together under such peculiar circumstances, at a distance from the haunts of civilized life, each became more communicative, and the long winter evenings were cheered with frequent narratives, drawn from events occurring in the lives of the narrators. All had been extensive travellers. Forrester had been a wanderer from his youth: born heir to extensive property, and highly allied, he had no difficulty in gratifying his prevailing taste. His education, although irregular, had been sound; never submitting to the trammels of a College discipline, he had still plunged greedily into all that was valuable in the science and classics of the day, perhaps more deeply than if the task had been obligatory. Of an elegant and simple turn of mind, he luxuriated not only in the poetry of his native land, but could wander through all the vague and delightful mysticism of the more gothic muse of Germany with enthusiasm. It is true, he had read the French poetry, but only to despise it, and but slightly prized the Italian. Was this a defect of taste?

“The English and German,” he would say, his dark



eye sparkling with animation, "is written, and is fitted for the whole world: the French and Italian for none but themselves! Give me their pictures, their statues,* there they possess decided advantages over all nations; but their poetry is more calculated to instil narrow-minded prejudices, and generate quaint conceits, than to fulfil the high destiny of poetry, that of elevating the mind nobly and virtuously above the jog-trot conceptions of the every-day prosing world. Sublimity consists more in picturing truly and powerfully the workings of mind, than in pourtraying, with the most ludicrous accuracy, imaginary journeys through equally imaginary heavens and hells. I cannot read, with patience, these works, nor can I pardon soi-disant christians for writing, what at best, must be considered as imitations of Pagan writers, who described what they believed to exist."

While yet a boy he had visited the romantic highlands of Scotland, and traversed the wild and beautiful fastnesses of Ireland: some years later, he had been sent, attached to an embassy, to the Court at St. Petersburg, and at the age of 19 he sailed for the East Indies. There, his talents and facility for acquiring language caused him to attract notice, and various were the diplomatic missions on which he was employed by the Direction. This occupation was highly suited to

* What would the author say if we tell him, that the two greatest statuaries in Imperial Rome are not Italians, but Thorwaldson, a Dane, and Gibson, an Englishman. **PRINTER'S DEVIL.**

his feelings, and from his success, gratifying to his pride, and it was relinquished with some little regret when a delicate mission into Persia, was proposed to him by Government. Thither he proceeded, and had just accomplished the desired object, when, in consequence of a change in the Ministry, he found himself re-called to England, at the very moment when his talents were about to be useful to his country. In addition to the chagrin this gave him, he had the mortification to see his place filled up by a vulgar, self-sufficient Whig, who had interest to procure the appointment, and cunning enough quietly to pocket the emoluments without giving himself much trouble about the national glory. Returned to England, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and unremittingly laboured through two sessions in the ranks of the opposition, enduring, for the sake of his country, and of the noble and honourable characters with whom he was combined, the odium of continued defeat and disappointment.

This constant fag, with the unnatural hours it imposed (for there was no night-cap Brotherton then), made a deep impression on his health; but he had too much energy to admit of relaxation whilst his services could be of any use, till one morning returning from the House, after having made a long, powerful, and brilliant speech, he was seized with a fit of coughing in his carriage, and his fears were alarmed by finding his handkerchief all dabbled with blood.

For the first time, medical aid was sought. Rest, quiet of mind, absence from business, perfect relaxation, and finally, change of scene, were prescribed.



He determined, on visiting Germany, and was delighted on his arrival at Berlin, to meet Howard, with whom he had become acquainted at Ancient Thebes, when returning overland from India. He found him about to return to his native land, having satisfied himself with continental study—the jargon of the day would have said—“having finished his continental studies.”

Equally delighted with the rencontre, Howard, at the instance of his friend, agreed to pass a few more months with him, till his health should be somewhat reinstated.

At the period our tale opens, the friends had been roving in southern Germany for two months, and Forrester had again become the strong, healthy, and eminently handsome man he had been, before the worse than dissipation of a London Parliamentary career had blanched and hectic'd his cheek, and lit his eye with that brilliancy, which is so often but the torchbearer to the tomb.

Travelling from Munich to the Tyrol, they stopped a week at the town of Salzburg, delighted with its stately antiquity, and it was there that they became acquainted with the Graf and Gräfinn Von Eisenberg. Of Howard we need say little, save that he was kind and generous in all his sentiments; still there was a dash of reckless hardihood and rashness in his character which often caused him to yield to impulses which a more considerate person would have avoided. A trifling incident which exhibits this trait, becomes necessary to our story.

As the friends were entering Salzburg, and gazing with delight on the picturesque fortress and cathedral, which are situated on a very high eminence in the middle of the town, they were astonished by hearing a stentorian voice shouting at its utmost pitch—

“Englishmen, a fellow-countryman, falsely imprisoned, needs your assistance !”

Looking up to see whence the voice proceeded, they saw an arm and handkerchief protruded through the barred upper window of a very dirty-looking house, about the door of which certain officials, with blue coats and red collars, were lounging.

In a moment, Howard had sprung from the caleche, and interrogated the police officers with respect to the prisoner who had addressed them, and was told in reply, that he was an Englishman who had but that day been imprisoned, charged with some political offence, and that their orders were peremptory, not to permit any person to have access to him. They informed him, however, that the prisoner's name was Smith, and referred him to the Burgermeister for further information.

Obliged to be contented with this repulse, Howard crossed the street, and making a sign to the Captive that he would return, got into the carriage, and proceeded to his hotel ; but high above the rattling of the wheels was heard, one tremendous “Hurrah.”

Forrester's bright eye turned to Howard with a smile, as he quietly observed—

“Your new acquaintance behind the bars yonder is

not deficient in power of lungs, and methinks a few repetitions of that thunder would almost shake down the rickety tenement in which they have engaged him."

When arrived at the hotel, Howard scarcely took time to shake the dust of travel from his dress, but summoning a guide, desired to be shown to the Town House, the residence of the Burgermeister. He found that worthy functionary sitting on his hall steps with two old cronies, smoking their after-dinner pipes. Having introduced himself, he simply stated the occurrence which had happened on his entering the town, and requested, if it were not asking too great a favour, to be informed what was the offence for which the Englishman was confined?

The old man begged him to be seated—called for a fresh pipe and more beer, which, when he had offered to the stranger, he then politely proceeded to satisfy his curiosity by stating, that this Englishman had arrived at Salzburg only a few days before, his passports stated from Milan, travelling for pleasure. That the night before he had been to the Casino, where high play was going on, and where great curiosity had been excited by the extraordinary run of luck which a nobleman, residing in the neighbourhood, had had for some previous nights; for he had twice broken the bank, and was now playing against all comers with almost uninterrupted success, till this Englishman, Smith, appeared, and, laying a heavy stake on the table, addressed the Count Von Eisenberg, the hitherto

successful player, in words to the effect, that the last time they had played together he had been a deadly loser, and that he now wanted his revenge.

The Count played, but seemed confused, and lost; the other increased his stakes to an enormous amount, and won coup after coup, till the pile of gold which had stood before the Count had changed sides of the table. The Count then rose and seemed about to withdraw, when the Englishman, starting up, approached him, and whispered something into his ear, which caused an evident paleness and shuddering to come over him as he hurried from the room. Smith then returned to the table, and with a weighty stick which he carried, dashed the heap of gold he had won, on every side amongst the bystanders, crying out—“Go, cursed thing, and heal if you can the wounds you inflict! Here, harpies, take it all, and would that it were red hot for your sakes.”

Whilst all were scrambling for the precious missiles, Smith marched off, upsetting the cautious doorkeeper, who, hearing the unusual noise, and not knowing the cause, attempted to detain him.

The Burgermeister then proceeded to detail how the Count had waited on him immediately after this, and had made such representations to him, and also such direct charges against Smith of a political nature, that he felt warranted in employing the means he had done to secure his person, and he thought himself justified in using some severity by the violent conduct of Smith when the Gendarmerie went to take him, evidence

being given that he broke the sabres of two of them, and the heads of four—that he had thrown the sergeant out of the window, and by word and deed bid utter defiance to the law. It was only to the force of numbers that he yielded at length, if a man can be said to yield, who is only overpowered. With regard to the political offence, the old magistrate said that he must be silent, but that he had not the slightest objection to permit Howard having an interview with his prisoner. He was the more easily induced to concede this, when Howard mentioned the high diplomatic posts his friend Forrester had held under the British Government.

The pipes smoked to their last ashes, and the beer exhausted, the Burgermeister put on his cloth cap, with a peak to it nearly large enough for the head of a cabriolet, and proceeded with our friend to the prison.

At the approach of the man in authority, all the officials ceased to lounge, and assumed attitudes of attention and business-like deportment, and every cap was doffed as the important functionary passed into the close, dirty, dark door-way of the lock-up. Passing up a steep and narrow staircase, after four flights, they arrived at the door of the strong room in which the Englishman was confined. It was of stout oak, with an aperture at the height of an ordinary man's head, which could be closed with a sliding pannel on the outside.

At this door a sentinel was placed, with a bright musket and fixed bayonet, of most antique appearance;

which, from its length, it would have been impossible for him, had he required it, to use with any effect on the narrow low landing.

On the Burgermeister ordering the door to be opened, the sentinel begged him, with most rueful visage, not to think of it, as the prisoner was stark, staring mad, and would certainly destroy him. In illustration of this opinion, he added, that only half an hour ago the prisoner had called him to the door, and on opening the slide, had asked some question he did not understand ; and on his saying so, he suddenly flew into a passion, and catching him by the ears through the aperture, tweaked and pulled him so unmercifully, that he was obliged to drop his musket, and, with both hands, endeavour to loosen the grasp of this frantic man, who, with every tug, shouted the words he had used—"Nicht verstehen?" "Tch werde dich lehren!" (Not understand? Then, I'll teach you!) All the while beating time with his head against the sides of the pannel; and when he let go his ears at last, it was only to transfer his attention to his nose, which had undergone similar bad treatment. When the sentinel had whined out his story, a roar of laughter proceeded from the cage, so suddenly explosive, that the whole party outside were startled, and the man of the gun, sprung to the most distant point of the lobby from the door.

The Burgermeister sharing in the general characteristic of city authorities, esteemed discretion the better part of valour, wherefore, in place of opening the door,

and aweing his contumelous prisoner by the dignity of his deportment, he recommended Howard to address his countryman through the aperture, and satisfy himself as to his sanity. This Howard immediately did, by telling the prisoner that, in compliance with his request from the window, he had, by permission of the worthy Burgermeister, come to render him any service which lay in his power.

To this the other responded in plain, manly terms, thanking him, and adding, that he could be of infinite service to him, if he could obtain his speedy liberation.

“Point out the means, and it shall be done.”

“Then, order those cowards to let you in, and let us not hold so Pyramis and Thisbe-like a dialogue through this hole in the wall.”

Howard looked at the magistrate for leave ; but as that worthy did not understand one word of the conversation, he nodded his head to express his innocence, which Howard, mistaking for consent, immediately drew the large bolts and turned the key, and before either of his companions were aware of his intentions, the door stood widely open.

The sentinel, feeling a sudden qualm at the sight of his enemy, retreated precipitately three or four steps down the stairs, in order to bring his bayonet to the charge ; and the Burgermeister, frightened at his sudden movement, and retaining a vivid recollection of the nose tweaking, and other furious feats of Smith, and seeing that individual advancing towards him, as

he thought, backed for the stairs, and in avoiding Charybdis, rushed upon Scylla; the bayonet of the sentinel, notwithstanding the convulsive efforts of the man to avert the catastrophe, plunging into a certain—not the thinnest—part of his person. A cold shudder ran through him at the unwonted sensation, his eyes dilated, and he gathered up breath for a roar of such dimensions as was well worthy of a Burgermeister of the first magnitude—one which might have excited the envy of a bull of Bashan.

As a natural consequence, the guard from below rushed up, and dangerous might have been the consequence to the Englishmen but for the circumstance of the extreme narrowness of the stairs preventing, in their present blocked-up state, any approach.

The first to rescue the poor Burgermeister from his unhappy, though, ludicrous situation, was the much-dreaded prisoner, who had so unwittingly been the cause of his misfortune, though he was almost convulsed with laughter at the whole transaction.

“Never mind, old gentleman—never mind it. Six inches of fat are a good protection against punctured wounds: here, sit down. Ah, sitting is awkward. Well, lie down; those curious heroes can help you down stairs.”

Then perceiving that the party had evident misgivings of approaching him, Mr. Smith walked deliberately back into the cage, and invited Howard to accompany him.

Howard was not at all prepared, by the accounts he



had heard, to find this terror-striking hero what he really was. He was a middle-sized, thick-set man, with a bull neck, and a wooden leg, tipped with iron ; his features were handsome, and would have been good-humoured but for a very peculiar malign squint with one eye, which gave his countenance a sinister expression. His clothes, although good in quality, were torn in many places, and bore ample testimony to the fray in which he had been engaged. His arms, shoulders, and chest, were herculean, and might, with propriety, have been adapted to a man of much taller stature, yet withal his hands were taper, white, and delicate ; and notwithstanding the peculiarities we have mentioned of his person, yet there was a perfect absence of any thing vulgar in his appearance.

What passed between Howard and this strange man, did not transpire at the time ; all that we can record is, that after twenty minutes' conversation with him, he hurried away, and shortly after returned with Forrester, and through their joint influence, they were permitted to become surety for the prisoner, who was immediately discharged, on condition of awaiting the proof of the charges alleged against him.

The three Englishmen dined together, and were rendered most merry by the extraordinary anecdotes of their new companion. It was late when he left them, saying that he had a little business at the Casino, but he hoped to have the support of their presence at his trial, which was to take place on the morrow. Having obtained their promise, he stumped off, dinging the

paving stones with his iron tip, and occasionally knocking fire out of them, and startling the quiet streets of this most quiet town by singing at the top of a manly voice—

“ The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.”

Next morning, at the hour appointed for a public investigation into the charges against Mr. Smith, the two friends proceeded to the Town House, where they found the facetious Wooden-legger already busily engaged, haranguing in a happy medley of all languages under the sun, a group of sedate-looking elders, amongst whom the Burgermeister was conspicuous, clothed to the heels in a night-gown of wild cat's fur, voluminous enough perfectly to conceal his whole person. We will not say that this costume was equally dignified with the ermine of our judges, but it doubtless answered the purpose intended, much better, viz:—that of concealing the fact, that the worthy magistrate was unfurnished with unwhisperables, in lieu of which a large poultice had been adopted by his estimable Frau by means of numerous strappings and tyings to the seat of the bayonet prod received the day before.

After waiting a long time, the prosecutor of Smith did not appear, and the Court was obliged to liberate the prisoner.

Before leaving the Court, Smith gravely thanked the Bench for the rectitude of their decision, and stated that he felt no doubt that, under the guidance of such wis-

dom, Salzburg would become renowned amongst the cities of Germany. In conclusion, he begged to know whether any punishment could be inflicted on the Count Von Eisenberg for the false information he had given, and his contemptuous conduct in not appearing to sustain it ?

Being answered in the negative, he replied—"Then, most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, as salt is very abundant in this neighbourhood, you may rely on the word of Smith Smithson Smith, that on our next meeting, your humbug of a Count shall be right royally salted." Bowing to the Court, and shaking hands with his English acquaintances, he stumped off with the intention of immediately finding the Count at Falkenbrun, which was scarcely a mile from the town, and demanding a reason why he procured his false imprisonment. Thither, with mighty strides on one leg, and fierce jolts on the other, did he proceed, but at such a rate, that he had no time even for singing. He found the park-gate locked, and the lodge apparently empty ; this did not long obstruct him ; in a trice he mounted the iron work like a cat, and crossing the spikes, was quickly down on the other side, and pursuing his way towards the Schloss.

Arrived there, his patience was severely tried, for the only answer he got to his importunate rappings and ringings, was the barking and baying of several dogs which collected around him. Not being able to procure admission at the front door, he proceeded round to the back premises, accompanied by his canine assail-

ants, occasionally wheeling about to make a rap with his cudgel at any of them which approached too near his leg of flesh, and apostrophising himself as he proceeded :

“ Well, here am I, an English Tory gentleman, nearly in as happy and illustrious a position as the soi-disant patriot of Ireland, with a long tail of curs, all snarling at *me*, but afraid of my *stick*. Ha! Eneas MacDonnell, (dealing a ponderous whack on the head of a mastiff-looking brute,) do you dare attempt to go before me? Take that as an example to others. Now Dicky Sheil, you little smooth, sleek cur, be cautious how you creep so close to my heels. Oh! I’m sure you are contemplating the bestowing of some rent upon me—I beg pardon, Rint. Creeping between my legs? Take that (a kick sending the small, but very noisy, yelper flying through the air, till he lit in a horse-pond); there is promotion for you, which, I doubt not, will check your eloquence!” Then, addressing another with a rather mangy coat, and weather-beaten countenance, who toddled up to him with a half good-humoured “Bow Wow,” and then retreated, as if ashamed at having said any thing.

“Poor Tom—Tom Steele, undoubtedly. Toms are fools by right prescriptive. Thou art an amiable member of the Tomfool family; I won’t beat thee. Come here, Tom, Tom, Tom, I must give thee a repeal coat; for thou hast worn out both coat and conscience in my service. I must dub (a whack) thee Knight—Rise Knight of the Brass Button. Like many another

fool, Tom, thou hast narrowly escaped the honors intended thee—mais allons. Here is another door, there are quadrupeds enough; would that I could find a biped. Now beasts—my dear beasts, do be quiet for a moment, and I shall sing you a song to amuse you, changing the time as often as expedient. But wait awhile, I tried (Peel) peal on the front door; now let me try re-peal on the back.”

So saying, Mr. Smith commenced such a rat-tat-too on the door, chorussed by the Tail, as to bring a woman evidently fresh from the wash-tub to answer it. From her he learned that the Count, with his lady, and all their domestics, had started on a journey at six in the morning, where, she could not tell, nor could she tell when they might return. In fact, the whole information he obtained was, that the birds were flown, so he had nothing for it but to return. “Now, gentlemen,” said he to the dogs, “noble followers, of a still nobler leader! en avant: if it be your pleasure to escort me to the gates, I shall procure you all that canine nature could desire; you shall all be great in Dogland. Listen to me, and credit me as I sing—

Dogland shall be—
Great, happy and free.
First gem of the ocean,
First flower of the sea.

We regret to say that the canine defendants of Falkenbrun were not lured by our English Orpheus far from the house, but one by one they slunk away, and by the time he had reached the gate, he found himself deserted by all.

On this occasion he did not give himself the trouble of climbing the gate, but dashed the lock to shivers with a fierce blow of his iron-shod leg, and then marched off with the same innocent air as if he had only cracked a gingerbread cake, and returned to his hotel.

As he came up, Howard and Forrester were just setting out, equipped as pedestrians, for Switzerland, and having told them of his ill success, he thanked them heartily and warmly, for the kindness and assistance they had rendered him, and bade them adieu, with many hopes of meeting them again—a wish which was fully responded to by the young men, who were highly amused by the proceedings of their eccentric acquaintance.

Our travellers, after leaving Salzburg, had proceeded, without much regard to roads, in the direction of the Via Mala, when the rencontre with the Countess in her distress arrested them, and put an end to their intentions for the present.

When the Count was sufficiently recovered to be able to sit up in bed, being now fully aware of the extent of obligation which he owed to the travellers, a change seemed to come over the whole spirit of the man: the asperity with which he had talked and thought of England and the English, seemed to wear away, and at length, yielding to the repeated and pressing importunities, both of his wife and of those who had proved themselves friends in need, he consented to relate the history of his life, which he did in nearly the following words.



CHAPTER III.

“ ; a wondrous tale to list—
Here lies a famous mineralogist.

.
Now, laying seige to some old limestone wall,
Some rock now battering, proof to cannon ball;
Now scaling heights like Alps or Pyrenees,
Perhaps a flint—perhaps a slate to seize;
But if a piece of copper met his eyes,
He'd mount a precipice that touch'd the skies,
And bring down lumps so precious, and so many,
I'm sure they almost would have made—a penny.”

FELICIA HEMANS.

“ Who in a world where all is bought and sold,
Minds a man's worth—except his worth in gold?
Who'll greet poor Merit if she lacks a dinner?
Hence starving saint, but welcome wealthy sinner!
Away with Poverty! let none receive her,
She bears contagion as a plague or fever.”

IBID.

“ You, my kind friend, to whom I am indebted for rescue from a sudden and horrible death, and who have thus obtained for me a little breathing time before I am engulfed in the unknown future, are, I feel conscious, labouring in vain. Man cannot save me, and I fear

God will not. This dreadful thought, more even than the gratitude I owe to you, your friend, and to my true and faithful wife, who is equally ignorant with you as to the real details of my life, has given me courage to avow every thing. I shall make no concealment, not even to rescue me from your hatred.

I have been a deceiver all my life—nay, so far has deception been carried by me, that my success in duping others has often duped myself, so that it has often required a strong effort of mind to burst the meshes of the intricate speculations I have formed, and free myself from the hallucinations I have contrived for others.

Start not, and judge me not harshly, till you have heard my tale. You have found me now surrounded with wealth, elevated by rank, and held in general esteem for the possession of talent, generally allowed to be above mediocrity : married into one of the noblest houses in the land : the envied of all about me. What am I now ? a miserable object ! even should life be spared, a cripple ! I know that, before I shall have concluded, you will despise me, but I can join you in your contempt ; I despise myself, and I hate almost all others.

The Graf Von Eisenberg, Lord of five chateaux and three villages, was born in a shingled cabin, in the outskirts of Leipsic, of parents so wretchedly poor, that animal food was unknown within its mud walls for the fourteen years that he inhabited it, and a peasant's blouse and clouted shoes were the best attire he could boast.



Having said so much of my lowly origin, I may add, that there never existed a more improbable case for the acquisition of wealth or fame than mine. Toil, toil, incessant toil, was the grinding companion of my earlier years, and its intervals were filled by the national obligation of attending the district school. I was not fond of learning ; but it was better than labouring : so, to avoid the latter, I applied with considerable assiduity to the former, and made such progress, that I was recommended to the bounty of the Elector as deserving of a free university education.

I have always entertained doubts whether this benefit was owing to my cleverness in my studies, or to my adroitness in obtaining the favour of the master's wife, by regularly conveying to her a certain portion of Eau de vie, or some other heart-cheering cordial, which the good lady was denied the use of by her husband, but which, through my means, she was enabled secretly to enjoy. Transferred to the University, I now commenced my studies in earnest, and the first of them was—"That noblest study of mankind—man,"—viz., in the characters of all the heads of the University, from the really learned, though somewhat inflated Rector Magnificus Von Hornblenderlande, a most distinguished geologist, to Herr Sobieski Pöble, the little Professor of French and Polish literature, whom it seemed to be the fashion for every body to despise.

En passant, I may make the remark from my worldly experience, that two such characters as these

are to be found in every University—the one, universally respected, honoured, and looked up to, because he has made himself the master of some particular science, although he may be almost a fool in the common affairs of life: the other, like Pöble, full of general knowledge and acuteness, but not pre-eminent in any particular branch, consequently all think themselves his equals, and by general consent he is dubbed a fool.

Between these two extremes were to be found Professors in every variety, each deeming that every new student was attracted to the University by his peculiar fame. There was Sternenfels, a Newton in astronomy: Wutzer, a very Cuvier in Osteology: Raciborski, a greater geographer than Mercator, or Sharman: Dichterwort, a deeper student of Belles-lettres than the immortal Göethe, or Walter Scott: Tuchtigschneider, an Operator, not of the first water, but of the first blood, who would have amputated any thing real or imaginary—nay, who was said once, in a fit of low spirits at a deficiency in operative practice, to have paid two Friedrich's d'or to a peasant for permission to cut off his nose, in order to replace it by the Taliacotian operation.

I need go no farther in the list at present; suffice it to say, every man had his foible, and each, as is usual, esteemed his strength to consist in the very point which others counted his weakness.

Scarcely had I got through the preliminary studies of my matriculation, and become a Fuchs, the synonyme



for gibb, or jib, in England, before I had become intimately acquainted with the soft sides of all my masters, and set myself assiduously to work, to trade upon my knowledge. In a few months I was the favourite of all the Professors; each man was flattered in his own particular fancy, and gratified in his propensity; and so delicately was this managed, that none ever suspected in his own case the intention for which it was done.

In defence of this insincerity, I can only plead my extreme poverty, which sunk me naturally lower than most of my companions; but this was soon compensated for by my natural genius, and the result was, that several little posts about the University were bestowed on me, which placed me in a state of comparative wealth.

One masterstroke of audacious cunning I cannot refrain from mentioning, as it set me at the head of the Burschenschaft, and excited so much amusement amongst the students, that it reached the ears of almost all the Professors, except the one against whom it was levelled, and this was no less a person than the Herr Rector Magnus Von Hornblenderlande himself.

Thus it happened: some half dozen students and myself had been enjoying ourselves in a wine-house at the Grimma, and afterwards sallied out into the forest for a ramble. When some miles from the town, we were surprised by a thunder storm, accompanied with violent rain, which forced us to take refuge under an

ancient oak to escape the torrents which, in a few minutes, deluged the earth. The thunder was very violent, and clap succeeded clap for half an hour, almost incessantly, whilst the forked lightning darted in dangerous propinquity to the tree under which we were sheltering. We had all drank more wine than was good for the preservation of a correct judgment, which may account for the circumstance of our singing glees, in which we endeavoured to rival the storm: some climbed up into the tree, and in sport, threw down quantities of decayed branches on their fellows, who, having made an awning of their cloaks across the lower branches, were most comfortably established at the tree foot, puffing away at their pipes. The heap of boughs thrown down from above accumulated on the cloaks, but was not sufficient to weigh them down, on which, one of the climbers descending to the nearest branch, was endeavouring, with might and main, to shake the bundle down on his comrades, who answered his efforts by yells of mock defiance, when the branch on which he hung, being sapped at its junction with the trunk, broke off, and branch, student and all, came down with a crash on the astonished heads and shivered pipes of the smokers. As no serious harm was done, the party made themselves comfortable again, and lighting the heap of branches, had soon a roaring bonfire, the heat of which became so great, that it was well for them the rain had ceased, or it would have forced them from the shelter they had enjoyed. The sun now broke out in renewed splendor, and the fire



having burned down to its last embers—which last embers each student good-naturedly endeavoured to deposit in the pockets, or about the persons of his unwary neighbours—the party set out to return.

On their way through the forest, their mirth was checked for a moment, by seeing a noble elm, large as the oak under which they had been playing their thoughtless pranks, shivered by the electric fluid into ribbands, whilst at its foot lay a peasant, black and dead—his staring eye-balls seeming ready to start from their orbits with preternatural life. The spectacle was horrid in the extreme—there was no stiffness in the limbs—a character common to death from almost all other causes; the blood was already decomposed, and was evidencing its loss of vitality by the livid blackness which disfigured the corpse. His dog was lying dead, not two paces from his master, on its side, with its body swelled out almost to bursting; and a donkey, which appeared to have travelled some distance, was quietly grazing near; whilst the bridle of the animal, which had slipped from its head, lay in the dead man's hand.

Nothing in the whole course of my life ever convinced me more, that I was intended for a philosopher, than the thoughts which coursed through my brain, during the few minutes which passed whilst my companions were deliberating what was to be done with the dead man. He formed no part of my considerations. I was contemplating how I might turn the event to my own advantage. I had remarked, that this tree was

completely shivered, whilst some in the vicinity were only scorched in the head, and others had branches torn off. We returned to Leipsic, and next morning, at break of day, I was on my way, alone, back again to the forest. The reason shall appear in the sequel.

I found the tree under which we had sheltered, marked as it was by the torn branch, and the ashes of our fire. I had determined to exhibit this tree to the Rector as one of those which had suffered from the lightning; but what I wanted most was, a stone which might fill the part of a thunderbolt in my story, a shelf in his museum, become an object of enthusiasm in his mind, and, last not least, which might distend the relaxed sides of my purse with unaccustomed gold.

Not a stone of any kind was to be seen on any side, and I was about to give up the search, when, as I stood pondering, and poking the ashes of the yesterday's fire, I struck on something hard, and clearing away the ashes and mould, exposed the bleached and burned end of a mass of basaltic rock, on which the fire had acted so as to produce rings of iridescent colours. I rooted about this lucky discovery, till I had laid bare a considerable portion of the stone, and my own surprise could hardly be expressed, on finding it in some parts presenting so bright a metallic lustre as to be quite dazzling in the sunshine, in others exhibiting all the traces of fire. "Hornblenderlande, thou art mine," cried I in extacy. "This lump of stone shall win for me thy proud affections—the distance at which thou hast held the peasant's son, shall

vanish, and noble learned donkey, thou shalt be made the play thing of thy humble scholar."

Utterly ignorant of all but the merest rudiments of mineralogy and geology, I hastened to the library, hunted out the term "meteoric stone," and having filled myself with terms and phrases of sweet import to ears geologic, proceeded straight to crave an audience with the learned Provost.

On my name being announced, not the high and sounding one I now bear, but the ignoble one of Gruber, the Rector sent back a message, "to call in academic hours, for that he could not see me then." His surprise must have been great when his servant brought him back word, that the student said, he "must be seen, and that immediately."

"Must! to the Provost of Leipsic? Immediately! Aye, then, show him in, he shall see me, and feel me too—and his impertinence shall teach him the straight road to our academic prison, and bread and water diet. Send the Schelm in."

Thus did I hear the Rector roar to his menial; and notwithstanding my natural temerity, I began to think that I had gone too far. However, putting a bold face on the matter, I entered the study of the irate dignitary, and prepared to play the part I had determined beforehand. With the greatest seeming humility I bore the first outbreak of his wrath; and when it was expended, in the most apologetic strain I could assume, I craved his pardon for daring to suppose that his mineralogical and geological lore were the subjects he prized

more than all other earthly things ; but that a most remarkable production of the late thunder-storm having been discovered by me, I had hurried to him with the first intelligence, fearful that he should lose so valuable a prize, which must transmit its describer's name through all the scientific annals of Europe. But, since he was offended at my well-meant intrusion, I hoped he would pardon it, and make the imprisonment with which he threatened me, as short as possible, and on my honour, I promised him, never to think of his fame in future. " Let me go, sir," I continued. " You have too great a reputation already ; I ought not to have been so silly as to suppose I could have added to it : let me go and rejoice the ears of poor Herr Felsenhammer (a young geologist, recently settled in Leipsic) by handing him over my discovery for a handsome sum of money, which he will be sure to give me, and his thanks into the bargain. My first, sincerest, and most enthusiastic wishes urged me, perhaps without regard to a due decorum, to give it without fee or reward to our much-honoured Provost, through a feeling of duty and respect, appropriate to the talents of the man, and becoming the dignity of the University."

This speech had the desired effect ; in a moment the lion became a lamb. I was his " dear friend ;" he was just going to dinner (twelve o'clock), would I favour him with my company ? Every thing proceeded favourably for my views. During dinner, which the anxiety of the Provost made as short as manners would permit, I had discreetly put forward the whole

stock of my newly acquired mineralogical learning to the surprise of the Rector, who, having thought me one of the idlest do-no-goods in College, now felt the more compunction at having formed so unjust an opinion of one capable of estimating him so highly.

I could not fail to see my triumph: I ate little, drank none, seemed absorbed in the one science, and, as a climax, let fall, most adroitly out of my pocket, a mineralogist's hammer within an inch of my host's toe, instantly concealing it again, as if it could convict me of practising some of the occult and forbidden sciences.

I saw that my man was won—he came to the hammer, and, like a good auctioneer of my own wit, I determined to knock him down at the highest price.

Whilst we dined, the Provost ordered his vehicle of state—viz., a queer little yellow chaise, on enormously high C springs, drawn by an old white mare, which might have been a charger in the thirty years' war, so antique was her appearance; and as soon as dinner was over, we scrambled into this vehicle, and took the road through the Grimma to the forest.

En route, we encountered numerous groups of students, who guessed, from the extraordinary conjunction visible in that queer chaise, that something comical would be the result, and numerous was the body which followed, at a distance, the jogging pace of the old grey mare.

Arrived at the nearest point to the place that could be approached by a carriage, we descended, and shortly arriving at the tree, I was delighted to see my ruse

succeed, even better than I had anticipated, with the old man.

He examined the stone attentively. "It was undoubtedly meteoric."

He climbed up the tree in his enthusiasm, and plainly discovered the burnt spot on the trunk near the broken branch, where it had first touched the solid part of the tree, "evidently carrying off the branch." Ah! poor old Wiseacre, had'st thou seen the descending body of that ponderous lout, Hugo Frietag, the Westphalian, bearing down that bough, thou would'st never have mistaken him for a thunderbolt!

As he climbed about in the tree, he found further evidences: almost all the dry dead wood which abounds in such trees, had been freshly broken off, "doubtless, by the concussion," and ashes were to be found on various parts of the boughs, the result, of course, of the sudden burning of small twigs, touched by the molten meteor. I am afraid the students' pipes were in some inexplicable manner connected with this curious phenomenon; and, above all, he exhibited actual pieces of charcoal, which he found amongst the branches. I forget his verbal deduction from this fact, but I know that my mental one was, that a battle had occurred between the parties on the ground, and others in the tree, and the wood embers had been freely used to assault the aerals.

Well, what more proof could any philosopher want? The body had passed right through the tree, burning every thing it touched to ashes, and then plunging into

the earth, had burned the ground, and the part of the trunk nearest it, in a manner capable of showing the great intensity of its heat when it fell.

Hardly had the Rector made and noted these observations, when a troop of students came up, who, seeing the highest dignitary of the University, the Magnificus, perched, squirrel fashion, in a tree, immediately with true German liberty, set up a "Iuchsa! Huzza! Es leben der Herr Rector, Hoch!" The old man, who would have been angry with them at any other time, now half insane with triumph, joined in their jubilee, and entertained them with a long lecture on meteoric stones in general, and on this stone in particular, and never was lecture greeted with louder applause.

More students collected, and some spades and crow-bars being procured, by dint of digging about it, and prizing it up, the mass, about half a ton weight, was raised above ground, and then rolled, by much exertion on the part of the willing students, to the road side.

The Provost was determined not to leave his prize behind him, and more particularly, when he saw the jealous eyes of Herr Felsenhammer amongst the still increasing crowd. Not well knowing how to convey it to town, he resolved, if possible, to get it into the chaise; but its great weight proved a considerable obstacle; they could readily roll it over and over; but how could they raise it sufficiently to deposit it gently in the carriage?

Herr Eckenheim, the Professor of Mechanics, coming up at this moment, saw, and solved the difficulty.

There were close at hand, piles of logs intended for fire-wood: to these, the Professor directed attention.

"Form an inclined plane with these, to the height of the chaise, and your object will be easily attained."

"Huzza!" shouted the students; and, with willing hands, the task was quickly accomplished.

"Now, work your levers."

The stone gradually rose, till the desired level was gained: one roll more, and it was to have reposed in dignity at the bottom of the carriage.

"Gently, now—gently!"

The stone rolled heavily over; the end proposed was accomplished—it was in the carriage—when, alas! for the calculations of fallible man! its weight proved too great for the fine, high, old-fashioned springs; gradually they bent, and then, with one loud shattering crack, simultaneously exploded, and down dropped the body of the chaise on the perch, and smashing it, descended thus by easy stages to the ground, proving to any one of philosophic mind, the extraordinary tendency which meteoric stones have to gravitate downwards, particularly when they happen to be of half a ton weight, or more, and when suddenly deposited in a crazy, antique chariot. The old white mare frightened out of her propriety by the crash, made an extraordinary essay at a gallop, and charged off with the shafts and front wheels, leaving the relics of the vehicle behind, like a wreck of blasted ambition.

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from *its* high estate."

It would have provoked risibility in the Weeping philosopher of yore, to have seen the face of perplexity and amazement, which the Provost exhibited at this unexpected termination to his exertions. There he stood on the unstable heap of logs, with his mouth wide open, and eyes staring, hardly crediting the evidence of his senses. It is doubtful which of three things distracted him most; the destruction of his carriage,—the disappointment of his hopes,—or the unwonted gambols and disappearance of the steady old mare. Notwithstanding the mischief done, there was something so ludicrous in the whole proceeding, that the forest rang again with the screeches of laughter which were poured forth by the crowd of students and others, who were attracted by the novelty of the exhibition; and still greater crowds came rushing to the spot, alarmed for the safety of the Rector, from having seen the white mare galloping through the streets, with the relics of the carriage appended to her heels. Breathless with haste, came the Rector's wife and daughters, in dread anticipation of finding that some fearful accident had befallen him, and experienced no little relief and astonishment at hearing the roars of laughter from the multitude. At last, a large empty waggon, passing with its team, some wag proposed to mount the broken chaise, stone and all into it, which was soon accomplished, by passing the waggon ropes over the arm of a tree, which overhung the scene, and by the multitude of shoulders which were applied to it. No sooner was it established in its new position, than an overpowering

crowd of students placed the Rector on the top, and accommodating his wife and daughters on the box, and in the dickey, finally established themselves every where they could find, even a precarious footing on the rails, or ensconced themselves, hammock fashion, in the great canvass net which hung under the axles.

The horses were got into motion, and the huge wheels groaned, as they ploughed through the miry road. The students broke out into a wild "Io vivat, Io triumphe!" which was chorused by the mob which followed in lengthened procession.

Never was seen so triumphant an ovation, since the Allies entered Leipsic, as that thus suddenly got up in honor of Herr Rector Von Hornblenderlande, who, it was bruited about, had found the philosopher's stone.

The whole city was in commotion; bands marched about the streets, playing every thing their excitement would permit; and the Burschenschaft, to complete the saturnalia, thus accidentally begun, proclaimed, "A Fackel Zug," or torch-light procession, as soon as it should be dark, to compliment more highly, the respected Head of the University.

He who has seen a Fackel Zug at a German University, has witnessed one of the most interesting exhibitions of light and shade, on which the eye can fall. Besides, there is excited in the beholder a deep and wild feeling of antique romance, not easily explained. Trees, houses, minarets, and spires appear to come out of gloom and blackness, as though they were created by the light; now they are dazzlingly

gilded by its brightness, and anon they shrink back, and fade away into their primitive obscurity, whilst other objects catch up the brilliancy they have lost, producing an effect somewhat akin to, but much grander, than those dissolving views formed by the magic lantern behind oiled canvass.

Then there are, on a nearer view, the wild figures of the Burschen Captains, with their long glittering rapiers drawn, and great jack-boots, marshalling and conducting the student bands, often many thousands in number, each carrying a torch, eight or nine feet long, one-half of which is a tube, containing rosin, which produces an intense light, and when waved or shaken, scatters its burning embers and flaming drops on every side.

On the present occasion, the students collected in the Grand Place, and each having taken a torch from the piles, (which were furnished by the manufacturers, who had the high honor of being patronized by the Burschenschaft,) formed a large circle, their captains being in the centre.

A single torch was now lighted, and fixed in the ground in the middle, amidst loud shouts and waving of swords. Then, the song, national, not only to the whole of Germany, but to each kingdom and division in particular,

“Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland,”

was sung by the entire multitude. In every verse some kingdom or state of the Confederacy is mentioned; and

as soon as the name is heard, forth rush all the students from that particular quarter, and light their torches from the one in the centre, and then back to their places in the circle; by the time the song is finished, all the torches are lit, and a wild, yet harmonious scene of brilliancy, comes in full blaze upon the eye. The procession now forms with military-regularity, and in files, six or seven deep, the march is commenced, the time being regulated by the whole body chanting (after a fashion not to be imagined by those who have not heard it,) some of their grand national airs or anthems.

Such are the generalities of a Fackel Zug: particular occasions, sometimes cause deviations; on the present, when they had arrived before the Rector's house, a chant was sung in honor of the University, and Student Leben; after which, the Captains entered the house, and informed the old gentleman that the students had waited on him to congratulate him, and to express their happiness at the great piece of good fortune he had obtained that day, &c.

The Rector, as a matter of course, returns his warmest thanks, and orders wine to be brought, in which he pledges the Captains (generally the greatest scamps in the college,) and talks of the loyal and devoted affections of the excellent students, over whose career he has the felicity to preside. Next, he comes forth to those without, and amidst loud cheers, waving of torches, swords, and caps, makes a short and appropriate speech, the shorter, the more acceptable. Their

answer comes in music, and some of those fine, rough choruses, proceeding from a multitude, have all the effect of a noble organ.

A circle is again formed, and various airs being sung, at a given signal, every torch is launched into the air, so as to fall as nearly as possible in the middle, where being heaped up, they form a tremendous bonfire: whilst this is burning away, various airs are sung, and chorused loud and deep; and the never-to-be-forgotten "Burschen Leben" is never out of favour.

When the fire began to burn low, at a preconcerted signal, after a moment's perfect silence, a shout of the most ear-splitting nature—"Es lebet der Herr Rector, Hoch!"—terminated the exhibition of juvenile feeling of the students to their amiable old master, and then they scattered in groups to their several abodes; and the populace enjoyed the supreme felicity of kicking the embers of the bonfire about, till the watchmen came, and carefully extinguished all the remnants.

During the whole of this transaction, though apparently passive, I had been no uninterested spectator; and, with some degree of misgiving, I watched, dreading lest the intrusion of some prying knowledge should discover the cheatery I had enacted.

Next morning the Rector sent for me; and, after some few preliminary soundings, proposed to me to undertake the duties of curator and custodian of the university museum, for which I exhibited such remarkable fitness.

Here was the whole end and object of my schemes accomplished. My heart jumped at the proposal, but my tongue begged a few days to consider it. This, of course, was granted; and, chuckling in my mind at my success, I departed, determined to appear to deserve it. The stone was placed in the museum, with a label attached, indicating the time, place, and manner of its falling, and few were found to question its authenticity.

Meanwhile, I went to Berlin, and easily obtaining access to its noble libraries, hunted out all the accounts and plates of meteoric stones that had ever fallen, or been stated to have fallen, and, employing a poor artist, got drawings made of them on a grand scale, and invented a few more, which I contrived should be very like the one I had found, and which, I stated to be in various unknown private collections. On my return, I begged to present the Rector with these drawings, as a token of my esteem for his character, and also as proofs of my former diligence in the study of geology,—which, be it remembered, was nearly of seven days' standing, yet, by the exercise of my genius, on the credulity of man, had rewarded me better in that period, than it has many others in twice that number of years.

After installation into my new office, I studied sufficiently to prevent my ignorance being discovered; I cared to go no farther. Just at this time I got a start, on being told that two of my companions, Carl Bergman and Rupert Stoerk, had been closetted with the Rector. Could the Schelms have betrayed me? I trembled at

the thought. I was like a gambler who had made a desperate throw with false dice.

Instantly, I sought out Bergman, as though I had no other intention but that of inviting him to a beer party, and although I had to undergo some painful quizzing, I was relieved from any anxiety as to the result, by the confession of this worthy, that the sole object of the visit to the Rector had been to strengthen the impression already made, with regard to the authenticity of the stone. In fact, this veracious pair had told the old man that they were in the immediate neighbourhood of the oak, when this body, in a state of molten heat, had descended through the branches, consuming every thing in its way, and finally burying itself in the smoking soil. Frightened at the danger so near them, they had fled, and encountered Gruber, who had very much the appearance of a maniac, and was running directly in the teeth of the danger, paying no attention to their shouts, but pursuing, as it were, some invisible phantom.

"Yes, lads," cried the Rector, with enthusiasm, "that excellent young man was pursuing the invisible spirit of Science, and I have no doubt that she will one day crown him with glorious success: he is not the only one who, in a similar cause, has been deemed by the world, a madman!"

Thus, for the time, my fears were given to the winds; and, were I to judge by the quantities of beer with which my friends cooled their throats at my expense, I might well have supposed that the lies they had volunteered on my behalf, had blistered their tongues.

It is needless to say that full descriptions of this stone were published in *Wochenblatts* and *Monadschriften*. An innocent old philosopher was indulged by a ride on his favourite hobby-horse—an antique and learned city was excited and delighted by a nine days' wonder—coteries of old ladies talked as if the city had escaped the sweep of an insane comet's tail—philosophers (now a planetary race) came from all sides to see, feel, and examine the Wonder, the tree, the forest, and the cuisine of the happy Rector ; and last, not least in my estimation, I, Carl Gruber, obtained a good post, which enabled me to smoke a better Number, and to drink more beer than any student in the university ; and now, how can the world accuse me, when all those advantages were gained to so many persons, by the simple exercise of a small portion of my mother-wit ?



CHAPTER IV.

"Quid ego istius prandia et cœnas commemorem?"—CIC.

OUR little party at the solitary Inn, were somewhat disturbed, and thrown into confusion by the Countess having been suddenly taken ill, during the relation of the latter part of the last chapter; and it was not until long after, that the cause of this sudden illness became known. Although it is anticipating a part of our story, still we will account for it by stating, that though only a few years united to Eisenberg, she had married him, after a very short acquaintance, induced by his wealth and rank, but without any actual knowledge of his family.

Proud of her own aristocracy, and the many quarterings of her ancient race, it was more than her feelings could bear, thus suddenly to be made acquainted with the blast, which, like a simoom, had scorched her feelings in the most susceptible point. Could she credit it? Married to a peasant's son,—to an avowed hypocrite—deceived in a point on which she thought herself invulnerable—her woman's dignity injured—and what woman can bear that?—and, worse than all, to feel that she loved the man who had so grossly deceived her,—why, she knew not, except that he exer-

cised an influence over her, from which she could not free her mind, even had she wished. It was not, then, to be wondered at, if the distraction, arising from the crowd of conflicting feelings, which warred within her, severely shocked her sensitive mind. Brain fever was the consequence; and for ten days, her life was in the greatest danger.

Howard's skill, and Forrester's nursing, at length brought the fever to a favourable crisis; yet, it was long before the lady was well, and tranquil enough to permit of the continuation of the Count's story.

One evening during the period of her convalescence, after enjoying a refreshing sleep, she perceived Forrester kneeling at her bed-side; his noble countenance and expressive eye directed upwards, so that he did not perceive that she was conscious how he was engaged. A short thick volume was between his hands, and his lips moved with the scarcely audible words of prayer, which, although she did not understand its language, yet she felt that its aspirations had reference to herself.

On perceiving that she was awake, he immediately rose, and inquired kindly as to her returning health.

This circumstance, trifling as it was, became the foundation of a confidence between these young persons, and led to inquiries on the part of the Countess, which the true-hearted Englishman was never weary in trying to satisfy. The Scriptures were his constant theme; and for hours, every day, he read and explained them to the fair invalid. Under this teaching, they

assumed a different character from the dull, monkish study she had hitherto esteemed them; and, whilst she listened with delight to truths, which came home to her mind, with all the force of novelty, she was, almost unawares, imbibing those pure streams, which alone can slake the thirst of the wayfarer, through the dry and barren land of Time, to the glorious regions of an ever-blooming Eternity.

When the mind of the Countess had become sufficiently calm, to bear the continuation of her husband's story, he, (who meanwhile had been improving in strength,) thus proceeded with his narrative :

“ Having now become the favourite of the Rector of the University, every thing academic was easy to me, and every society was open, yet, with the strange perversity, which is so often to be seen, I preferred the company of a party of scape-grace students, to the really excellent society the city afforded; and many and various were the difficulties in which I became involved accordingly.

Herr Pöble, the Polish Professor, was the only one amongst the heads of the university, who seemed intuitively to have found me out, and to be quite aware that I was never good, except when I was playing a part. Strange to tell, I knew, without any revelation on his part, that he saw through all my disguises, and for this I hated him, and determined, without having any precise reason, to be revenged on him, how and when I might.

Pöble, although rejoicing in the noble prænomens of

Sobieski, was, in person, a very insignificant little creature, with spindle shanks, and long thin arms, like an Ourang Outang, which mockery of man he also simulated in the hirsuteness of his physiognomy, which was furnished with an inordinate quantity of mangy yellow hair, through which his little ferretty eyes gleamed, and the tip of a particularly sharp nose looked out; his sandy hair was very long, descending even to his shoulders, and appearing always in a tangle; from this circumstance, even before my persecutions of the little man commenced, the students had given him the not very pleasing soubriquet of "*Plica Polonica*," by which nick-name he was commonly known amongst them.

Various were the plans of annoyance, devised by the wild students against this vain, but harmless man: one occasion I shall mention:

It was Herr Pöble's duty to deliver an oration in public, on Polish literature, in the common hall of the university, and we determined, if possible, to render him ridiculous, and succeeded to our heart's content.

By a well applied bribe, we gained over the porter of the hall to place a reading desk of such large dimensions on the stage, that poor little Sobieski could hardly exhibit the peak of his nose over it, and as he did not enter the hall till the last moment, he was obliged to begin at once, notwithstanding that he well knew he must be invisible to the greater part of the numerous audience. Hardly had he commenced, when some wild Westphalian, at the other end of the room,

cried out to him, "Stand up." The poor man was at the moment elevated on the points of his toes, like Taglioni, pirouetting. Again the professor attempted to proceed, and again cries of "stand up—stand up," from various parts of the room, interrupted him. The spectators began to see the jest, and very audible laughter gave evidence that they appreciated it.

After various efforts to proceed, Pöble fairly lost his temper, and finally, amidst cheers and shouts of laughter, scrambled up on the desk, furious with excitement, and commenced a vehement denunciation against those evil designing persons who had been guilty of this conspiracy against him, (as he was pleased to call it) till his frantic efforts to be heard, were drowned in the still increasing shouts of laughter from all sides, and his violent gesticulations, when his words could no longer be heard, added to the mirth, which drew tears even from fair eyes.

Meanwhile, some of us had managed to put a considerable quantity of flour into his hat, and then place it beside him. The increasing laughter, which had now become contagious, goaded him into absolute phrensy, and catching up the hat, he clapped it furiously on his head, the flour pouring down upon his visage, and suddenly transmuting his whole person into something most ghost-like. A more decided stage effect could not have been produced by the most consummate actor.

If the laughter was loud before, it was ungovernable now, as the little fellow, blind with dust and rage, stood

on the high desk, rubbing his eyes, afraid to descend, new avalanches of flour falling every moment, till the spectators at last were in danger of absolute convulsions.

Just at this crisis, the Provost and several of the fellows, or professors, entered the hall; and, although at first disposed to be exceedingly angry at the ridiculous position of their confrère, yet, the humorous nature of the scene, in a few minutes overcame them also, and, nolens volens, they were obliged to join in the general mirth.

On another occasion we turned the vanity of the little professor to account, in an equally laughable manner.

Some of us persuaded a courier who was known to us, on his next arrival from Munich, to gallop with all the importance of the royal boots and bells, to Pöble's lodgings, and deliver a letter, with which we furnished him, announcing that Maximilian, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, was to arrive at Leipsic that evening after dark, travelling incog. with a small suite of five or six gentlemen; and that being aware of the steady prudence of Herr Pöble, the prince had selected him for his host, and had determined to visit, and stay with him the one night only, hoping that such an arrangement would not be inconvenient to the learned Professor. The letter went on to beg, that strict silence, with regard to the rank of his visitors, should be observed, and requested that he would not put himself to any expense for their entertainment; and concluded with

certain hints, that any distinction which the prince could confer, should, in return, be perfectly at Herr Pöble's service.

This announcement set the little professor at his wits' ends: he never doubted the authenticity of the document; but, being a bachelor, he summoned his maid, told her he must have supper for seven, and named more dishes than he had room for on any table he possessed, ordering the most impossible things, and then rushed out of the house to procure wine and other matters, leaving the girl wondering if her master had suddenly become insane, for hitherto he had lived so penuriously, that his cat became afflicted with chronic rheumatism in his kitchen stove, and rats and mice were unknown on the premises.

Our little professor had been all his life a scrambler amongst the small fry of literature, and, consequently, he did not think it at all strange, that the Prince of Bavaria might have been struck with admiration at some of his productions, and have thus selected him for honor. It is true he had never seen the Prince, nor the Prince him; but what did that matter,—literature levels all ranks; and, with a provostship, or some other excellent post, floating before his imagination, in all the airy fancifulness of an agreeable dream, with all the self-importance of his pigmy constitution set on tiptoe, he hustled to the Grand Restaurant, in the Platz, and astonished the Wirth by the magnitude of his orders.

Wine merchants were visited, and their best wines

selected; and the landlady was ordered to furnish a number of beds for the expected guests.

Never was man so busy, so important, or so mystical, as Herr Pöble, on that day. He caused his own bed to be covered with all sorts of finery, and thinking it still deficient in splendour, he most opportunely recollected a certain gilt crown which the Undertaker Royal used to exhibit on certain occasions of funeral pomp, on a black cushion; he procured it, and with ready wit, replacing the black with crimson velvet, he suspended this ornament, with truly regal effect, from the pole of the French bed, and mentally congratulated himself on the excellent effect; and chuckled at the notion of the commendation he could not fail of receiving, for such delicate marks of attention.

One thing grieved him much; the street in which he lived was very dark and narrow; and the house in which he lodged was undistinguished from the rest, except that it was, if any thing, somewhat meaner in appearance. To remedy this defect as much as possible, he hired, for a few Kreutzers, a couple of ragged urchins, who were to stand on each side of the door-way, with lighted torches, as soon as it became dark.

Every thing being now arranged, as much to the Professor's satisfaction as the time permitted, he at length drew his breath, and set about the titivation of his person; this he had quite forgotten in his anxiety for his other preparations, and had left to the last moment; but what was his consternation, when he



drew forth his best black suit, to find it was white as a miller's: in a rage at the trick which had been played upon him a few days before, he had thrown off the clothes, and dashing them into a press, had forgotten to brush them !

No time was now to be lost. The clock of the Minster Kirche was striking eight—the Prince might arrive every moment—so to work he went, twiggling and brushing till he was surrounded, and lost in the cloud, raised by his own exertions.

In the midst of this, and whilst his nether man was yet in that state, patronized by a certain brave Northern people, who deem that no charge of indecent exposure of their persons can be brought against them, provided the succinct garment round their middle be cross-barred, just as the Papists think that the grossness of their idolatry is done away by frequent crossings. Whilst he was in this state, a loud rap thundered at the door, which set his heart beating dangerously—and popping his head out of the window, he was not a little relieved at perceiving that it was only Herr Magnificus Von Hornblenderlande, mounted on the notorious white mare, with a large roll of papers in his hand.

One of the torch-bearing ragamuffins came up to say, that the Provost wished Herr Pöble to descend, as he had a few words to say to him.

Such a request from the Head of the University, was equivalent to a command, so poor Pöble uttered something very like a suppressed oath, and slipping on

his long bed-gown over his nakedness, descended. The Provost had a plan in his head for improving the University, and he wished to get as many votes as possible, in aid of his project: to accomplish this, he had ridden round to all the Professors, and now came to Pöble last; for, having found great differences of opinion amongst the others, he was really anxious to secure his suffrage. To obtain this, it was necessary to explain his plans, and to illustrate them, he must exhibit the drawings, &c., which he had made. After a long preamble, he commenced detailing his reasons for adopting these peculiar plans, being occasionally disturbed by the white mare's starting at the sparks falling from the torches, which the two boys held so as to illuminate the manuscripts, and filling up, parenthetically, the gaps in his discourse by exclamations addressed to his mare, of "Steady, Göetskin;" "Soho, pet;" "Rest easy, you unquiet animal;" "Will nothing keep you quiet?" "Was there ever such a brute?" But Göetskin was thinking of her oats, and that it was time for all reasonable people, and sagacious mares to be snugly housed, so she would not stay quiet, but now sidled this way—now that—then pulled her head down to the ground, and dragged the bridle and papers out of the Provost's hands, which papers, being taken in charge by the Zephyrs, disported themselves in strange and airy flights, the link boys and Pöble running after them in all directions.

While this scene was enacting, tra-lap—tra-lap—tra-lap, came the gallop of a horse on the coarse pave-

ment. Crick-crac—cric-crac—cric-crac, squish, came the sounds of a whip, and before Herr Pöble could reach his own door, he was nearly ridden over by the avant-courier of Seine Hochheit, who, to prevent that lugubrious accident, bestowed a hearty cut of his lash on the naked shanks of the active pedestrian, who screeched with the smart, and bolted into his house.

The Courier, in his haste, having nearly run against the Provost, checked his hack suddenly, and asked him, "Where the Herr Professor Sobieski Pöble dwelt?" The Provost answered not, but pointed to the open door, which the Courier, having jumped off his horse, immediately entered; and in place of rapping, or ringing, applied a small bugle, which hung at his back, by a twisted and tasseled rope of many colours, to his lips, and blew a blast, which rang through the old house with most alarming vibrations, and brought every lodger in the building, out on the common stair. Demanding of the first person he met, "Where is Herr Pöble?" He clattered up stairs in his heavy boots and spurs, and having been admitted, announced in due form that His Royal Highness was en route, and would be there in a quarter of an hour. Then, "tell your master what I have announced; and then, friend butler," he added, (still addressing Pöble,) "the roads are dusty, and a thirty miles' ride is thirsty work in this weather; be good enough to introduce me to the beer tank."

Pöble, who was impetuously struggling into his clothes, pointed to a large jug, into which the Courier

plunged, with an avidity and heartiness which soon gave him a view of the bottom, and then laid it down with a sigh of contentment, remarking, "Good—right good for Leipsic!"

Then remarking the dusty condition of the Professor, he added—"But, friend, you are extravagant to spend so much powder on your clothes, in place of putting it into your wig. Don't forget to rouse up your master."

Saying this, he jangled off, grumbling something about returning, as soon as he had procured stabling for his horse. At length, by a series of convulsive efforts, Herr Pöble was attired, and seizing the clothes-brush and shoe-brush, he rushed down to the hall in order to have the assistance of the link boys in scrubbing off the flour, without removing them from their posts; and his countenance began to brighten when he found that he had nearly accomplished that task with their aid, when, behold! the Provost, who had been pursuing his flighty papers, returned to the attack; and having lost the thread of his discourse, to make sure, began it all anew, and had arrived at nearly the same point as before, when the loud clatter of horses, and the rattle of two travelling britskas, with the continuous cracking of the postillions' whips, disturbed him, and announced to his auditor, the approach of the expected guests.

The Courier having put up his horse, and returned, gave notice of the stopping place by a loud taratantara on his bugle.

Bursting from the Provost, Pöble rushed to the car-

riage-door, and was just in time to give his hand to a delicate-looking young man, wrapped up to the eyes in furs, who descended, apparently in a state of great weakness, from the vehicle.

Pöble, with many bows and welcomings, offered his assistance, and the Prince was graciously pleased to take his arm, as they proceeded up the well staircase. Six gentlemen followed, and lastly, a Chasseur, en grand tenue, bearing a dressing-case, and some swords and pistols, closed up the rear.

When they had reached the supper-room, which was laid out with considerable taste, the Prince commenced apologizing for the liberty he had taken, in thus intruding on the privacy of any one. In answer to which, the Professor, in his most honied accents, assured him that he did not know how to express himself sufficiently grateful, for the high honour done him in thus selecting him from the other members of the University, who, from their wealth, would have been better able to entertain him suitably to his rank: however, he hoped that his Highness would, at least, be comfortable in his poor apartments, and that the greatest pleasure he could have, would be, fulfilling his Highness's slightest requests, &c., &c.

Whilst Pöble and his noble guest were thus bandying compliments and apologies in the most approved style, one of the ragged torch-bearers put his unkempt head in at the door, and in the squeaking treble of a cracking voice, cried out—

“The Provost, Herr Von Hornblenderlande, desired

me to present his compliments to you, Sir, and say that he hopes to have the pleasure of your company before the Council, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, in order that he may publicly thank you for the respectful treatment you have given him this evening."

"Very well—very well," cried Herr Pöble, now for the first time recollecting the abrupt manner in which he had deserted his superior on the arrival of the Royal guest. "Go down, and order supper to be served."

Then turning to the Prince, he exclaimed—"Your Highness has this moment had a convincing proof both of my devotion to you, and of the degrading tyranny exercised in this University, from which I wish heartily that I were set free!"

"Then," cried the Prince, "let the wish be father to the deed. Resign, and laugh at petty tyranny; and if Munich can satisfy your genius, we will try what can be done for you there. Think no more about it—*C'est une affaire arrangée*. And now, Herr Pöble, let us dismiss dignity, and enjoy ourselves. I have quite enough of playing the Prince, in the world; let me for a little, in your agreeable society, play the man. To commence that far more delightful part, permit me to retire to your chamber to wash the dust of travel out of my eyes and whiskers."

Pöble, delighted with the frankness of his guest, ushered the party across the stairs, and introduced them to his bed-chamber, and provided as many basins as he could: as to water, very little of that

fluid goes a great way, for the purpose of ablution in Germany; he then ran off to procure some other requisites.

Hardly had he quitted the room, when a burst of laughter proceeded from every one of those he had left, and the Prince, forgetting his weariness, in a moment jumped on the counterpane of the bed, so as to bring his head immediately under the suspended crown, and dancing a *pas seul* in that dignified position, commanded all the others to do obeisance to his Royal person. The rest were skipping, hopping, and jumping, and jostling one another all round the room, till the sound of Pöble's foot on the stair, suddenly re-called them to order, and on his entrance, the pale and apparently jaded Prince was sitting in an arm-chair before the glass, holding a bottle of Eau de Cologne to his nose, whilst one Aide-de-camp presented a basin with water, and another held a towel. Pöble thought he had heard a great noise and loud laughter in the chamber; but no! he must have been deceived! Such could never have been tolerated in the presence of that delicate, yet stern, and melancholy young man, who really seemed half fainting with fatigue. It must have been a delusion of his own brain—and indeed his brain was in a most uncommon whirl, and it had not been at all steadied, by observing, that, independent of the Courier and Chasseur, there were six other servants in green and gold liveries impeding with their jests and raillery, his poor maid of all work, who was roasted red in preparing the supper.

This was an unexpected clap to him: all those hungry and thirsty men must be provided for; indeed they were saving him part of the trouble, for four or five black jacks of beer were circulating amongst them, and the majority were perfuming the atmosphere of the little kitchen through the agency of their meershaums and the fragrant weed.

As soon as the travellers' toilets were completed, they proceeded to the supper-room—Pöble walking backwards, with a pair of wax-lights in his hands before the Prince, that being the usually approved method of conducting Royalty—Kings being sacred characters, we presume, must be the reason why it is supposed that their guides have no necessity for seeing where they are going.

After many protestations from the Prince against the ceremony shown him, and requests that he would forget his rank for the present, all, at length, were seated, and the Kelnors, or waiters, furnished by the Restaurateur, proceeded to serve the guests, when the Prince asked one of his Aides, whom he addressed as General Schlingie, if his own wine had arrived, apologizing at the same time to Pöble for introducing wine of his own, on the grounds, that he was ordered by his physician, not to drink any other.

Pöble begged his Highness to suit his own convenience in every thing; and one of the green liveries soon appeared with a case of very champaign-like looking bottles, one of which he drew and placed before the Prince, who, having partaken of soup, poured out

a large glass, and begged the honour of an exchange of goblets with his host. Such an invitation was, of course, accepted, and whilst the Prince drank Pöble's champaign to the bottom (in defiance of his physician's orders,) Pöble, shuddering at the sensation, drained the glass presented to him of the best Bordeaux vinegar, his eyes starting from their sockets, and the tears rolling down his cheeks at the pungency of the acid.

With difficulty he recovered his breath, and strength sufficient to gasp out—

“I'm poisoned!”

“What wine was that? Quick—quick, before the gentleman suffers,” cried the Prince.

Green and gold bustled amongst the bottles, and then with face lugubrious as an undertaker's, said—

“Your pardon, my Prince, but I fear it is some of the vinegar of Cantharides, your Highness ordered to blister Silberschwanz, that the Professor has taken. Shall I send for a surgeon?”

“He's a gone man,” groaned every body. “A surgeon—a stomach pump—quick, quick!”

Down dropped Pöble as if he had been shot: the pains of death seized on his imagination, and perspiration ran in rivulets from his brow.

“Water!” he shrieked. “Water—it burns me. Oh! horrible—horrible! my vitals shall be all one blister! Wretched, wretched man that I am!—I die, I die!”

Just at this moment the servant again entered the room, and unceremoniously proclaimed that it was not

the fluid blister the Professor had drank, but an innocent glass of vinegar, and held out the flask in proof of his assertion.

Poor Pöble, who was nearly dead with terror, breathed again; acid as was the vinegar, it seemed sweet in his mouth, in comparison with the deadly draught he thought he had swallowed. He rose from the floor, amidst general congratulations, and having swallowed a bumper of brandy, to correct any ill effects from the vinegar, became hilarious in proportion to his recent depression.

Course succeeded course, and the popping corks flew merrily to the ceiling; every one pledged Herr Pöble, and the little Professor's little eyes began to twinkle with unwonted brilliancy and animation.

"What agreeable society," thought he; "how real rank does away with all imaginary distinctions, and by courtesy and kindness equalizes all. How different from the intolerable hauteur and impertinence, which mark the society of the Professors, or the Bourgeoisie! This is worth living for! This is enjoyment."

Such thoughts coursed in quick succession through the exhilarated brain of the little man, warmed by the mirth and condescension of his guests, and by the continued bumpers with which they plied him, till at last he had some vague conception of being elevated in his chair on the table, and of singing certain bacchanalian songs, amidst shouts and laughter. The last thing which floated in his mind was, that he received a goblet from the Prince's own hands; after which, all that

happened, was to him as misty and cloudy (common consequences of great elevation) as most German transcendental speculations usually are.

The Professor having been placed "hors de combat" by the last draught, which was composed of nearly pure spirits, was laid aside for the present, and the party lit their pipes, and summoned up the chasseur and green liveries, who, it need hardly be said, were students disguised in costumes, borrowed at the theatre. The only genuine character amongst the party was the courier.

These gentlemen had performed their parts in the kitchen as ably as their brethren in the *salle à manger*, and had succeeded in making the maid and the two link boys senselessly drunk.

Accordingly, in obedience to the summons, they marched up stairs, carrying those unresisting persons on their shoulders, and presented them, as the first fruits of the enterprise, which assumed position was most stoutly refuted by the party up stairs, who, in support of their denial, produced the snoring person of poor Pöble out of a corner, and exhibited it amidst a chorus of laughter.

This important point being settled, they carried their four senseless victims to the bed chamber, and having carefully and solemnly invested their respective countenances with the whiskers and moustaches which had assisted to disguise their own faces, through politeness, giving the maid the largest; they then deposited her in the bed of state, and pulling down the crown, they tied

it with a garter fast on her head: Pöble was laid beside her, and to keep all steady, one of the boys was stretched, bolster-fashion, under their heads, and the other over their feet. Certain little adornments, beautifying touches with burned cork, were added, and then the party returned to the supper room. There, the wild carouse was kept up, till the very weariness of mirth and satiety oppressed them all; and then, considering the state of inebriety at which they had arrived, they behaved with wonderful discretion, withdrawing one by one, with the greatest caution to their several abodes; the last of the party was the Prince, who having extinguished the lights and locked the doors, most carefully deposited the keys in the porter's room, and making a solemn bow to the sleeping functionary, staggered off, and threading his mazy way through numerous obscure streets, at last permeated the windings of a very narrow court (not a regal one) with much difficulty, and no little retrogressive progression; then, having ascended to the fourth étage, he might have been seen making sundry lounges with a latch-key at the lock of a very humble door, which having contrived at last to introduce, he found his way into a very comfortless apartment, where, throwing himself on the bed without taking off any of his clothes, he slept till broad noon next day, and then awoke in the person of your humble servant—Carl Gruber.

CHAPTER V.

"The Pope he leads a pleasant life."

"Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain."

DRYDEN.

"Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar."

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things.
Oh! you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!"

COWPER.

HAVING become established at the University as a clever fellow, in the eyes of the superior powers, and as an *äechter Bursch*, (which in English may be freely translated regular scamp,) in those of the students, there was no danger but that I should do well.

Already, from being almost a beggar, I had an income more than sufficient for a student-life, and my first, or philosophic year, was as yet hardly expired. There were some other little posts in the University which I had already marked as my own, as soon as my standing should be sufficient; but still my thoughts were always jumping by a laudable prolepsis to that

time when, having obtained my degrees, I should no longer be capable of holding these appointments, but must choose some other way of life for myself. As to pursuing learning as a profession, that never entered into my calculations. Fellowships and Professorships could not be obtained without much study, and my favourite study—"Mankind"—entered very little into the reading necessary for their acquirement: in other words, if I could have placed myself in any of those comfortably-cushioned chairs of authority, by sycophancy, impudence, or working on the minds of others, I had never doubted to have thus established myself; but I knew that could never be, and I could not help laughing at the imposition practised on themselves, by those learned worthies, when they supposed that all their labours were for the pure love of literature.

"Oh," I have often cried as I sat in my solitary chamber, "deprive these men of the rewards of their Professorships, and what a multitude of vacant chairs would be going a begging! Lop off their salaries, and reduce their commons to bread and water, and then we shall be able to judge how true is their affection for inestimable science. No, no! it is the 'auri sacra fames' which consumes them, and not them alone, but the whole world. Gold is the loadstone which attracts all mankind, from the cradle to the grave. The baby grasps at whatever comes within its reach with a sentiment of intuitive acquisitiveness: the adult man fights, schemes, labours, begs, robs, and murders for it: the old toothless cripple, whose senses



have become blunted to the enjoyment of every thing else, still giggles out the idiotic laugh of selfish pleasure when he clutches it, and by legal documents endeavours, even when the cheating grave shall have torn him from it, still to exercise an authority over it. It is gold, and gold alone, which rules the earth. It is the true mammon. Bacon asserted that "knowledge was power;" I can concur in the aphorism, if knowledge procures gold. But does it always? No! undoubtedly not. Many exercise mental and bodily abilities of a very high order, in the perpetual acquisition and communication of real knowledge—spend night and day in an almost unceasing effort, and yet live poor, and die poor; their fame shall live perhaps, when their generation has forgotten them, and worms shall have chambered in their empty skulls;—but *Fame?*—Trash! One fool beplastering another with empty breath. Thou art not to my taste; I must have something more solid—some way of arriving at wealth before old age shall have crippled enjoyment. How is this to be accomplished?"

Considerations of this nature, were continually occupying my thoughts, and impeding my progress in any valuable branch of study; but as it was necessary to adopt some profession, I first chose the Church, led, I believe, by the writings of Buonaretti, which showed most clearly that, to a perfectly unscrupulous conscience and cunning mind, the highest elevations were attainable, even to the Cardinal's hat and Papal Tiara. A woman of bloody hand and lying tongue, by art and

cunning, had obtained both ; and had she been ruled by the spirit of ambition only, she had easily retained them ; but (monster as she was) she discovered that she had a heart, and that discovery proved her ruin : her unlucky love, and not the cleverness of the Representatives of the apostles, caused her miserable remains to be torn by Roman dogs, and to be trampled on by the vilest of the people.

Still this wretched, depraved woman had filled that proudest of proud thrones—she had succeeded in her ambitious masquerade—had been the Representative of Christ—God upon earth—Infallible ; but that had not prevented her falling in love ! Now, might not I, as unscrupulous to the full as ever she was, pass through the same phases, and, avoiding the catastrophe, some day fill my coffers—enjoy my five palaces, and fulminate my Bulls from the Vatican, like this fair and foul lady, or any other of the immaculate successors of St. Peter.

“ Yes,” I shouted one morning when after a revel of no ordinary drunkenhood, I awoke in my bed with my clothes on—“ Yes, I will be the Pope—I will scheme with the best of them, Johanna Anglica included : I can learn with the worst of them—nay, I think I may flatter myself that I possess mental abilities of a sufficiently cunning nature to teach half the College of Jesuits. I can be silent, the hardest task of all ; and so supreme a contempt do I entertain for all the realities of any supposable scheme of faith, that I should as willingly seek the Caliphate as the Popedom, did it

pay equally well! Iuchsa, huzza, heydideldidey for the Popedom, huzza!!!"

So loud did I shout in my extacy of mental and bodily inebriety, that I caused some alarm in the house, and my landlord and some of the servants rushed up stairs. I heard them.

"Now for a little jesuitical practice." I jumped from my bed, and was instantaneously buried in my night-gown, comfortable chair, and most abstruse studies.

I had made so great an outcry, that they imagined my room must be on fire, or that some horrible accident had occurred; they consequently entered it without ceremony, and with looks of alarm. The peaceable tranquillity of my appearance astonished them, and they looked rather confounded, when, having nodded assent to some mental proposition of my own, I turned to them, and in the calmest voice possible enquired—

"What is the matter?"

Instead of answering me, they began to back out of the apartment, stammering apologies, and feeling convinced that they had made a mistake, and consequently committed an extreme rudeness.

When I had enjoyed their confusion for a moment, I begged to be informed if they had all become mad; and having in the mildest manner, excused and reproved them for disturbing me, at the same time assuring—nay, convincing—them that there had not been any noise made in my chamber, I relapsed into my studies,

and the intruders departed somewhat crestfallen, and making abundant apologies.

Hardly had they reached the foot of the stairs, when shouts and clamours, and the fierce jangling of swords, reached their ears, apparently from the same quarter whence the late alarming sounds had proceeded. I do not scruple to say, I had caused them, the warlike portion being performed on the iron coal scuttle, with the poker.

I knew perfectly well, that this would draw my landlord back again, and by the time I was seated, I had the pleasure of seeing the glitter of his eye through the keyhole, regarding me with the most unbounded astonishment. Whilst he was there, I appeared to study intensely; but as soon as he had crept stealthily away, and proceeded to the garrets over me, I went quietly to the door, introduced a good pinch of snuff into the keyhole, and immediately seated myself again.

When he had made an inspection of the rooms above, he returned, as I had expected, to my door, and applied his eye as before; but that luminary had hardly perceived me before it suffered a most painful eclipse, some of the snuff having been drawn into it by his breathing. He uttered a roar of anguish, and stamped with pain. I opened my door to enquire what might be the new cause of disturbance, and there stood the unfortunate man with his hands clasped over his eyes spasmodically, whilst he continued to cry out—

“Oh! the Devil—the Devil is in the house. The Devil has thrust two hot prongs of a pitchfork into my eyes. Oh mein Gott, the Kobold! Oh, oh! Och! oh!!!”



Thus the fat little man vociferated, whilst perspiration oozed from every pore, and stood in beads on his bald head.

Again came the domestics rushing up, and every lodger in the house poured forth to the scene of action, some half clothed—some not at all, but fluttering in all the unincumbered beauty and graceful drapery of shirt-tails and night-gowns, so attractive to the eye of the statuary.

It was a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth ; and for some minutes I, the guilty cause of all, contemplated it with secret satisfaction, looking the most innocent, and certainly the most correctly attired, individual in the crowd.

I was about to interfere, and to proclaim to all present, my conviction, that the fat landlord was insane, or possessed, when a new personage, appeared on the stage in the form (if form that almost spherical budget of mortality could be called) of the stout Frau of the landlord. Up she waddled to her husband, and not comprehending any of his unintelligible exclamations, and finding him obtuse to all the endearing appellatives which she lavished on him, she at last settled the matter by getting into an ungovernable passion, and seizing a mop which some of the female domestics had in their hands, she pushed her husband down stairs, before her, every now and then, when he was sufficiently distant, giving him a whop on the bald pate with the wet mop, which made the water spirt out of it on every side, and which must have considerably

abated the pungency of the high toast, which had momentarily blinded him.

Down they went—the harmonious pair, in small rushes at every impulse a *tergo*, marking the time (which certainly was not common time) by bashes with the mop, whilst the treble of the lady, and the bass of the gentleman, sweetly mingled in wild fantasia, as he clawed the rails of the banisters in vain resistance, and she carolled forth at every breathless whack, “Bengel, Schlingel, Lumpenhund,” with other delicate expressions of polite attention, in which the German language is so rich.

Having reached the door of their apartment, she showed him in, and politely favoured us as we danced about in uncontrollable fits of laughter, by sending the mop flying amongst us, which, with the perversity of missiles sent on general errands, struck the most innocent person in the crowd; for it carried off the wig, and nearly demolished the nose of a French Count, who lived “*au second*,” and who had that instant popped out his head, to see what might be the cause of the noise and confusion.

After this feat, the irate landlady rushed in and clapped the door, leaving to the power of our imaginations to conjecture what might be the finish of the scene.

I should not weary you with these childish details, were it not that on those pranks of folly, the whole colour and direction of my after life depended; for what I commenced in freak, with the peculiar subtlety



of mind which seems to have been innate, I soon endeavoured to turn to advantage. The sequel will show you how.

For the succeeding week, I contrived, either by night or day, sometime in the twenty-four hours, to make the most diabolical noises, and to cause them to be attributed to every one in the house but myself; for they generally occurred when all knew that I was not in the house. This delusion I managed through the agency of a little Blanchisseuse, who lived in a similar attic to my own, a few houses off, with whom I had formed an acquaintance; for, having left my own house, I managed to return through this girl's room, and thus getting on the roof, came back to the house I had quitted.

The consequence of this was, that one and all came trembling to the conclusion, that satanic influence was at work, and began to set their heads together, to discover the cause.

As every part of this house, which was a large one, was inhabited by different sets of lodgers, who naturally formed themselves into little cliques, each of these framed their own conjectures as to who might be the guilty person, to whose account these visitations of the Arch enemy of mankind might be attributed. Now, it so happened, that no person who was present at any of these consultations, was ever suspected; but, as usual, all the good-natured accusations which were thought of, were heaped upon the absent. Whilst these little gossiping parties continued their deliberations, I appeared to take no notice of what was going on,

except to make an occasional complaint to my hen-pecked landlord about the noises which I myself made ; and as I never attended any of these meetings, the general opinion began to fix unfavourably upon me ; and truth to tell, many accidental evidences, just at this moment, appeared against me, though most of them had no connexion whatever with my present machinations. For instance, the lid of the kitchen boiler flew off, with a loud report on my entering, thanks to condensed steam, a hot fire, and a careless cook ; the hens kept in the back-yard, all laid crimson and fire-coloured eggs ; and a pig, which had been fed in the establishment, alarmed the butcher when killed, by having bones of the same fiery and ominous character and colour, thanks to the philosophical experiments of a medical student in the next house, who supplied these animals with madder.

Now, I had been often seen throwing crumbs to the fowl, and had been heard uttering imprecations on their grunting neighbour for his noise, and any thing but agreeable odour. These, and several other matters of a similar nature, much aided the general opinion, that Satan's visits were made to the domicile on my account.

Determined to bring matters to a crisis, and knowing that I was closely watched on all sides, I covered an old suit of clothes with phosphorus, and wrapping my cloak around me, entered the house after dark, at a time when I knew that the conclave of suspicionists were on the watch for my return. Five or six of them were in the porter's lodge, when I entered to get the

key of my room, which, having taken from the hook, I merely bowed, and hurried away into the dark passage leading to the stairs: there, knowing that all their eyes were fixed on me, I contrived to drop the cloak, and the cries of "Look, look!" which followed me, told that my ruse had succeeded, and that I must have appeared most luminous to those who, standing in the well-lit little room, looked out after me into the darkness. Proceeding rapidly up stairs, I immediately ensconced myself in my chamber, and lighting my best porcelain pipe, which was but a shabby half dollar affair, I tapped it on the bowl, and with extreme self-satisfaction, whispered to it—

"Ere another week goes round, thou shalt be exchanged for a Meerschaum, worthy of a prince, not by thy master's merits, but by the happy talents of his neighbours, for meddling and mystery."

And now, it may be time to tell what was intended by all this. When I commenced these pranks, I had no further intention than that of proving how good a Jesuit I could be,—that is, how well I could set all the rest of the world by the ears, whilst I myself should escape scot-free; but, as I proceeded, a thought of direct advantage crossed my fertile brain, and I determined to act on it. Having awakened the superstitious fears of my co-lodgers, it was more than probable that they might be induced to malign me, and possessing an immaculate character at the University, I could not fail to succeed against them in an action for defamation, and perhaps obtain heavy damages. The only

difficulty I felt would be to make them go far enough. They saved me all anxiety on this head, by rushing into my trap, even faster than my most sanguine expectations premised.

The Frenchman, whose wig and nose had been so much affronted by the mop, was the enthusiastic leader of the enemy; and all the rest were unanimous in condemning me, although three of them happened to be legal functionaries, who ought to have known better; but the fact is, that their juridical caution was lulled to sweet repose, by the circumstances of my narrow means and insignificance, for they thought there was little to be dreaded from the son of the poor peasant Gruber.

That night I felt almost sure of my scheme succeeding: it was plain that the train I had laid was fired, and that there must be a blow up, and I hoped that the explosion would lay bare a vein of gold. Sweetly did I smoke my I-do-not-know-how-manyeth pipe, as I reclined in bed, and thought and thought, till half intoxicated with reverie, and the fumes of tobacco, I at last sunk to sleep, and to dream of honors poured upon me. One time, I was putting on the Cardinal's red square cap, in all its proud simplicity; then I was grasping with all the energy of a Cardinal, the jewelled bee-hive, called the Pope's mitre; and amidst the plaudits of a multitude, was placing it upon my brow, and preparing to be adored as God on earth. Then I was in a court of justice, mitred, and scarletted most babylonishly; and my landlord was declaring, that de-

spite of my sanctified appearance, I was really Beelzebub masquerading, and that if my tiara and robes were removed, my horns, hoofs, and tail would be immediately discovered. Then, as I was about to defend myself, I was shocked to perceive a blue flame issuing out of my mouth, and I felt something twisting, twining, and pattering about my legs, which I felt convinced must in reality be my tail.

In such unpleasant dreams I was still busily engaged, when a rather rough shake by the shoulder aroused me to a state of consciousness; and starting up, I perceived my landlord retreating from me, as if he had burned his fingers in touching me. Immediately behind him was Monsieur Armand, the Frenchman; and almost all the lodgers in the house, formed the main body; whilst in the rear were to be seen, peeping, all the domestics, the fat porter (a by no means locomotive animal) included.

I rubbed my eyes, to try if I were still dreaming, but the vision continuing, I was forced to believe in its truth. I was surprised, but still fully prepared for the dénouement which was about to take place.

The result of my experience, as a general rule, is, that when a crowd comes to attack an individual, that crowd is a coward; that is to say, each unit endeavours to merge his own responsibility in the general action, or rather to transfer it to his neighbours, and as this is universally the case, so the courage of the whole is usually of a deprecatory character, every one ready to screen himself under the wing of his neighbour, to per-

mit him to get any blows which may be going ; whilst, with palpable inconsistency, he is anxious to arrogate to himself, all the credit or honor which may be attainable.

The crowd assailing me, did not differ in this particular from all other crowds ; the parties forming it rushed in triumph to the attack, each struggling to be, foremost ; but now that the game was roused, each seemed willing to leave the place of honor to his neighbour, and all seemed disposed to keep the fat little landlord in the van, by closing their ranks to his exclusion ; and despite of his wriggling, using him as a screen, and no bad one either, between them and all evil.

Not one word did I say, but sitting up in my bed, awaited an explanation of this intrusion ; and the courage of my enemies rising in proportion to my quietude, the landlord, at last, burst out, by ordering me to quit his house at once ; for that if I did not, he should lose all his lodgers.

“ Do I owe you any rent ? ” I asked.

“ No.”

“ Then permit me to ask the cause of this rude demand, and of this strange and most unauthorized intrusion,” said I, in the mildest possible manner.

The landlord became more courageous, and declared that He would not permit Beelzebub, or any agent of Satan, to harbour in his house.

As I showed no particular signs of anger at this accusation, the whole crowd burst out into an undis-

tinguishable babble of abuse, very few of the epithets of which reached my ears from the general vociferation.

When the clamour had somewhat ceased, from breathlessness in the clamourers, I raised my hand to procure me a hearing, and addressing my landlord in the gentlest terms, said—

“Is it your intention to ruin and drive to destruction, an innocent youth, a hard reading student, one who was at peace with all the world, and never gave offence to any one, who spent his time in his divinity studies, and philosophical pursuits, by thus making him a spectacle for laughter, and an object of abuse to so many persons; by depriving him of his only wealth,—his fair fame,—and blasting his future prospects by malignant observations.”

This, and much more, I said in the same quiet tone, thereby adding more and more to the impatience of the intruders, till at last M. Armand burst forth in virulent invective, and described so many supposed feats of diablerie, attributable to me, that I actually began to think I might have pushed matters too far, and that the proofs might be too strong for me. The winding up of his speech hurried matters considerably; for seeing, and, of course, despising my extraordinary passiveness, and concluding that it was but a stronger argument for my guilt, he approached close to me, and clenching his knuckles in my face, demanded of the landlord to drive the Teufelskerl, the hound of Satan, from the house, or he would do it himself.

This threat overcame my resolve to preserve perfect

coolness, and wishing to make it appear that I had received the provocation even of a blow, I inclined my head so as to strike it against his clenched hand, and then springing from the bed, with my whole weight and force on the meagre fellow, shouting at the same time—

“Base foreigner, hast thou dared to strike a free German?”

I bore him to the ground with a crash, dashing his head against the andirons of the fire-place, and suddenly snatching up the long rapier which stood beside my bed, I drew it, and with a waive drove the whole of my assailants on top of each other to the far end of the room, whilst some rushed out of the door screaming and overturning one another.

Sitting astride my prostrate foe, and threatening him with instant death if he stirred, I enjoyed the glorious confusion, and aided it not a little by a few whoops, which would have done credit to a Chippeway, or Delaware Indian.

Notwithstanding my position, I could hardly refrain from laughing, when I saw my fat landlord much in the semblance of a turtle turned on its back, flapping his short arms, and struggling thus to get out of the door, his eyes starting out of their sockets with terror, whilst he gasped with exertion and anxiety, being afraid to lose time, by attempting to rise from the position, into which he had been overthrown by his retreating comrades: once over the threshold, wild and desperate was the scurry with which he rushed down

stairs, till reaching the bottom, at a velocity hitherto unknown to him, he banged down on the landing, in a perfect fit of hysterics ; and it is only wonderful that he escaped a fit of apoplexy. Seeing the field clear, I gave the Frenchman a few prods in the throat, to convince him I was in earnest, and made him swear that he would not tell how I vanished, then threw a handful of gunpowder into the fire, and whilst the prostrate man was enveloped in the smoke, I quietly passed into the adjoining closet, and thence gained the roof, and before M. Armand had recovered the use of either eyes or tongue, I was safe with my little friend, the "Blanchisseuse," in the neighbouring garret.

Having engaged her to conceal me for a few days, we made ourselves merry at what she, poor innocent, thought to be the insanity of my neighbours. I did not communicate any thing about my plan to her ; although I related the events which had occurred, and sending her out to get me a good breakfast, I also instructed her to visit my late residence, and bring me word what was saying and doing there.

To accomplish this, I could have chosen no fitter person ; for as she washed for some of the lodgers, she knew all the domestics, and had a ready entrée whenever she liked. She brought me back word, that the whole house was in a state of confusion,—the landlord raving like a madman ; M. Armand was vowing that the Devil had appeared to him, and having treated him, as no man dared, or could, had vanished in a flash of lightning, and left him nearly suffocated with the fumes

of brimstone. The lawyers who inhabited the neighbouring chambers had brought in some officers of police, and were busily engaged in making an examination and inventory of the things in my chamber and closet, and had even proceeded so far as to have broken open some boxes and trunks without ceremony. Men, women, and children, servants and masters, all joined in one common story, that Herr Gruber must be a diabolic personage; and each had some story to tell, which would prove better than any other, the truth of their assertions.

Delighted to find my plan succeed beyond my utmost wishes, I stayed quietly with my friend Nanny, in the garret, to permit my evil fame to reach its acmé, and till I was sure that all parties had sufficiently committed themselves, and when the shades of evening afforded promise of concealment, I sallied out, wrapped up closely in my cloak, with a muffler up to my eyes, and proceeded to reconnoitre my former dwelling.

So great a crowd surrounded the door, that I found some difficulty in making my way to it; some soldiers were planted at it, and the mob were all open mouthed on the subject of the appearance of Old Nick, in the bodily form of a theological student, who having played all sorts of queer pranks, had ended, by pitching a Frenchman into the fire, where he was completely roasted, and then vanished in a flash of lightning, with a crash equal to a park of artillery, making the whole house shake as if undergoing the shock of an earthquake.

Each person had a different version of the story ; but the evidence of all agreed in the positive assertion, of the presence and handywork of Satan in the transaction.

Having asked the reason for a guard being placed on the door, I was informed that the municipal magistrate was inspecting the premises, and that but for the guard, the house would have been pulled down. This account was confirmed by the appearance of several magistrates and police officers, accompanied by some priests, who issued from the door, and were followed immediately by porters, carrying various articles of my property.

As soon as they had passed, I approached the door, and on telling the soldiers that I lived in the house, they allowed me to enter, when, throwing open my cloak, I proceeded with slow and solemn strides straight up stairs, not meeting any one till I reached the door of my own room. From this quarter proceeded a mingled babel of voices, most of them loud and triumphant, and all seemingly jubilating, as if a victory had been gained.

For a moment I peeped in unobserved ; M. Armand was relating à pleine voix to a police officer, who appeared to have charge of the apartments, the extraordinary courage he had displayed in the encounter, till he was overborne by superhuman force, and felt the burning claws of the enemy of mankind scorching into him : all the while he related these marvels he continued to brandish a rusty sword and old pistol.

The fat landlord's stupid, full-moon face looked

stupider than ever, as he now listened to one, now to another, telling stories of dire and supernatural occurrences. At length, one speaker seemed to command general attention: he related one of the every-day stories of the supernatural assumptions by Satan, of the human form, so common in German stories; but one of the peculiarities of his hero, was the extraordinary power he possessed of being present every where that he was spoken of, so that hardly any one could mention his name, particularly for evil, without standing a good chance of his interrupting him, as it were accidentally, whilst the very words were on his lips; several instances of this he mentioned; and then remarked, that he hoped the satanic incarnation they had just got rid of, might not have the same propensity as the one he had mentioned, as they would look very awkward if he should pop in just now amongst them, as they were rifling his effects, and speaking in such uncourteous terms of his proceedings. I could see the chilly look of apprehension, glancing over the faces of the bystanders, as the last speaker concluded, and the sidelong glances which betrayed unintelligible fears, as they crowded closer together. There was now a momentary silence, which was first broken by the boastful voice of Armand, who, flourishing his antiquated arms, declared that he was ready to do battle with all the Dev—

The word dropped unfinished from his lips, and in mortal fear and consternation he fell senseless on the floor, the pistol going off as he fell.

I need not say that I was the cause of this sudden

panic, having stepped into the chamber just as he was uttering his empty gasconade, and suddenly confronted him.

Nor were the rest of the party less terrified: some rushed to the other end of the room,—others threw themselves upon their knees and faces, and a fat ecclesiastic, in the midst, commenced a most unhappy jumble of excommunications, curses, and prayers, which, if they had no other merit, certainly possessed that of extraordinary rapidity of enunciation. The landlord was the only person who had not stirred; terror froze him into a very un-Adonis-like statue; his very breathing ceased—his eyes, nostrils, and mouth stood open to their greatest extent, and all the blood in his naturally rubicund visage went on a sudden visit to his heart, leaving his features pale and ghastly. I had not time to see more; but passing through the room into the closet, I locked the door behind me, and passed noiselessly out of the dormer window to the roof, and returned to the garret of my friend Nanny, who went nearly into hysterics of laughter at the relation of my adventure.

For two days I remained perdu in my present place of concealment; but during that period I had not been idle; for having procured writing materials, I made out a clear statement of the whole proceedings of annoyance, which had been practised against me, by my late landlord and his lodgers,—showed how they had endeavoured, by frightful noises, to disturb my rest and terrify me out of the house; but that not succeed-

ing in this conspiracy, they had vilified my character, by raising reports in every way injurious to my fair fame, and calculated to retard my advancement in the University, and even procure my rustication or banishment.

That, not succeeding in disturbing the even tenor of my inoffensive life by these means, they had invaded my private apartments whilst I slept, and with arms in their hands, and abusive epithets on their tongues, had forced me to fly for my life, without even giving me time to cover my nakedness.

Not contented with all this, they had wilfully and maliciously excited a tumult, in order to endanger my life, and by false and ridiculous representations to the city magistrates, had compelled these gentlemen to act in a manner ludicrous to their own wisdom, in having seized the goods and chattels of a loyal and true subject, under the absurd pretence of his being the Devil, and also of having committed burglary, in feloniously breaking open doors, chests, boxes, &c. ; and, finally, having attempted murder on my person, by firing a pistol at me, when in perfect confidence, I had come to my apartments to try and save my goods from spoliation, compelling me, a second time, to fly over the roofs of the neighbouring houses to preserve my life. Next, I dwelt on the testimonials of my unimpeached University career,—the honourable situations which had been voluntarily bestowed on me by the dignitaries of the University, and the general character I had maintained for integrity.



I next put forward the characters and positions of my accusers,—a foolish, weak, ignorant, and superstitious old man, whose highest talent consisted in providing for a lodging house; a mischievous, and, as the case proved, a murderously inclined Frenchman, living, no one knew why, at a distance from his native land: numerous silly women, ready to catch at any novelty which might yield them excitement; some briefless barristers, ambitious of a process, and apparently ready to adopt any story how ridiculous soever, which might foment disturbance, and give them a chance of a fee; besides, a number of idle persons, who, having nothing to do, joined in the hue and cry, which, perhaps, one-half of them did not understand, careless of the suffering they were inflicting on an honourable man, whose passiveness to their wanton insults, was assumed as a plea for thus maligning and oppressing him nearly to death.

After this manner, but in much more laboured terms, I drew up the history of my case, which I determined to put into the hands of Rudolph Lugelkopf, one of the cleverest barristers in the city, and a person with whom I had become acquainted, from the circumstance of his having been appointed to deliver the lectures in the School of Law, in the University. I enclosed my statement separately, and sent a note with it, requesting Herr L—— to consider that the enclosed was entrusted to him on honour, to be restored in silence, in case he did not choose to undertake the cause.

Great was my joy, whilst writing this statement, to

hear the catchpenny hawkers crying in the street below, "The whole, full, and true account of the marvellous appearance of Beelzebub, in the form of a student of divinity, &c., all for the small charge of two Phennige."

This added one more paragraph to my statement of complaint, viz :

"That to such an extent of malignity had these unfounded accusations proceeded, that the very street hawkers had been permitted, if not encouraged, to circulate this unfounded and injurious story, so as to create, in every possible way, a strong prejudice against an individual, whose guilt remained unproved in every particular, and whose innocence only needed a fair, impartial inquiry, to render it as immaculate as ever."

Having despatched this document, I received an almost immediate answer from the Barrister, expressing a wish to see me as soon as possible.

Afraid of stirring abroad, lest I should be recognized either by friends or enemies, I waited for evening, and then sought the chambers of the lawyer, muffled, so as to defy all possibility of detection, and having proved quite to the satisfaction of Herr Lugelkopf that a good case of defamation was made out, he immediately set his acute mind to work, to look for evidence to sustain it.

Herr L—— was a curious specimen of the Genus Lawyer; and when in consultation with a client, was in the habit of expressing his thoughts in an interrogative and peculiarly laconic manner: for instance, on the present occasion, when I was running on, on the particular hardships of my case, he cut me suddenly short.

"Softly, young man. Proofs of character and respectability? Aye! Provost Herr Von Hornblenderlande, your intimate friend and patron—must see him—let him behind the scenes—old fool, to be sure—loves granite, gneiss and fossil cockle shells better than human flesh and blood! You gave him a thunderbolt? Ha, ha, ha; not a word more—faithful!"

"Next, we want a traitor in the enemy's camp."

In quick review he ran over the list of my defamers, knocking each aside like nine pins, with the ball of a staggering objection, till he came to the three lawyers.

"Herr Ubel Von Stickatnichts? Half crown pleader—no conscience—no one believes him—swear with the best pay—won't do!"

"Herr Pomprosy? fitter for a Pharrer than an advocate! Too slow—break my heart giving him instructions—go wrong at the end, in the vain attempt to make a speech, full of tropes and allegories; but upstartable by a sucking baby! Can't attempt him—impracticable.

"Herr Schmeichler? Son of a Methodist Preacher! Soft, silky, and civil—Learned much from father,—a genuine bass snorer on the nasal organ—Large, respectable looking, very solemn visaged connexion—give him a great many briefs, but no fees—poor as ever—pliable as a rush—do as I bid him—take him up for the nonce—settled!"

Thus, did this eminent gentleman think aloud for my benefit, which saved him all the trouble of entering into long and detailed explanations. Then dismissing

me, with strict directions to keep out of view, till he had arranged every thing, he muffled my cloak about my face, and before I had time to leave the room, he was already deep in some other case, and had cast all thought of mine, on which his line of action was determined, far from him.

This clever man, in common with some, but not many others, possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of suddenly disengaging his mind from one subject, and as suddenly thinking deeply on another ; and this was one of the principal causes of the clearness of mind and preciseness of argument, which he displayed on almost every occasion in which his talents had been called into exercise.

I felt in such high spirits at the certainty of success to my cause, since Herr Lugelkopf had undertaken it, that I found it hard to leave the clear bright moonlight for the little garret, where my friend Nanny had accommodated me with a little closet, and a still smaller bed ; but prudence prevailed, and, following implicitly the directions of my lawyer, I retired to sleep, and dreamt that I was digging up treasures with a spade, on which was legibly inscribed "LAW," aided by an athletic workman, whose features, when I regarded them closely, appeared always to assume the remarkable cast, which characterized those of Herr Rudolph Lugelkopf.

CHAPTER VI.

"A Daniel! yea, a very Daniel!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight of hand."

BUTLER.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood which she hath spilt.
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt."

COWPER.

UNTIL every thing was arranged for my prosecution, by my long-headed legal adviser, I was obliged to remain behind the scenes, never going out, except at nightfall, and then disguised; and as the house was too poor to maintain a porter, I could easily pass in and out unnoticed. If my visible presence was lost to society, the loss was amply made up by the free use of my name, which appeared to enjoy ubiquity, and in the short space of a fortnight had become a very by-word, from the palace to the cottage. Every body knew all about me; it seemed as though it would have been criminal to have been ignorant on such an interesting

subject. A thousand different versions of the tale appeared, few of the relaters caring to be very particular in regard to an individual supposed to possess supernatural powers, perhaps thinking that the more they distorted truth, the more natural would appear any relation about the Father of lies.

A new synonym was discovered by the happy people of Leipsic; if any thing wonderful or unaccountable happened, they immediately said it was "Gruberized." It must have been done by the Devil or Gruber. A ready excuse was found for all roguery, whatever was missed, Gruber must have invisibly abstracted it. The very nursery maids began to employ my dreaded name, to still their obstreperous charges, and thus frighten those whom they could not coax. Infamy had fixed its burning stamp on my unfortunate name, and every one made merry with it; some with scoffing,—some with trembling; but not one of my maligners ever dreamt of the possibility, not to say probability, of the discovered and hated demon again appearing among them.

It is curious to observe, how fond mankind in all countries and places are of deceiving themselves, and how angrily any interference is received which would tend to remove the thick scales of superstition from the eyes of the wilfully deluded. Free from the shackles of any faith, and deriding, in my heart, the cut-throat zeal of all churches, I feel that I am justified in making this remark. My own case, at present, proved it; for the few sensible and enlightened men who rejected the fiction, of my having been Satan embodied, drew upon

themselves the odium of being singularly hard-headed and obstinate, and, of course, wrong in every thing, because they differed in this one particular from their more credulous neighbours.

The climax to my wishes was placed by an eloquent sermon, delivered by one of the Romish priests to a most confiding congregation, on the subject of diabolic possession. This man had been one of those who had visited my chamber, immediately after my disappearance, and had attributed that circumstance to the power of the Church, working through him, its unworthy agent. He had fulminated anathema after anathema, and exorcism after exorcism; and now, that a fortnight had passed, and no Gruber had reappeared, he began to feel as true, what he had been endeavouring to impress on others; and, at length, full of devotion and courageous piety, he declaimed on the subject publicly from his pulpit, and proudly proclaimed, that the disappearance of Beelzebub from the city was owing to his prayers, and to the sacred relics he possessed, and an answer to them from the Lord of his Church.

My astute adviser had marked him for his own; and when I paid my usual evening visit, told me that if I would make over to him as fees, just what he should draw from the coffers of the boastful priest, he would gain my cause, and leave me all the rest of the damages for myself. To this proposal I readily agreed; and Herr Lugelkopf smiled at my readiness, whilst he made a mental calculation of the probable sum he should extract from the rich Benedictine, who was the

favourite Confessor of half the female population, and the legatee of every rich old lady in his neighbourhood, who might happen to depart this life in the odour of sanctity.

On the fifteenth day, from that on which I had been so unceremoniously expelled from my lodgings, the Crown Court was sitting for the hearing of appeals and sundry other business of a very dry and uninteresting character. It was the first day of Session, and the galleries were crowded with ladies; many young aspirants to judicial honors were to be invested with the robe,—a ceremony similar to calling to the bar in England. The whole strength of the legal profession was present; and the business of the day was about to close, when Herr Lugelkopf rose, and demanded the protection of the Court for a client of his, whose enemies were so numerous and influential, as to render it dangerous for him to appear in public; “and yet,” he added, “this oppressed and endangered individual is a good subject, and a true German!”

The protection being accorded, the lawyer made a signal to some one in the crowd, and an individual who stood near, closely muffled in a cloak, wearing green goggles, and having a black handkerchief tied round his head, as if recovering from recent illness, advanced.

The crowd made way, and every eye was bent on the muffled figure, which was placed conspicuously at the bar of appeal; but the disguise was too well contrived to permit of any scrutiny prying out the mystery.



To raise curiosity, already intense, still higher, the lawyer begged that some of the municipal guard might be introduced, previous to removing the disguise from the person of his truly innocent client, and much injured friend.

This was also granted him ; and then, when a sufficient guard had surrounded him, he proceeded leisurely to remove the muffings of the unknown. At this moment the silence of expectation was so profound that no sound could be heard, but the rustling of the garments, as the lawyer loosened them ; but it was—

“ The torrent’s calmness ere it rush below.”

Then, having loosed every thing, he suddenly dashed all to the ground, and the face and figure of the supposed tenement of Satan, Gruber, was displayed to the astonished eyes of the multitude.

After the first moment of tongue-tied surprise, a deafening burst of horrified exclamation arose on every side ; women shrieked, and strong men’s hearts beat uncontrollably, nay, the very guard, introduced for my protection, started back from the supposed Agent of Evil, and for several minutes I stood—

“ The cynosure of every eye,”

in that awe-struck Court.

One man alone enjoyed the scene,—the wily lawyer, who had planned it : triumph was sparkling in his little eyes, as he saw the astounding effect of the hit he had made : he felt that his fame, hitherto high, was

about to be placed on an unexpected eminence, to be sounded by every man's tongue, and in every man's ear. Hitherto, he had laboured in a doubtful competition: this case, he knew, would place him far a-head of all compeers.

As soon as the burst of surprise-drawn exclamation had subsided, and silence was again obtained, the lawyer took my hand in his, and, in the blandest manner, and in suppliant tone, addressing the bench, asked—

Was it the custom of Leipsic to condemn a citizen unjudged? Was the majesty of law to be superseded by popular clamor? His client stood a suppliant before them, seeking leave to defend that honour which was dear to him as life—seeking reparation for his hitherto untarnished fame, the injury to which, no money could repay—a suppliant for the bread his honest talents had procured him—nay, a suppliant for his very life, the foul breath of detraction and calumny having so poisoned the air of his native city, that all were ready to sacrifice the life of the man, whom, if one-tithe of the accusations against him were proved, it would be the duty of each to immolate. For this honest, upright, but much defamed citizen, he only claimed a citizen's right—free justice! And to the obtaining of such, he demanded that actions might be granted against certain persons who, with malice prepense, had grossly calumniated, and thereby beggared in fortune, and endangered in life, his most respectable client.

The Counsel then handed in a list of names of such extraordinary length, that the crier of the Court had to gather up his breath several times, before he got through it, and what struck me as strange was, that though the accusations commenced with my late landlord and my fellow-lodgers, they also included a long list of the greater number of the rich inhabitants of the city. My own astonishment was as great as that of any of the bystanders, but a word from my lawyer cautioned me to conceal it: I knew his tact and judgment, and left every thing in his hands.

The Court now remonstrated with the Counsel, and enquired if he intended to bring actions against so many persons separately? He answered in the affirmative, and stated that the only doubt existing in his mind was, as to the amount of damages he should claim; the injuries done his client being in character, and of a nature which no money could requite.

The Judges, although unwilling, were obliged to grant the order for the trials, and the business for the day being over, the assembly began to disperse; but the circumstance of my re-appearance having circulated through the town, and reached the College, the students, in large bodies, came to the Court, and the moment I attempted to withdraw, seized me, and bore me in triumph on their shoulders, amidst the acclamations and plaudits of the same mob who, an hour before, would have stoned me to death, had they casually encountered me in the street. Such is human nature, and such is the difference between being

accused, and being the accuser in the eyes of what pamphleteers and newsmongers style "the discriminating public!"

My late worthy friend, the Provost, was one of the first to congratulate me on my re-appearance; and having rescued me from the kindly intended persecutions of my fellow-students, he insisted on my taking up my residence in his house for the present, till the action I had commenced, had again restored me to name and fame, from neither of which I had fallen in his estimation, by these vile calumnies of my enemies.

That night was an uneasy one for many in Leipsic: the list of persons named for prosecution was, as has been mentioned, a long one: many of those persons were unknown to me, and they were to be found in all ranks of society: all knew they had been guilty of speaking ill of me; but none had ever dreamt of suffering retribution for their freedom of speech: I can compare the position of the accused, to nothing so aptly as that of a person who had been trying his fencing capabilities by lunging at a lay figure, as he supposed, should that figure suddenly assume life, and attack him with a pointed rapier. One of the most comical circumstances in the whole matter was, that two of the Judges, who should otherwise have presided at the trial, were to be found in the number of the accused.

No time was lost; next morning the notices were served on the defendants generally; and what struck me as strange was, that my lawyer, in place of commencing with the most decided cases, and those in which

success could not be doubted, began with the most inconsiderable, and those in which the defamation had only amounted to casual expressions of belief in the stories which had been circulated. His game was a deep one, and well he played it. It is needless, and would be uninteresting, to detail all the legal niceties and technicalities which were employed in these trials ; suffice it to say, they were all proved, and rather heavy damages awarded, although malice prepense was not established in any of them, still the Counsel argued that the injury done to character could not be left unpunished, and a good round sum came into my coffers.

Just at this time, when I was most anxious to push on the trials, Herr Lugelkopf begged of the Judges to postpone the remaining cases for a fortnight to give him time to procure sufficient evidence—stating, that as these cases were of a much graver nature than those which had preceded them, and as he intended to seek much heavier damages, it was deemed expedient to ask a little delay ; at the same time he begged their Richterships not to suppose that there was any wish on the part of his client to compromise any of these actions ; his only wish was, to seek an honourable redress for injuries done, by the agency of the just laws of his country.

This remark he threw out much after the fashion of certain Popish Priests in Ireland in rural districts, who, (imitating the example of a certain noisy animal with a long tail, not to be found in the Surrey, or Phoenix

Zoological gardens, although delighting in bear gardens elsewhere,) proclaim from the *holy* altars the very great impropriety there would be in cropping the ears of tithe proctor Wilkins, or burning the house and family of that converted renegade Casey; or attempting to be so audacious as to shoot from behind a hedge at landlord Daly, or to hough the cattle of parson White. Oh! no! they would not think of such things, but leave it to the saints, and the blessed Virgin, and all the martyrs of their Holy Church, to give them the victory over their enemies!

The results in both these cases were much alike; for, as in the latter, by some strange coincidence, we suppose owing to the benign influence of the Virgin, saints, or martyrs, (for we know that Father O'Doherty reprobated it,) Wilkins, Casey, and Daly are respectively cropped, burned and shot; and as for parson White, neither horse nor cow on his farm is left a leg to stand on: so in the former, every one of the accused immediately grasped at the only loophole for escape, and each saw in the hint thrown out by the wily lawyer, the probability of avoiding at least the costs of a trial which, from the precedent before them, they felt morally sure of losing, and each secretly determined to be before the rest in trying to effect the deprecated compromise. That very evening the chambers of the lawyer were besieged by a number of persons, anxious to escape the impending prosecution: from each of these he dexterously drew a sum proportioned to the amount of presumed guilt, with a fair allowance in lieu



of the fees he should receive, were the trials to proceed, and until a late hour, he continued occupied in this agreeable chamber-practice. Some, however, of the richest and most powerful amongst the accused had not made their appearance. Lugelkopf knew a plan to bring them to terms: their names appeared in the usual table setting forth the days of trial, with enormous damages thereunto appended. For three days the lawyer refused admission to all persons, and did not even appear in Court, delegating some unimportant business to Herr Carl Schmeichler, which so delighted that hitherto briefless individual, that he would have done anything sooner, than forfeit the patronage thus suddenly and unexpectedly bestowed. Herr Schmeichler did his best: his best was paltry, yet the Judges gave favourable verdicts for all the parties for whom Herr Schmeichler employed his anything but convincing eloquence, so that that happy individual, in a state of ecstasy, proceeded to Herr Lugelkopf in the evening to report his success.

Herr L. put three more briefs into his hand, requesting he would give his best attention to them, and to be sure of bringing the causes on before the next fortnight should expire.

Conceiving that his fortune was already made, and looking through the halo of his imaginary forensic dignity, which proved in his case a lens of great magnifying powers, the no longer "Briefless" indulged his beatified vision, by glancing through a long vista of prospective honours and emoluments—every thing

about him, even the smoke of his bad kanaster, from his false meerschaum being tinted with that poetic hue, denominated "couleur de rose:" even the ugly cripple who sold oranges and peppermint at the corner of the entry where he resided, had so amiable a look in his eyes, that he could not refrain from throwing him, the unwonted gift on his part, of a silber Groschen. Meanwhile Herr Lugelkopf smiled a sarcastic smile, as soon as his back was turned, and remarked to himself how admirably poverty and expectancy fitted a man for any purpose in life—no, in law . . . "beautiful witness—twist him any way I like—make use of the wretch—there won't be much difficulty in kicking him back to his kennel!"

In five minutes more the lawyer was deep in the consideration of another case, and had forgotten the very existence of poor Schmeichler !

The fortnight for which the trials had been adjourned, was within twenty-four hours of being expired, and a satisfactory arrangement had been made with all the parties, to the tune of thirty thousand dollars, except with the Priest, der Geistlicher Herr Seifenblase, who as yet, had permitted justice to take its course, and the two Judges, who evidently felt that it was beneath the dignity of the Bench, for them to stoop to any accommodation. Lugelkopf determined at once to make an example of the former, and make him sole defendant in the action, whilst with the latter, he resolved on acting very differently. The Priest he devoted to be the butt for his eloquence, and the replenisher of his pri-



vate purse. The Judges were equally in his power, but he desired their friendship, at least, their good will, so that when they did not come to him, he went to them ! and placing the peculiarity of his position before them, that of being obliged by his brief to prosecute his best friends and honoured superiors, he begged of them to save him the odious task of representing those whom he delighted to honour, in the depreciating and ignominious terms necessary to influence a jury ; then, in the plainest and most concise terms, he stated that all the defendants, except themselves and Herr Seifenblase, had submitted to arbitration, and had willingly paid considerable sums rather than expose themselves to the expense and ridicule of a trial where the precedent was established. Now, what would be thought of a judge who was convicted of believing in diablerie, ghosts and goblins ? Why, their own wisdom must convince them of the laughable position in which they would stand. He, Herr L., would not for ten times the amount of the fees he was entitled to receive, be obliged to bring this most absurd and ridiculous action. He would not do it. But how could he prevent his client giving his rejected brief to any other Counsel ? and their Lordships must know, that the decisions in the foregoing cases would be sufficient to carry damages in this.

With arguments such as these, he easily prevailed on the Judges, and they, in the most friendly manner, advised with him on the best way of getting out of this untoward scrape. Three thousand dollars a-piece were

paid down, and Herr Lugelkopf departed, warmly thanked by both, for saving them from damages amounting to double that sum, and still more from the ridiculous exposé.

An hour after, whilst smoking their pipes, and chuckling over their escape in sober delight, letters were brought to each from Herr Lugelkopf, returning the money he had received, and stating that he had, though with difficulty, persuaded his client to forego proceedings altogether against them, and as he had not mentioned the compromise, the matter remained a profound secret between him and them, and as far as he was concerned, should do so for ever. The letters concluded by congratulating himself, on being enabled to avert even a feeling of unpleasantness, from his respected friends.

"What an admirable fellow is Herr Lugelkopf!" cried one, emitting a volume of curling smoke, which seemed interminable, and as though intended to convey his satisfaction to the clouds by a kindred medium. "Vortrefflich," cried the other, blowing a twin cloud. "He is an honour to the bar; he will be one of us one day! He deserves encouragement. Noble fellow, and to think so little about money! I am of opinion, brother, that we must give this man more of our countenance than we have hitherto done! (puff.) Had we many such lawyers, our profession would stand higher in the public eye (puff)."

"Yes, brother," drawled the other, as if awaking from a trance of tobacco-and-beer-bestupified-thought.

"Yes, the grand secret of making and keeping all professions respectable (puff) is, never to let the public behind the scenes, and faithfully to abstain either from causing, or permitting any slur to be cast on any member of that profession; in fact, (puff voluminosa) to guard the honour of the integral parts, in order most surely to preserve the real or apparent immaculacy of the whole (puff)."

"You say truly; and to the honour of our profession be it recorded, that there is more of the esprit de corps amongst us, than in any other, and we lose no positive enjoyment thereby. I am sure, after forty years' experience, that we can quarrel and abuse one another as pleasantly and satisfactorily, intra fores, amongst ourselves, as if we called in the public to judge of our contentions, and take advantage of them, (puff)—to be bottle-holders, and to enjoy the hard knocks we were giving one another—laughing at, and despising us for our folly (puff)!"

"Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half shut eyes."

And thus communing like Gay's owls, those two not unowl-like looking veterans uttered many valuable truisms of every-day experience, which as they had a tendency to be more useful than agreeable, we must leave for some other time, and return to the more immediate thread of our narrative.

Herr Geistlicher Seifenblase was duly notified, by the proper authorities, "to show cause wherefore he

Besides, I had not alone outwitted these, but the whole town."

"Next, by a string of silly lies, told too by other people, I heaped up a large bag of solid cash."

"I sowed lies; I reaped gold!"

If this were not genius worthy of an aspirant to the See of Rome, I know not what is; and although I inwardly chuckled at the notion of being rewarded for conduct which deserved the pillory, or the stocks, still, how humiliating soever that consideration might be, I had a qualifier at hand, in the circumstance, that the Church I had determined to serve, always excuses the means, however foul, provided the end be for the glory, benefit, or aggrandisement of its establishment: and who could doubt, but that the addition of talents such as mine, would be a positive benefit?

CHAPTER VII.

" 'Tis he ! 'Tis he. I know him well."—GIAOUR.

" Our poor blind father grasps his staff again,
Oh ! heaven protect him on his way alone !
Of things familiar to him, what remain ?"

ELLIOTT.

THE gradual progress of the Count to a state of convalescence, was now apparent to every one, and his delighted wife never thought she could be sufficiently thankful to the two gentlemen, who had given up their own pleasures, to devote themselves thus to the welfare of a stranger. The great danger seemed over, and Howard used playfully to issue his Bulletins every morning, at the breakfast table, for the amusement of those who were no longer labouring under any great suspense. One morning he wrote thus :—

" The Count has had a tranquil night, and appears much better. If all causes of mental excitement be kept away, there is every reason to hope for perfect recovery.

" H. HOWARD, M.B. T.C.D. L.R.C.S.I.

" And Medical Adviser to all those who are
fortunate enough to employ him."

All laughed at the Bulletin, which gave the assurance of strong hope ; and it was agreed, that as soon as Howard had dismissed all the poor people, who every

morning came to take advantage of his skill and kindness, he and Forrester should start for a day's shooting in the mountains. Both proceeded to the cell of an old Monk, at some distance, where this voluntary labour had been carried on, and were heartily greeted by Father Lucas.

The innocent peasants could not be persuaded that Forrester was not also a physician, and often used to insist on telling him their ailments, with the most gratuitous simplicity; and oftentimes, in preference to his really skilful companion. No harm, however, was done by this, as the supposed Meds always consulted before ordering a brisk aperient for some constipated dame, or a powerful tonic for some overworked labourer.

Old Father Lucas had been a fixture in this neighbourhood for half a century: he was a jolly old monk, of the old school, who had always a smile and a jest for a pretty penitent, and a quiet way of passing over a venial sin, and whose mortifications in the flesh were confined to wearing a hair shirt, and keeping sober once a week. Father Lucas had christened, married, and buried all requiring such services; he had no rival in this primitive community; and being himself a practical example of chronic rheumatism, which had crippled him, he had acquired a little knowledge of simples, which he found useful amongst his neighbours, whose surprise was "that one small head could carry all he knew." The old man gladly received the assistance which Howard gave him, and was delighted to exhibit his patients to him, and still better pleased



when he made his medicine chest available to them. This circumstance caused the popularity of the foreigners to become great indeed ; and they kindly and willingly lent themselves to the good, they thus had the opportunity of doing.

When the gentlemen had departed, the Count was raised up in bed, and supported by pillows, in such a manner as to be able to enjoy the view from the window, which looked out over some miles of the narrow road communicating between the mines and the high road to the Splugen Pass. He had been chatting gaily, and his spirits were fast recovering from the depression consequent on his illness. Hope had again established her throne in his bosom, and he was planning with the Countess an excursion to Italy, as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered, when, suddenly starting up in his bed, as if he saw something supernatural, and staring out of the window, with protruded eyeballs, gasping for breath, and struggling to utter ; at last, with much effort, he cried—

“ Oh ! Amelie, Amelie ! I am undone ! Save me, save me from that man, or he will kill me. Run, darling, run : tell every one to deny that I am here. Bid Rudolph swear that you are only waiting here for orders to join me at Lutzern. Say any thing, only get him away ! ”

Amelie looked from the window, and perceived a horseman at a considerable distance, coming down the road, at a smart canter ; he was riding a small, thick, very strong pony, remarkable for being black every

where, except its head, which was pure white. The rider seemed to be a large man ; but the unseemly projection on one side, of a wooden leg, and the necessity of balancing the absent member by sitting a little crooked, took away a great deal from the natural stateliness of his figure.

Scarcely had Amelie made these remarks, when the Count renewed his entreaties to her, to lose no time in trying to get rid of this dreadful personage : on her part, she felt no small surprise, whilst conjecturing what might be the cause of the Count's terror. Could he be in debt, and was this wooden-legged man one of his creditors ? This, and a hundred other surmises crossed her mind, whilst hastening down to fulfil her husband's wishes.

On entering the kitchen, she found only a few peasants, eating their breakfasts of black rye bread and chicory coffee ; thence she passed into the yard of the establishment, where she found Rudolph, the chasseur, polishing his epaulettes, and smoking his morning pipe. Quickly informing him that it was necessary he should throw himself in the stranger's way, and if he asked any questions about the Count, tell him that he had gone on a pedestrian trip through Switzerland, leaving his equipage and servants here, with orders to join him in a fortnight at Lutzern, or Zurich, according as he might write : the lady then returned towards the kitchen, and was just on the point of entering it, when the sudden clop, clop, of a horse's hoofs, at the opposite door, caused her to pause ; turning aside to the stairs,

which led up outside the house, she stood partially concealed from notice, by a pile of logs which were heaped up by the chimney side, for feeding the fire. The fat landlord was seated at a table, engaged tucking a napkin under his dewlaps, previous to making an assault on a savoury breakfast, which was smoking before him. Just as he took up his knife and fork, a loud shout of "Hallo, Kellner," from without, and the clattering of a whip against the door, gave him a start which nearly caused him to drop them; and whilst he sat with eyes and mouth wide open, pondering what he should do, another still louder shout, with an expression which sounded very like a curse in high Dutch, reached his ears: before he could determine on action, the door was forcibly shoved open, and in rode, stooping as he passed the portal, the person who had caused such alarm to the Count. He was an immensely powerful man, with very broad shoulders and full chest; his countenance would have been handsome and commanding, but for a frightful squint which deformed and gave it a peculiar, and, perhaps, a malignant expression.

The stranger rode up to the table, at which still half sat, the astonished landlord, and thus addressed him:—

"So! Mr. Landlord, this is the way you attend to your guests! You let them shout and wait, whilst you sit gormandizing like a Sultan. No ostler—no waiter—no civility! I have heard of a country where every body is his own servant, his own landlord—does every thing for himself—if so be that I have got into

that independent land unawares, I shall soon conform to the customs of its inhabitants. It must be so; for even little Bingo sees the propriety of helping himself, (the pony had laid hold of a loaf on the table, and was endeavouring to tear it to pieces, by shaking it violently in his teeth). Well done, little man! there!"

Throwing the wooden leg over the animal's head, he slipped down, and whilst the Wirth was bustling about, apologising and giving orders to twenty imaginary waiters, the stranger had very quietly established himself in mine host's arm-chair, and was commencing a close inspection of the viands before him. This seemed satisfactory, for after snuffing up the savoury odour, he cried—

"Vortrefflich! (excellent!) after a twenty-four miles' gallop, such a fricassee does not come amiss! Not bad wine either! (emptying the carafon at a draught). Ha, partridge! No—quails; well, I'll not quarrel with you, provided you are sufficiently numerous. Now, lieber Wirth, tell me whose are those gaudy livery chaps I see in the yard?"

"A gentleman's," said mine Host, rather sulkily, being evidently put out of temper by the loss of his breakfast, for which his teeth had been watering, and not exactly knowing how to resent such a deprivation.

"Shall I have your horse brought to the stable?"

"Be good enough, first, to answer my question: whose gaudy menials are these? Quick, unless you desire a transfer of this whip-cord to your sulky shoulders."

When just about to answer, the Wirth caught a glance of Amelie, making pantomimic signs to him not to speak ; so taking the hint, he suddenly bundled out of the yard door, saying, as he went—

“ Ask themselves : I’ll send you one of them.”

“ Saucy varlet,” cried the gentleman, making a cut at the retreating figure. “ Were it not that I find more amusement in eating your breakfast, than slashing yourself, I most assuredly would give you a lesson in manners, which might be for the benefit of future travellers. Mais n’importe—more Bingo ? Well, here’s another for you, my bonny little charger.” Saying this, he rolled another loaf off the table, which the pony pursued like a dog, with his ears back, close to his head, and the whites of his eyes glaring from the corners, as much as to say, “ take it from me who dares.”

The Wirth, meantime, had approached the tall and lusty Swiss, whom Eisenberg had for his Chasseur, and said—

“ Rudolph, the Devil’s inside, clubfoot and all, with his eyes twisted into horns, his whip in his hand, and my unlucky breakfast in his mouth ; I wish it may choke him ; he is particularly anxious for your company, as he wishes to ask you some impertinent questions about your master, which I did not choose to answer.”

“ My Lady has informed me,” said the Swiss. “ I’ll soon answer him, and it may be after a fashion he won’t like, if I find him not to my fancy. Come along. You shall see how I’ll settle him. If he don’t like fair

words, Rudolph's motto, you know, is "a word and a blow."

So saying, he adjusted his plumed cocked hat, and with as much jangle of spurs and sabre as possible, he entered the kitchen, erect as a May-pole, and not losing an inch of his six feet three, through any excess of modesty, or failure of pretension. Striding up to the table, he addressed the stranger, who was now deep in the anatomical mysteries of the quails.

"Mein Herr, you sent for me; what may be your pleasure?"

The words were civil, but the aspect of the man was insolent in the extreme. The stranger looked at him for a moment, then smiled, and mumbled to himself—

"A peg too high for a Swiss." Then aloud, "To finish this quail before I say a word to any body. So, sit down; there's some wine, and—— take off your hat, you jackanapes; for nothing but impudence could support the heat of it in this kitchen."

The Chasseur said something about "not being in the habit of submitting to be called names." The stranger caught at the expression.

"What! thou wretched mercenary, of a mercenary race! Not submit! Thou would'st submit to any thing, when thou submittest to wear that fool's cap, with all its cocks' tails, and that useless sword, the badges of thy servitude. Thy whole nation would do any thing they were paid for, and why should'st thou be an exception? Thy grand uniform, friend, has set thee

beside thyself, and yet, to argue the point fairly with thee, thou hast little reason to be vain on that score: for thy master may strip thee to-morrow, and send thee back to endure slavery, and prate about liberty on the mountains of Zug, or Apenzell! Bengel, to dare to bandy words with a free Briton, and talk of submission. Why, thou good-for-nothing appendage to a carriage, thou hadst better have been starved amongst the goats of thine Oberland, than have fallen into my hands except thou art particularly anxious to get a lesson in politeness, which might spoil the rigidity of thy perpendicular person. So Sirrah, having said thus much, I wish to be informed, of the name and rank of thy master, and if the master be like the man, few need be very anxious for his acquaintance."

"My master is the noble and gallant Count Von Eisenberg, to whom I shall mention the insults you have heaped on his attendant." Here a gesture from the Countess reproved the Chasseur, and he instantly added, "Would that the noble Count were here, and you should not long go unpunished for your insolence; but, unfortunately, he has gone to Milan, and we have no hope of seeing him for some weeks."

"The Count Von Eisenberg! Then, bad as thou art, thou servest a master tenfold worse. So Cockatoo, be good enough to tell me where I shall find this precious master of thine? I have business to settle with him, which brooks no delay. Tell me, and tell me truly, unless thou would'st like a spice of this," (holding up the whip) "which I confess, I should not have the

least objection to lay over thy gilded back, were it for no other purpose than to let thee experience the excellence of English whiplash."

"Talk thus to those who will endure it ; but cripple as you are, I will chastise you for daring to speak thus of my master and myself!"

"Thy master's a humbug, and thou art a braggart."

Ere these words were finished, the Chasseur rushed furiously at the stranger, aiming a violent blow at his head, and literally foaming with wrath ; but before he had reached him, a sweep of the stranger's wooden leg, as he sat in the heavy chair, smote him across the shins, clipping his legs from under him with such force, that his head was the first part of his person that struck the ground, the fine hat and feathers being dashed in the opposite direction, to the great astonishment of Bingo, who began galloping and bounding about the kitchen, snorting furiously, to the great risk of all the inmates, and placing the crockery on the dresser in no small jeopardy.

The Chasseur was so stunned by the heavy fall, that for some moments he was unable to rise : this the stranger saw, and smiling, said—

"Now friend, you will take care how you come within reach of the wooden leg of any one whom you are facetious enough to call cripple ; but take that to mend your uncourteous manners (bestowing a lash of the heavy horsewhip), and that—and that, and bless your stars that, cripple as I am, I don't think you worth getting up for."

Lash after lash fell on the prostrate Chasseur, till he had scrambled out of reach of the long whip, and then he threw himself on a bench, holding his wounded shins in his hands, and with difficulty suppressing a shout of pain. The stranger uninterruptedly pursued his breakfast, then after a pause, and a hearty draught, he again addressed the Chasseur, who was grumbling in an unintelligible manner.

"Come, my courageous friend, it is not at all seemly for one so well skilled in assaulting travellers, to make as much rout about a tap on the shins, as if you were a Negro. Besides, it is not at all mannerly to attack any one whilst eating—it is apt to derange digestion: and again, although I objected to your keeping your hat on whilst my head was uncovered, still I do not think it is serving your master rightly to dash it thus unceremoniously to the ground. Now, if I thought I might ask of you where your worthy master is, without being obliged to hurt you again, I really should be glad to be informed on that subject." Then putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a Friedrich d'or, and tossing it to the Chasseur, said—

"There is a plaster for your broken shins—a panacea for your wounded vanity; so now cease grumbling, and inform me plainly where the Count Von Eisenberg is to be found, for I owe him much, and wish to pay him.

Amelie, who suffered tortures of suspense during the skirmish, now made most earnest signals to the Chasseur to mislead the stranger, and he, somewhat appeased by the gold, gave over his sulkiness, and answered—

That the Count was at that moment at Milan, and that he was to meet him with his servants and equipage at Lutzern in a fortnight.

"Very well—thank you—thank you. I hope to have the pleasure of encountering him. Wirth—Schlingel, Bengel—Sapperment! where is the Schelm? Kellner, ahoy! give that pony a peck of your best oats; or, if you have not any, barley or wheat will do. Don't you see he is turning up his nose at your sour bread?"

The waiter approached the pony, and was about to take him by the bridle to lead him to the stable, but the animal snorted at him, and put back his ears in such a malicious manner, that he thought proper to pause: not long, however, for, with a squeal and a rear, Bingo began pawing the air, and the frightened man retreated before him.

"Never mind him," said the gentleman; "he is only going to give you a lesson in boxing. You know he's an Englishman; but if you had done what I desired you, and brought the oats to him, and not attempted to bring him to the oats, it would have saved you a start."

In the meantime Amelie had instructed another of the Count's servants to tell the same story as the Chasseur, if required; it was well thought of—the ruse took: on his entering the kitchen, he was questioned by the stranger, and his answers coinciding with those of his fellow-servant, produced conviction in his mind of the truth of Eisenberg's departure. Shortly after



this, he called for his bill—paid it “en prince”—tightened his girths, and amid a general huzza from all the curious, who had been attracted by the peculiarity of his demeanour, galloped off in the direction of the Via Mala, singing at the utmost stretch of a fine bass voice—

“The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.”

The landlord wished him a happy journey, and then turning into the house, expressed a strong wish that he might break his neck before he ever troubled him again.

When Amelie, after this anxious scene, returned to the Count's chamber, she found, to her horror, that he had fainted, and was lying in a stupor, breathing very heavily. Poor Amelie was to be pitied. No effort she could make was capable of arousing the Count, and her kind physician, Howard, was not expected back till nightfall. Two hours of hideous suspense had she to undergo, and then when she was trying to nerve her mind to the worst that could happen, with a long drawn sigh the Count returned to a state of consciousness. The first question he asked, when he recovered the use of speech, was—“Is *he* gone? Re-assured on that point, he became gradually more composed; but when Howard returned, and found how much agitated he was, he was peremptory in ordering perfect quietude, and consequently his narrative was deferred for many days.

In the interval many conversations occurred, to which he was obliged to be a silent listener. Forrester's lofty understanding ever soaring from the things of time and place, to those of eternity and infinity—his clear and placid mind, and well-adapted language making the highest and the sternest subjects appear agreeable and simple. His religion had no terrors—his faith was fixed. He knew that although he was what the world would call a moral man, still that he was a sinner, and fell far short of that perfection to which heaven would spontaneously open, were it to appear. Well he knew, that his Saviour was not a mere nominal saviour, but that He had permitted his blood to be shed on Calvary for the remission of his sins. What he knew, he firmly believed, and his belief shed a halo around every act of his life, and made him a grateful child to his generous God. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have the opportunity of communicating to any fellow-creature, the blissful sensations he experienced in himself; and when he found that Amelie's mind began to enquire into the sacred truths of Holy Writ with earnestness, he devoted himself seriously to its explanation, and with woman's quickness, she had soon arrived at just and clear ideas of the gospel-scheme of redemption.

The silent listener, too, on that bed of sickness—perhaps of death—was unconsciously imbibing the pure waters of life, and the Englishmen were agreeably surprised when he asked, as a favour, that Forrester would include him also in his lecture. From that mo-

ment this little party became as one family : each morning began, and each evening terminated, with prayer and reading from "The Book." All became happier and more tranquil, and the Count from that time used to call the Bible his anodyne. When sufficiently recovered from the shock he had sustained, he was permitted to proceed with his narrative, which he continued as follows :

Of all the persons implicated in the prosecution, the only one who escaped was the Frenchman, Armand. On the day of his trial he was not to be found. This circumstance was well known to Lugelkopf ; but Pomprosy, Armand's advocate, was profoundly ignorant on the subject. Shortly and lucidly did Lugelkopf state the case, as criminal aspersion of character, with malevolent intention to defame, and having feloniously attempted the life of his client, by firing a pistol at him in his own apartment.

"That these statements were facts," said the lawyer, "has been proved over and over again to the satisfaction of the Bench in the preceding trials. I am willing at the instance of my client to waive the charge of murder, and to confine the other charges to the injury attempted to be inflicted on his character, and only to bring the act of his having at last attempted his life as a proof irrefragable of his malicious intentions ! May I beg that the Defendant be produced ?"

No defendant was to be found.

Lugelkopf asked "if the magistrates had not permitted him to go at large, on bail ?"

neighbour's waggon to Leipsic, and supporting his tottering steps on his cross-handled stick, arrived at my lodgings at a time when I was absent. On mentioning his name, he was admitted, and strange indeed were his feelings, when he beheld the place of study of "a reading man:" books there were, to be sure; but those which seemed to have been read, and not laid by to gather dust, were unluckily French novels and plays: there was a plentiful supply of empty bottles under all the tables, and pipes, with the requisites for loading and lighting them, in most admired and picturesque confusion.

My father had not long to make his observations, when I entered with another student, a young Graf, of very wild character, who was helping me to get rid of my superfluous cash. The old man had sunk into a chair, and my companion, not observing him, shouted, as he entered—

"Now, mein Alter, let's have a cool bottle, and then for a dance at the Nurnberger, little Wilhelmina Von Salomons and Fraulein Frietag, will both be there. Iuchsa, Iuchsa—Heydidledidey!—But Gruber, dear, what in the name of wonder is the meaning of that antique ghost which sitteth in thy easy chair, as if lord and master of thy habitat?"

I looked, and the emaciated countenance of my father smote upon my vision. I saw his sorrowful face bent on me with keen enquiry, and I felt committed before him of the blackest ingratitude. I whispered to my friend, the Graf, to leave us alone, and that I would

join him in half an hour in his rooms ; but he, not half pleased, said—

“ So the yellow old ghost turns out to be some vine-trimming skinflint, come to dun you for all the jollifications we have had in these chambers ! Ask him will he take the empty bottles, as a receipt in full ? And tell him, with my compliments, that he ought to be delighted at having promoted so much hilarity : the very thought of it ought to be more than sufficient payment for Old Sour-visage. Recommend him never to look at any of his casks, unless he wishes to convert them into vinegar ! Eh, Old Wooden shoes, is your bill a long one ? Don’t you hope——”

I succeeded in thrusting him out of the room, but my father had already formed a tolerably correct notion of the company I was in the habit of keeping, from the specimen he had seen, and the state of the room.

For some minutes neither of us spoke. My poor father’s utterance was frozen with horror ; and conscious guilt rendered me dumb. At last he recovered so far from the shock he had received, as to be able to say—

“ Oh ! my lost, lost child ; would that I had kept thee at home, in humble poverty and honest labour, rather than see and hear, what I have seen and heard since I entered this chamber. I did not credit all that the Geistlicher Seifenblase told me of your dissipated habits. I believed, that having injured you, he was only exercising his spite on account of the just punishment he had received : but I grieve to think that it is

but too true, and that whilst I, your parent, was stretched on the bed of sickness, nearly unto death, you were spending in dissipation and extravagance, tenfold what would have rendered my comfortless state happy. I came, Carl, now to ask you for some of the wealth which, report says, has been showered upon you, thinking of the joy you would feel in being able to free me from the debts I owe my kind poor neighbours, who have been sons to me, when my own deserted me. I could not take it from you now ; it would feel like the heart's blood wrung from ingratitude——"

"Stop, old man," I cried. "What right have you, who never gave me aught, to arraign my disposal of the first sum of money chance has ever thrown in my way ? I owe it not to you : my heritage was poverty ; and short as has been my career, with its first lucky accident, I find my father ready to pluck my golden plumes, and without the slightest proof, willing to join his aspersions to those of my bitterest enemies. But let this end : let me cater to your avarice : tell me the sum you want, and you shall have it. There, write a receipt for any sum I can give, and then, judge me harshly as you will, I can at least show the world how undeserved have been my father's censures."

"Give me paper then, generous boy, and you shall have a receipt such as a son never got from a wretched father, for such unwonted liberality. Forsooth you would rather please the world, than gratify your own feelings ; rather stand justified before it, than indulge your kindly heart and filial affection. Money is now

to me useless: I am going where the love of riches cannot intrude—where the root of all evil is not acknowledged as a god; but even thus let me give my testimony to my virtuous son."

He took a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly for a minute, whilst the pen trembled in his fingers, and the blinding tears flowed down his furrowed cheeks; then rising, he presented the paper to me, and before I could stop him, he had tottered from the apartment. I read as follows:—

"Received from my son, Carl Gruber, neglect the most extreme, and insult, the most galling—debts which I can never repay. Bankrupt as I am in thanks, I shall not mock him by an offer of his despised father's blessing. May his heart be softened, before his riches perish with him.

"HERMAN GRUBER."

No sooner had I read this, than conviction of my impiety rushed with full force into my mind. I seized a bag of dollars, and followed the injured old man: he had reached the corner of the street, and had been helped into his neighbour's waggon, which drove off just as I came up. I pursued it, and placing the bag in the old man's lap, said in truly repentant tone—"Forgive me, father." I had not long to await the result: one glance of the old man's eye flew from the bag to me, and the next moment the money fell clattering at my feet, and the waggon drove away.

I returned to my lodgings, suffering all the pangs of bitter remorse and self-upbraiding for my unnatural

conduct: throwing myself on the sofa, I wept bitterly for some time, and had determined to set out immediately to the humble cottage, where I was born, to supplicate my father's forgiveness—to abase myself, and, acknowledging the full extent of my undutifulness, not to leave him till he had pardoned me. But whilst these virtuous resolutions were forming, Satan, in the person of evil company, came to snatch them away. The Graf finding that I did not come to his chamber, returned to mine, bringing with him three or four of his wild companions, in different degrees of intoxication.

“What!” cried he, as he entered, and saw my disturbed countenance. “Art thou melancholy, man? I will be thy physician, and my specific shall soon expel all Cærulean Beelzebubs from thy hypochondriac brain pan. Come, no more stewing of these unwholesome thoughts! Here, swear by the youthful and ever Rosy god, that thou abjurest sadness. Art in debt? Like a true Bursch, determine never to pay, and then thy mind will be at ease! Art in love? The Burschenschaft will aid in carrying off thy fair one, and when have they failed in accomplishing their purposes? Es lebt der Burschenschaft, hoch!!!”

There was no getting rid of these fellows; they brought forth the wine, and invited me to share my own: they filled their pipes from my tobacco pouch, and made themselves at home. But if it were difficult to get rid of them, it was not, to get rid of my good resolutions: they vanished as the fumes of the

wine mounted to my head. Bumper after bumper was poured down by the party, and I, yielding to example and excitement, was very soon in as inebriated a condition as the rest—my contrition, as well as my ill conduct, all forgotten.

It is needless to follow up this disgusting subject; suffice it to say, we drank, and smoked, and quarrelled, and finally stretched ourselves wherever we were overtaken by sleep, till at length our drunken snoring was the only sound to be heard in the apartment.

Morning broke in bright unclouded splendor into that vile scene of human bestiality; its slanting rays also shone on the sun-browned face of a peasant girl, who, with the old woman who attended the chambers, was inspecting each of the drunkards in succession, as if anxious to discover some well-known face.

“Here he is,” at length, said the hag, pointing to where I was lying half off a sofa, with one foot and one hand dangling on the floor. The young girl approached; she could hardly believe that the livid countenance before her was that of her brother: need I say it was my sister Antonia.

With difficulty they roused me, and as soon as I became conscious, Antonia informed me, that unless I made great haste, I should never see my poor father alive, for that he had returned the day before dreadfully ill, and became every moment visibly worse; after much entreaty, he had permitted her to come for me. More horror-struck than I can express, at finding myself in such a state, at such a time, I hurried

away with Antonia, and jumping into the first vehicle I found for hire, soon arrived at the long unvisited cottage. My haste was vain ; I paused a moment at the threshold—then rushed in to see my wretched, ill-used parent, a lifeless corpse.

For years I had not prayed ; I now threw myself beside that miserable pallet, and uttered execrations on myself, screeching wildly, and denouncing myself as the murderer of my father. Whilst I was in a paroxysm of agony, the small window of the room became darkened : I looked to see the cause, and beheld, what restored me to a sense of my condition, the delighted countenance of the Priest Seifenblase, glaring on me with malignant satisfaction. I rushed from the house ; I could not stand the scene, of which I felt myself the guilty author. In a state bordering on phrenzy, I returned to my chambers, and sending a sum of money to Antonia, had the selfishness to shut myself up, refusing to see any one, and feeling, by anticipation, all the horrors of Pandemonium. The misery of those days has never been obliterated from my mind, daring any of the events or vicissitudes of my after career ; nay, at the present moment, I think I see the pale, cold, emaciated, yet tranquil, face of my father in its death stillness, reproaching me for my culpable and unnatural conduct, and the

unjustly pun—

“Ha!” cried
draw away those
Your salts, lady

Howard ; “the Count is fainting ;
pillows, and help me to lay him flat.
; this recital has worked too much

upon his feelings, and his weakened frame is unable to bear it. You need not be alarmed. It will not signify; he will soon revive; but we must keep him quiet."

Thanks to Howard's attentions, the Count did recover; but several days elapsed before he was able, even had he been permitted, to continue his recital.

During this period, Forrester managed to engage his attention, by entering into many discussions with Howard on points of doctrine: and in these, his extensive knowledge of Holy Writ, and his mild firmness, caused him particularly to shine, and the Count, who was naturally quick of mind, perceiving the beneficial effects resulting in others, from a firm and Bible-grounded faith, used frequently to ask the gentlemen to read and explain to him some part of the Word of God. This was usually their evening occupation, till slumber overcame him; and as his bodily health began to improve, he used to jest with his kind physician, saying—That he thought Forrester's mental Anodyne gave him sweeter sleep than all the Morphia employed by Howard to obtain the same end.

"Yes," said Forrester; "but my Anodyne will bestow rest and tranquillity, perfect peace, on the greatest sufferer throughout all eternity, whilst that of my good friend here, only has power to lull some of the passing pangs of time: mine, by repetition, increases in the intensity of its action, whilst his, loses its effect with every dose, till at last it becomes powerless and inert. The difference between them, is nearly the same as between the works of God and those of

art ; perfection on the one side, and an ever-wanting something on the other. But the grand distinction between Howard's medicine and mine is, that mine is received through the ear, or may be administered through the eye, and will not poison, but rather conduce to life in its largest doses ; whilst his, must go through the vulgar channel of the mouth, and a little too much will certainly prove fatal. I have one other argument—and perhaps the best—it is, that in order to be sound, the physician himself must take largely of my medicine."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Rome sends her smooth-faced Jesuit to the world,
 Gifted with learning, talent, converse, all
Those secret arts to please, which can be curl'd
 Up in one wily head, round which the pall
Of ostentatious piety is furled;
 Which looks so winning, yet is serpent's gall:
Men who believe the means are little matter,
 So as the ends attain'd, may serve their Church to flatter!"
UNPUBLISHED POEM.

FROM the period mentioned in the concluding part of the last chapter, Forrester's anodyne was called into daily use; and the Count acknowledged, that although he felt his spirit humbled, and his energy of thought somewhat crippled, still, he experienced a tranquillity and calmness, which he had never known before.

He now listened with attention, asked questions, gave audible responses to Forrester's simple and beautiful prayers, and borrowed "the Book," which he had all his life neglected, in order to study it when alone.

Seeing such a pleasing change in the feelings and disposition of the Count, the two gentlemen redoubled if possible, their attentions; and, in addition to the gratification they felt, at being permitted to be the agents of good, they were rewarded by the grateful looks, and cheerful smiles of the softened, but not saddened, Amelie.

Each evening, the Count proceeded with his story ; and as no very remarkable incident happened during its relation, we shall continue it, uninterruptedly, without regarding the hiatuses, which necessarily occurred.

"The extraordinary kindness," continued the Count, "which I have received at your hands, has satisfied me that disinterestedness may exist in the breast of man, a circumstance, of which I felt extremely sceptical, till the occurrences of the last few weeks have convinced me. The best return I can make, and that which I know would be most agreeable to you, is to be perfectly candid in my relation. Hitherto, I have sought only to serve myself ; you have taught me, and my own experience has confirmed your teachings, that although selfishness may procure wealth, it can never produce happiness or tranquillity. I could not help believing in the excellence of virtue ; and, despite of myself and my assumed philosophy, I have often found myself envying and worshipping, what I pretended to despise. However, I felt myself free from the shackles of any religion ; and, although these little scintillations occasionally flickered in my mind, giving testimony to the existence of notions of "a religion of Nature," or of the existence of a soul ; still, this was very vague, and very different indeed, from any of the fixed and unalterable views necessitated by the doctrines of revealed religion.

My father's death, and the circumstances accompanying it, with my own bitter feelings of remorse, and the sense of my unfilial conduct, produced, for a time, a keen, though not a lasting, impression. Yet, one



thing rankled in my breast, with deep and venomous poison; it was, that the malignant eye of the oily Jesuit, Seifenblase, had beheld my villainy, and witnessed my contrition. I knew not why, but I had a secret dread of that man; I knew that he would be delighted to injure me, yet, I did not think it lay in his power. How much I was out in my reckoning, the sequel will show.

A hasty leave of absence being obtained, I quitted Leipsic, and wandered about for a month, careless where, to let the impression of my father's death pass from my mind, and also, in freedom from any occupation, to determine my future prospects. At the end of that time, I returned, my mind still set on the Romish priesthood. I liked it, for many reasons: I liked it, for its scheming and tortuous roads to ambition and riches: its unquestionable authority over the minds of the laity: its free entry into every man's house and family, there to follow inclination, and sinlessly commit acts, which, in any of the laity, would be punished with death, or damages, personal or pecuniary. I had wisdom enough to perceive, that the jack-boots of the Church, well greased with presumptive holiness, walked clean polished through the miry sloughs of any iniquity, and the patent-papally-Mackintoshed umbrella of clerical celibacy, was proof against every torrent of scandal or calumny; nay, to carry the metaphor a little farther, the drippings very often fell on those around.

I returned; had my name placed on the roll of students in Romish Theology, and determined to pursue

a steady course, in the eyes of the world at least ; but I discovered that even a hypocritical reformation, is not so easy in practice as in theory.

To carry on appearances, I was obliged to distance all my old scampish acquaintances ; and as no participator in vice, ever likes to see any companion escaping from the meshes in which he himself remains involved, my avoidance of them brought upon me numerous troubles, and was the cause, ultimately, of my being obliged to give up my destined profession.

Amongst my former companions, was one named Fritz Eken, a youth, who, if he had no other distinction to boast, was allowed by all to be the principal poet laureate of the University prison. Well could the walls of that apartment, intended for penitence, testify to the classic erudition, and poetic genius of Fritz Eken, by the numerous pasquinades, jeremiades, and bon-mots, with which he had inscribed them ; besides, he had, by a laudable prolepsis, anticipated the Rethels and Cruikshanks of the present day, few of the mural rhapsodies being unaccompanied by an etching, which made up, in force and power, for what it wanted in correctness of design and beauty of conception. Here, might be recognized Herr Magnificus Von Hornblenderlande, in the form of a mole, with a bag over its shoulder, seeking the fossil curiosities of the earth. In another compartment, Herr Professor Pöble was represented, as having fallen into the bowl of his own tobacco pipe, and, amidst smoke and fire, was screeching in a polyglott manner to be saved.

Tuchtigschnèider was delivering an oration on the possibility, in cases of Hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side, of finding two persons, each of whom being affected with deadness of the opposite side, might agree to part with the useless half, which being removed, the two living halves were to be united by sutures, and thus form a new compound man of perfect powers. A series of sketches illustrated this original subject; in one, the operator, with a gigantic knife and huge saw, was splitting the two patients right down the middle: then, he was stitching and pinning the living halves together, explaining to his class, at the same time, the various kinds of sutures, and promising to exemplify them all on his patient, before he was done. Next, the new man in soliloquy, considering what could best be done with the old man. Should he bury him with honour? That would produce an anomaly never heard of before in the natural world, a living man walking to his own funeral. Tuchtigschneider recommends embalming; and declares that the proudest day of his life has arrived, when Science bright, has sweetly smiled upon him, and enabled him to frame a new Ens—, a novel being, to perfect what Taliacotius had only begun—to upset the dogma of the logicians, that Individuality was indissoluble. “Let him be named Dividual, in lieu of the six names which belonged to his two former existences.”

Then, there is a fierce dispute got up by the new man, solus; for, unfortunately, although the surgeon had been able to make a new and good body out of two

bad ones, yet he could not make the two minds into one, being prevented by the invention of Spurzheim, who discovered that each side of the brain was symmetrical with the opposite, and was capable, consequently, of taking the whole duty of thinking upon itself, and letting the other off duty occasionally, special communications being kept up through the commissures, to ensure unanimity. Now, in Tuchtigschneider's Dividual, (we suppose, from some mal-adaptation of the fibres of the respective commissures) the two minds acted separately in the one body, and after numerous disputes and internal commotions, at length, called loudly for a repeal of the union, and protested, most vehemently, against its ever having been formed. Tuchtigschneider, in the next sketch, is proposing the only expedient he deems capable of remedying the evil, viz., that of relieving Dividual of one of his minds, by knocking out the brains of one side; but neither of the minds will consent to this, consequently, notwithstanding the protest-ants joining in the wish for disunion, the nature and necessity of things prevent its accomplishment.

In another place, Tuchtigschneider is indignant, because a quack from an island in the west, named O'Coll, has dared undo his fair surgery; and having separated Dividual, and plastered up the mighty wound, finds that the two half men, though they each have a full mind, are only able to hop, and the weaker half very soon falls to the ground, to become the prey of the Empiric himself, who, in the garb of a resurrec-

tionist, is ready to sack him up, and sell him to the surgeons: the other half gets on better, by propping itself up on a stout crutch, of Scotch fir, with Indian cushions and American supports; but despite of the comparative comfort enjoyed by the latter, still having cast off the quack, on account of a report he had heard, that he had been a "Great Mendicant," a kind of King of the Beggars, in his own country, he determines to re-establish the union, and to render it comfortable to himself, by making a prior agreement with the surgeon, to remove all the troublesome brains out of the other moiety of a head. This proving satisfactory, Dividual is content; and the last of this curious series winds up, by the Big quack beggarman being drowned by the sudden overflow of a Butt of Orangeade, which he was attempting surreptitiously to broach.

Such, to judge him from his works, was Fritz Eken; he was, besides, the most renowned duellist in the University, and had received and bestowed more balafrés, than any other Bursch within its classic walls. No sooner had this youth heard of my intention of entering the priesthood, than he determined to annoy me, and so resolutely, determinately, and perseveringly did he prosecute his designs, that our fellow-students soon took notice of it, and my evident avoidance of all causes of quarrel, and patient endurance of his taunts and witticisms, only provoked suspicions of my courage, in their minds.

Eken fostered this feeling, and cunningly spurred me on, at first by innuendo, and afterwards by open insult.

Burning with rage, I longed for revenge, but revenge was out of the question, for a divinity student. An occurrence, which happened at this time, brought matters to an issue.

If German divinity students are forbidden to fight, they are not prohibited from dancing, and this was a pastime, of which, in common with most of my nation, I was exceedingly fond. A great ball was given by a regiment of Hulans, then quartered in Leipsic, to which both Eken and I received invitations. The assemblage was large and splendid, and all the respectability of the city was there, with a considerable sprinkling of students and military men.

The belle of the room was Fraulein Von Forstheim, a young lady from Paderborn, in Westphalia, whose beauty and grace had made a great impression on the minds of the youth of Leipsic ; this young lady was on a visit with my friend, the Provost, and I had been enabled to cultivate a familiar acquaintance with her, by that means.

On the present occasion, I had the happiness of accompanying the Provost's party, and of escorting the young lady, with whom, I flattered myself, I was in some degree a favourite. We danced together, and truly might it be said of this lovely girl, that she was

“ The observed of all observers ”

in that assembly.

Whirling in the giddy waltz, I could not fail of hearing the commendations bestowed on my beautiful partner, on all sides, and a feeling of triumph pervaded



my breast; but, above all those comments, came one whisper—Look at the priest in love!

This proceeded from a group of lookers-on, amongst whom Eken was standing; it came hissing clear and distinct upon my ear, like “the battle whisper,” heard distinctly amidst the roar of artillery.

I can hardly express the bitterness with which this observation struck home on my heart, and the poignancy of my stifled rage and anguish was increased a thousand-fold, by perceiving a smile cross the countenance of my fair partner. She, too, had heard it. What need I care? Still I did care; my mind became confused; I missed the changed time of the slow waltz into a sauteuse, and became more confounded when I perceived the irregularity of my step with that of the ever-correct Forstheim. Passing the same group, whilst still struggling to regain the step, the titter of laughter came grating on my furious soul; at the same instant, some unperceived impediment caught my foot, and whirled me to the ground, involuntarily dragging with me, my beautiful partner.

Whether Eken was the cause of this, I never discovered; all I know is, that he was close to me at the time; and it was he who raised the discomfited young lady and led her to a seat, crying, loud enough to be heard by all the bystanders, “Kein Leid! Thut nichts! Es ist bloss Phaffenweise dansiren zu können.”*

In the deepest confusion I endeavoured to apologize

* No harm! no matter! it is only dancing parson fashion.

to Fraulein Von Forstheim, for what, under less irritating circumstances, would have been but a jest ; but the pouting beauty, although she never forgot herself so far as to behave impolitely, was evidently nonplussed and dissatisfied, and the first opportunity which occurred of rejoining the Provost's party, she started up, and declining my proffered arm, quickly joined them, leaving me wincing and confounded, under the gaze of Eken, and his mischievous abettors.

If ever the Spirit of Evil raged in a young man's heart, and heaped up combustibles therein, ready for any spark to ignite, it did in mine at that moment ; still, prudence whispered, notwithstanding this turbulent ebullition, that it would be well to withdraw from the chance of mischief. I wished to do so ; but again I dreaded the derision of Eken, who, I felt assured, was bent on mischief. I tried to converse with those around me ; but every attempt added to the discomfiture I already felt ; one told me that I had ripped my coat in my fall ; another that my hair was powdered with the chalk of the floor ; another that I would make a good double masker, being half miller, half parson ; but Eken's attempts at satiric consolation, and certain innuendos, about the grace of the Church and the extreme slipperiness of extreme unction, when it oozes out of a candidate priest's dancing pumps, at length burst the barriers of my dammed up wrath, and with a fierce look I cautioned him not to criticise my conduct.

The bully wanted but this ; and provocation follow-

ing quick on provocation, he gained the point he aimed at; for, stung by his cutting remarks, the words of a challenge fell from me; and no sooner were they un-luckily uttered, than they were bitterly repented, and Eken most courteously saluted me, and with the words "Morgen fruh!" left me, and in a few seconds I saw him whirling in the rapid waltz, as though he had been innocent of any evil design against the life and prospects of a fellow-student,—gay, thoughtless, and volatile in exterior, whilst malignity and murder were holding stern council in his mind.

I left the Ball-room sick at heart, and proceeded to the University to seek out some of my old companions, who could act for me as second, and was not long in finding one, perfectly at my service, named Heinrich Schlegle. He congratulated me on my spirit, and comforted me by the assurance, that I should be doing a public service in punishing the insolence of Eken,—that all the students were well aware of the set he had made against me, and that the Professors, in case of the duel becoming known, would wink at the circumstance, and pass it over in silence, on account of the provocation, and the known ruffianly character of Eken.

These, and many more arguments of the same kind, were employed to convince me of the propriety of the step I had taken, and then Schlegle left me to convey the challenge in due form, and make the necessary preparations, saying he would be back to supper.

He was not long gone, when Adolf Wolf, another student of no mean Burschen notoriety, rapped at my

door, and entered my room with a large bundle in his arms, which he threw down on the floor, and shaking me heartily by both hands, and kissing me on both cheeks, said, he had heard that I had pulled the nose of that pestilent fellow Eken, and knowing that I had given away all my fighting toggery when I became a divinity student, he had brought me his; at the same time tumbling out of his bundle a parcel of rapiers, slouched felt hats hooped with iron, huge gloves, with iron net slashes reaching to the elbow, a couple of stone weight of wadding, and a pair of boots which would have fitted Goliath, and several other accessories to the German combat, too well known to need description.

Praising every implement as he took it up, and adapting each part of dress to my person as he proceeded, he soon had me arrayed in full fighting costume, and presenting a not unapt resemblance to a hog in armour, being padded and stuffed to the greatest possible extent, and a number of handkerchiefs being tied, fillet fashion, round every part where it was likely that the wadding might slip. The broad brimmed felt hat was then secured on my head, by several large handkerchiefs, passed over the crown, and tied under the chin, which thus secured the whole side of the head and face from injury, by carrying down the flaps of the hat. Another handkerchief was bound round my temples, so that very little of the face was exposed to injury, and it would have been a moral impossibility to have inflicted a wound on any other part

of the body, excepting by thrusting, which is strictly forbidden in these generally innocent duels.

When Wolf had finished my toilet to his satisfaction, he contemplated the result, much in the same manner that a painter would a great work, to which he was about to put the last touches ; and truly his genius and ingenuity deserved some credit, for from a thin active lad, he had converted me into an immense shapeless mass, big as Falstaff, but with no definite proportions, and almost deprived of the use of all my limbs, except my right arm, which was sufficiently defended by the long gloves, and large hilt of the rapier.

“ Every thing fits as if made for you,” cried the enraptured Wolf. “ Now, choose a rapier ; with that beauty, I cut off Von Kettler’s nose : with that, I slit Bamberg’s mouth to his eye, and brought his molares to the light of the sun : this, borrowed an ear of Meister, cutting right through his helmet : that’s unproved ! I thought to have tried it before now, but the University has grown so stupid lately ; why, Lieber, there have been only five duels for the last three months, and Eken has fought two of these. Spirit is gone ! A few years ago a man might have left the University with fifty notches on his rapier,* and then gone peacefully all the rest of his life through respect for his courage ; but now, through the absurd regulations of our professors, when we leave, we shall be exposed to the taunts

* Indicating the number of duels he had gained.

of every other University, and shall have ten times as much fighting to do, as if we were left a little quiet enjoyment of it, whilst we are undergraduates. Heidelberg's the place; there, we'd a duel every morning before Greek lecture, to sharpen our tastes for the classics; so regular was it, that old Rodolphi used when he missed any of his class to ask, where he was hit? and not, why he was absent? Glorious times! Noble place! Here, a man might die of ennui, for the pure want of some one to give him a friendly slash of a rapier!" By the time I was thus accoutred Schlegle returned, bringing an account of strange occurrences, which had happened at the ball after I left it. It appeared that Eken, presuming on the assistance he had given to Fraulein von Forstheim when she fell, had asked her to dance, it being evident at the same time, that he had visited the refreshment room rather too often in the interim. The young lady had declined, and a few minutes afterwards, had inconsiderately permitted a foreigner named Crawford to engage her for the Cotillon, which, at that time, almost invariably concluded the evening's amusement.

Eken perceived this, and vowed amongst his associates, that he would kiss her before he slept. "Proud minx, indeed, to refuse him, and let herself be dragged about by that awkward Irlander."

Mischievous advisers were not wanting to encourage him in his unmanly resolution, and he left the Saal with the intention of waylaying the party on their retiring. At this moment Schlegle met him, and had

just time to communicate his message, and make arrangements for the meeting with me at six in the morning, at his rooms, when Herr Von Hornblenderlande came bustling down stairs with his worthy Frau, his daughters, and Fraulein Von Forstheim who was last, and leaning on the arm of young Crawford.

Scarcely had they passed through the door, when Eken threw his arm round the startled girl's neck, and was within an ace of touching her ruby lips with his red moustache, when Crawford, with sudden impulse, and his whole force, struck him such a downright straightforward English blow, in the face, with his unencumbered hand, that the ruffian fell, senseless and bleeding, to the ground. Alarmed, and not a little indignant, at this outrageous conduct, the old Provost shouted for assistance, and a crowd soon gathered round, but not before some of Eken's abettors sheltered by the darkness, had carried him out of the way.

Various conjectures were hazarded as to the identity of the perpetrator of this unmanly assault, but no one could speak positively, on account of his having been muffled in a cloak. At that instant the priest Seifenblase came up, and asked, as if casually, Could it be Gruber, for he had seen him a few minutes before loitering about the door?

As no one could answer him, the party hurried home, and the Provost, who wished to be my friend, instantly came to my lodgings, and was admitted just at the moment when Schlegle had related the above, and when, arrayed in full armour, I was trying which of the rapiers best fitted my hand.

“ Oh Gruber, Gruber! is it thus?” cried the old man in grief. “ Then you are, indeed, guilty of this gross insult to your truest friend, or I would not find you thus, preparing to add blood-guiltiness to infamy.”

Whilst he spoke, the tears gushed down his honest cheeks in rivulets, and the white headed man sobbed like a child. It was in vain that I tried to disabuse his mind, and vain that Schlegle vowed, that at the period when the insult was offered to his guest, I was at home in my chambers, till at last in petulant despair, he hit on the following curious, but to the Provost convincing argument; “ And now Most Honored Herr Provost, though it is plain you doubt every word I say, perhaps it would not be beneath the dignity of your learning, and powers of calculation, to estimate the probable length of time it must have taken our friend Gruber to doff his costume de bal, and don that very erudite and finished costume de guerre, in which you behold him! I swear that I left Gruber here without any of these things, and I was a witness both to the insult and its punishment. The blow given by Crawford was in the face, so forcible as to knock the man down, and to leave a pool of blood in the street. Such a blow must have left its marks. Look at Gruber, his face is free from injury! Now mark what I say, for our friend's honor hangs upon it; at the instant of the occurrence, you Herr Provost, had your watch in your hand, and the Minster-kirk clock was tolling twelve. Be pleased to look at your watch now. Ha! not twenty minutes, and yet you see that

a work has been done which would occupy at least forty minutes. I put it to your experience Most Learned, if, when you were an undergraduate at Munich, you got into your armour in the time specified, (and report says, you were in no small hurry) when you so gallantly fought, wounded and defeated the Polish Duellist, Sczynecki, who had maligned the beauty of the fair maidens of Munich."

"Hush, hush, my friend," cried the Provost, alarmed at the revival of his youthful indiscretions. "Still what you say convinces me—He could not have armed since, and Crawford's blow was bloodshed and battery; Oh no, it never could have struck this dear face. What a fool I was, not to have thought of that!" As he said these words, the affectionate old man with his usual warmth of heart, kissed and hugged me in an ecstasy of restored confidence, and a thousand times begged me to forget that he had accused me. His mind then reverted to the fact, that the perpetrator was undiscovered, and in answer to some hasty exclamations on that head, I at once answered:

"Dear and Honored Master, and friend, he shall be both discovered and punished, even should it cost me my gown!"

"Nothing rash, young man, we must have no fighting. The lovely Fraulein shall never want a champion whilst—(instinctively he grasped a rapier which was on the table, and immediately let it go again as if ashamed of the act)—"whilst I say—whilst there are laws in the land to punish such delinquents. But,

Gruber, why do I find you, a quiet Divinity student meddling with these arms ?”

“Oh,” cried Wolf, the arms and armour are mine, and I only wanted to see how they looked on a man with whom I might get a little quiet practice, without danger of a quarrel. Had I tried them on Schlegle there, he’d have been slashing my cheeks, or putting out my eyes. So you see, worthy Sir, that notwithstanding our valour, we are not altogether deficient in discretion ”

“ Well, boys will be boys ! Good night, good night.”

Thus saying, Herr Von Hornblenderlande, departed satisfied, and my worthy companions laughed heartily at having so easily thrown dust in his eyes. They then divested me of my muffings, and after a jovial supper, determined to spend the night in my apartments, through fear of oversleeping themselves in the morning, and at three o’clock they recommended me to go to bed *early*, and get some sleep, that I might be in better order for the combat.

We stretched ourselves on the sofas round the stove in our clothes, and tried to sleep for a couple of hours ; but, however, the seconds succeeded in that attempt, I am fully aware that the principal did not, and I was glad when five o’clock struck to rouse them, in order to be again accoutred in my cumbersome garb.

Some minutes before six, we arrived at Schlegle’s lodgings, that being the place appointed ; the other party were already there. Eken was habited like myself, but his seconds had on masks, whilst mine were without them. Contrary to the courtesy usual

on such occasions, Eken never rose to salute me, but continued with his back turned, sitting astride on a chair, rocking himself impatiently backward and forward.

When settling the preliminaries, it was agreed that only one second should act on each side. We were ordered to take our posts, and the Burshen law of combat being read, our rapiers were placed in our hands, and our seconds immediately drawing theirs, crossed them between us, each crying out—

“I swear to stab the first who breaks the sacred laws of the combat, or uses points.”

Their rapiers were then withdrawn, and we were at liberty to commence.

Eken made a fierce attack, and gave me enough to do to defend myself, but that did not prevent my seeing at a glance that both his eyes were blackened, and his nose much swollen and cut. In the first pause which occurred, I could not restrain my feeling of indignation, and involuntarily said—

“So, villain, it was you!”

He understood, but too well, my allusion, that his bruised face had discovered him to be the insulter of Fraulein Forstheim, and stung to the quick, he rushed on me, and forgetful of the laws of the duel, thrust at me with all his might, and succeeded in piercing through a mass of padding, and just grazed my side.

“Spitz, Spitz!!!”* cried both the seconds, and driving their rapiers into Eken, they thus tried to render him sensible of his error.

* Points, Points!!!

Thanks to his padding, he escaped with slight injury, but the seconds would not allow him to close with me without my permission, as in consequence of his foul play, the victory was mine. But I was in no humour to secure so easy a chance, and my blood being warmed I waived my right, and again assumed an attitude of defence.

Several hard blows were exchanged, and finding my adversary now more cool and guarded, and knowing that he was the better swordsman, I employed a ruse, which can hardly fail of succeeding with an opponent who is unaware of it; suddenly dropping my guard, and striking the ground with the point of my rapier, before the meaning of this apparently awkward and unguarded motion could be discovered, my blow was struck and my weapon buried in his cheek.

Victory was mine, as also the honor of beating the Hero of the University, not to mention, avenging the insult offered to the fair Westphalian; so much for the advantages gained. To counterbalance these, there was one drawback, I had lost my profession. Of this circumstance I was quickly made aware, for whilst I was ridding myself of my so called armour, the second of Eken who had remained neuter advanced, and taking off his mask offered me his congratulations. Judge what was my surprise, when the smooth features of the Jesuit Seifenblase were displayed before me, gilded with a malignant smile of satire which I shall never forget.

“Young man,” he said, “I have been witness to

two scenes, which, but too forcibly show how well fitted you are for the duties—the sacred duties of the Christian Church, your father's death bed, and this blood-thirsty duel. My care shall be to spare its holy ranks, the pollution of your presence. This day shall a record of these transactions be laid before the heads of the University, and you may deem it signal good fortune, if you escape expulsion!"

Saying this, the priest strode off, deeming, and not untruly, that he had obtained a greater victory than I had. He was as good as his word, and that very night, I received my congé from the school of divinity.

I expected to have been called to account for the duel, but it was passed over in silence. I have reason to think, that the favour of the Provost was instrumental in this, he, naturally enough, imagining that it had arisen in consequence of the insult offered to his guest. As a friend, he could not but feel under obligation, but as Provost of the University, he was obliged to discountenance duelling. It was evident that his friendship for me was shaken by the accounts he had heard, yet he could not behave unkindly to the man, who, at his own personal risk had vindicated the honor of his family, and thus, a compromise had to be made between his inclinations, and his duties.

Notwithstanding his eccentricities, the Provost was loved and respected by all, and I clearly saw, that any hopes I had at that University, depended entirely on his favor; that lost, all were ready to be down on me. To retain it seemed very dubious, although he was trying

to delude himself into the maintenance of a good opinion of me, by shutting his eyes to avoid the broad glare of truth which was condemning me.

This state of things could not last long; I thought it doubtful that appearances could be maintained, even for the six months, necessary to procure my degree. My determination was quickly taken, to leave the University. I had the boldness to announce it in the *Wochenblatt*, and the cunning to make myself appear a very martyr to virtue and honor. The Editor, in hopes of inducing a series of letters, which would bring grist to his mill, introduced the following paragraph:—

“We are sorry to learn that Herr Carl Gruber, late student in Theology, (whose spirited defence of a young lady of great beauty, from the insults of a ruffian on a late occasion, is well known to the inhabitants of Leipsic,) is about to leave the University, and proceed to Munich. We do not know precisely the reasons which may have caused this estimable and intelligent young man, thus to refuse his degrees in this University, but we have reason to think, that meeting coldness, and ingratitude, in certain high quarters, where he must have expected (what he certainly deserved) honor and kindness, has had considerable influence in causing him thus suddenly to leave his native city.”

This paragraph which was universally read, had the effect of gaining me commiseration, with all those who did not take the trouble to make accurate inquiry—

a vast majority in every city—besides, it led to the supposition that I had been harshly treated, and as it is pretty generally assumed, that persons in authority are more or less tyrannic, it seemed perfectly natural to suppose that I, being the weaker, must be the injured party. Then there was a kind of mystery in the whole affair, which led all those who knew little or nothing about the matter, to express most positive and decided opinions. Suffice it to say, I excited an interest, paid my farewell visits, received valuable letters testimonial, from every body—shed a few crocodilian tears with the old Provost—kissed the fair Fraulein, whose cause I was thought to have defended, and finally bade adieu to the University, carrying with me, as stated by the paper quoted above, “the regrets and approval of all the high-minded and virtuous.”

I had forgotten, there was one person from whom I parted with real regret, and unfeigned sorrow—that one was, the laughing little Blanchisseuse, Nanny.

Ensconced in the cabriolet of an Eilwagen, I left my native city, the scene of so much duplicity, having violated every natural tie, wronged every thought of disinterested friendship, and having procured money by schemes, which, if unveiled in their naked atrocity, must be called by that delicate term, denominated “Swindling,” but which, unvarnished by “the law’s approval,” might justly be called, robbery.

Did I feel ashamed of myself—degraded in my own eyes—terrified at the success of my schemes?

If such thoughts rose in my mind for a moment, I had an all-sufficient answer ready, and able to appease my conscience, in the jingle of the heavy gold pieces in my belt. In fact, my conscience troubled me not. I felt loose in the world, there seemed a sort of enmity between the world and me; I could not free myself from the idea, that every one was aiming to get share of this much loved money, and if I were to go on spending it, I should soon again, be poor and despised. Shut out from the priesthood, I must turn my attention to something else. I felt perfectly at a loss how to direct my course, and in this uncertainty, a trivial circumstance gave the impulse which hurried me on rapidly to fortune.

"From small beginnings great events forthcome." It was thus. The Conductor of the vehicle as is usual, occupied the other place in the cabriolet; he was a jolly, rattling, singing fellow, all activity, and he smoked like a steamboat. Every time he descended to attend to the passengers, or their luggage, he laid down his pipe, and when he came up again, he invariably pulled a half demolished volume from under his cushion, and tearing out a leaf, with the aid of a lucifer, lit his pipe again. For want of something better to do, I took up this book, and poor tattered thing that it was, though it did not make any great impression on me at the time, still its contents dwelt in my mind, and ere I had left that carriage, I was its slave. It was months afterwards that I made this discovery, and then its chain was linked around

my very soul inextricably. I had deceived others, my own turn had now arrived, but I was willingly deceived, because I hoped to cheat others.

What was this wonderful volume, you may well ask? It was the *Organon of Hahnemann*, the Prince of Empirics!

CHAPTER IX.

“ Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

ARRIVED at Munich, I had no difficulty in assuming the same rank in the University there, that I had held at Leipsic; and making good use of the letters I carried with me, for some time I really studied hard, and obtained considerable commendation for attention.

But still my way of life was undetermined, and this was a continual fret to me. One day, after lecture, I strolled into the College Library, and drawing a book by chance, from one of the shelves, I opened it, and was not a little surprised to find that it was a perfect edition of my former companion, *Hahnemann*. I read it through and then sought out his other works, and proceeded to investigate all the doctrines of Homœopathy, which had ever been published.

Even at the present moment, I feel astonished at the avidity with which I followed up this matter, and the manner in which this subject took possession of my mind. I thought there must be a kind of fate in

this book, twice coming into my hands, when my mind was anxiously debating on my future prospects. I read, thought, slept, and dreamt of Homœopathy; I was perfectly absorbed in it, to the exclusion of almost every thing else; for one fortnight, I may say, I was a perfect monomaniac; but in that time, I had mastered my subject: to it I willingly opened the flood-gates of my mind, and admitted its tiny stream of truth, commingled with its torrent of delusion: the former made a deep impression, and occupied the entire foreground, whilst the latter passed almost unregarded, and seemed but the filling up, or shading, of the picture.

Well, thought I, if minds like those possessed by Bigelius, Stegman, Raw and Hufeland,* men celebrated in the annals of medicine, and the trusted of kings and princes, have embraced homœopathic doctrines, and hailed their novelties as established truths;—if, in the course of a few years, it has pervaded the Continent, and found followers in every country—if its beautiful adaptations can, at the same time, banish disease from the human frame, and blue and red bottled apothecaries, with their nauseous drugs, from our cities—if they can supersede the wig, cane, and latinity of the physician, and the dreadful knife of the surgeon—if they can do all, or one-half, or a tithe of these things—finally, whether they can or not, if a portion of the public can

* Hufeland has since disclaimed the doctrines which once captivated him.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

be persuaded, either by their wisdom or their folly, to believe that they can—then, it matters very little, in my mind, whether the science be true or false, or its benefits real or imaginary; for, in any case, it would fill the purse of its Professor.

When the first enthusiasm, on the discovery of a profession, which I thought would suit me, had somewhat subsided, I began to reason dispassionately on the subject.

Here, said I to myself, is a science, or pretended science, which demands no capital, no stock in trade, and which only requires a little mystification, and the exertion of the influence of a strong will, over weak minded people, to become successful to the fullest extent for a certain time; and then the scene has but to be changed,—the usual advertisements and cures put forward, and, lo! the gudgeons bite again, and every fish has a piece of money in its mouth. This was my grand argument; and if they would confess the truth, this was, and is the convincing argument, which has ever swayed my Homœopathic brethren.

On the other side of the question, I did not wish to argue. I desired, like a lover, to be blind to the imperfections of my mistress, and most anxiously struggled to make every one else see her perfections. This appeared to me to be the only branch of medicine by which a practitioner could gain bread, during that portion of his life in which he had teeth to eat it. It required no long apprenticeship, before a degree could be obtained,—no heavy fee to a master, who, perhaps,

might know little more than my name, and no long waiting in expectancy for fifteen or twenty years, after the honored Diploma had been granted, before even a decent competency could be acquired, and even then, a fit of illness, or any accident, might reduce the practitioner to absolute want. Then, the labours of a Dispensary, the most philanthropic and painful drudgery which any educated man can undergo, were not at all to my taste—incessant, thankless work and heartscald, rewarded by obscurity, and a paltry puff in the “The Report,” which every one who takes the trouble of reading, laughs at, thinking it the product of the Doctor’s own pen.

All this would not do for me; I did not like labour, although I was well contented to exercise any amount of ruse, or cunning, to obtain a quick return to my exertions. In this regard, the statistics of Homœopathy were very flattering: nine out of ten of its votaries, amassed fortunes. Its founder, Hahnemann, was, perhaps, the poorest of his sect; but the victimizing he had undergone, only served to smooth the way for his followers, and gave the appearance of truth, to matters which, otherwise, would not have attracted more than an ephemeral reputation.

I shall not now dwell on the peculiar doctrines of Homœopathy, as they have become too well known to require much explanation; but I shall simply state, that having examined it in all its bearings, I cried “Eureka,” for it suited me: spent some time in medical studies, took a degree as M. D., merely as a cover to avoid the impu-



tation of being a Quack, and carefully husbanding my resources, I was soon ready to start in my new career.

Englishmen, being the persons I most desired as patients, I had assiduously cultivated the English tongue, and ingeniously contrived to be paid for my acquisition, by pretending to teach English students, German, as soon as I had acquired the mere rudiments of the former. To England, therefore, I determined to go, and in case of not succeeding there, Russia was next on my list. France, Italy, and Germany paid their regular physicians too badly to make them acceptable countries for the Empiric to establish himself in, except he were so placed or circumstanced as to be able to attract patients from England and her dependencies, or from Russia.

It forms one of the curious coincidences of my life, that just at this period, when I was, as yet, undecided where to pitch my camp, I met an Homœopathist, who had sojourned in many towns of England, and from him I learned, more practically than I had hitherto known, the rationale of forming a settlement.

This man had sought England five years before, with twenty pounds in his pocket, carrying a packet of Geneva watches, for which he was to receive a percentage, in case of his smuggling them successfully; this he accomplished, and then tried to drive a trade, by repairing Geneva and French watches. Finding this trade overstocked, and not being able to get work enough, his slender finances became exhausted, and he was obliged to become servant to a fellow-countryman

who was practising Homœopathy, with the additional aids of galvanism, electricity, and cupping, in the *ironic* town of Sheffield, where he was making a good deal of gold of the Vulcanian population. This man had treated him kindly, and after some time, taken him into his confidence.

When he had been two years with him, a circumstance occurred which materially improved his position. Doctor Rupert Von Kemp, his master, became so blotched and disfigured by a Cutaneous complaint, which showed itself principally in his face and hands, that he could no longer see patients without provoking the remark of "Why don't you cure yourself?" In this dilemma, fearful of losing the harvest which he knew was every day increasing, he was resolved to teach his servant, the art and mystery of his calling, and thus prevent a total loss of his practice.

It was not hard to do this; for the watchmaker had been an attentive observer during the whole period of his service, and the plan succeeded à merveille.

A bushy pair of whiskers, long sandy moustaches, and a sober suit of black, made such a difference, that no one recognized the former gaudily attired, close shaved, and powdered livery servant, whose duty it was to bow in all well dressed patients obsequiously, never forgetting to tickle their ears with a little doubly broken German in the passage.

His first essays were made on old ladies, such being, of all others, the most easily gulled, from the simple circumstance of their thinking themselves the wisest of

mortals. Succeeding with these, other cases were placed in his hands; and, in a short time, by the exercise of tact, and a certain apparently intuitive knowledge of character, he was deemed worthy to undertake the whole practice, and his master entered into a partnership with him, to continue at least two years, and caused handbills to be immediately struck off and distributed, stating—

“That Doctor Rupert Von Kemp, Homœopathic Physician (to half a dozen German Princes,) had entered into partnership with a most distinguished Netherlander, who had just arrived, Dr. Vesalius Von Dusterweg; and that, in future, the public should have the advantage of a consultation between these eminent practitioners, in every case where it was thought desirable. That Dr. V. Von D. had particularly and successfully applied himself to the diseases of Females and Children, as a record of cases, shortly to be published, would clearly show. Hours of attendance, &c.”

The soi-disant eminent Dr. Vesalius Von Dusterweg's real name was Schnickle, but that was not euphonious enough for puffing; so it was dropped for the nonce. The assumed name, formed a far better bait for that ravenous shark, the Public,—most ravenous to seize the unaccustomed prey, even when the deadly hook is but ill-concealed, and wholesome, easily found food, abounds on every side. Patients poured in on the new arrival, discovering that he had ten times more skill than his partner, and why should he not,

since having been all his life studying the intricacies of such complicated machines as watches, that must have enlightened his understanding very much on the subjects of pharmacy and human pathology !

If Kemp's globules were swallowed in thousands, Dusterweg's were in millions, and his decillioneth attenuations worked miracles : his patients were to be seen walking off the effects of the one-ten-thousandth of a grain of Murias Sodæ, (common salt!) at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day, and undoubtedly procuring sleep and appetite from that marvellously small dose. Cross grained old maids, and peevish bachelors appeared to swallow good humour with every globule. Rickety children, who had been stretched on sofas for months, or dangling their loose limbs from their nurses' arms, after a few doses, were left on the ground to shift for themselves, and not permitted to receive any food, till they had walked half a mile for it, became, in a very short space of time, as great pests, in the way of mischievous activity, as any others in the town. Were not these wonderful globules ?

In fact, the public took the Homœopathist up ; they followed implicitly his directions, (a favour rarely granted to the regular practitioner, who is expected to cure by physic only,) and his cures were wonderful.

An advertisement, which appeared in the Sheffield Iris at this time, crowned the globule dispensing hero in the eyes of the discerning public. It ran simply thus :—

"A BARGAIN!"

"Twelve dozen pairs of crutches to be disposed of.
"Apply at the Homœopathic Establishment of Messrs.
"Von Kemp and Dusterweg.

"The porter will show them to any one wishing to
"purchase. Several pairs are very costly.

"N. B.—These crutches have been left behind by
"patients no longer needing their support, and will now
"be sold, unreservedly, in order to devote the profits
"to extending the blessings of Homœopathy to the
"poor."

Some smiled at this ludicrous advertisement, but made no comment. These, we regarded as our greatest enemies. Others doubted, and although they spoke sneeringly, still they always ended by saying that "there must be something in it," and immediately quoted a case which had resisted regular practice, but which had either been perfectly cured, or greatly benefitted by Homœopathy. These, without intending it, were our *excellent friends*; but none procured us more patients (we cannot accuse them of much friendship) than the regular M.D.'s and surgeons of the town, and to them, we owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude. They served as our standing advertisement: had we paid them handsomely for spreading our name and fame, they could not have shown more zeal. Into every house and society that they entered, they sought opportunity of introducing the subject of Homœopathy. 'Tis true, it was to abuse it, and that very heartily; and exerted all their eloquence, and all their reasoning

against the possibility of its efficacy. But what of that ? Their patients were unfortunately not as accessible to reason as themselves ; and so far from being convinced were they, that storing up in their memory what the Doctor said, with regard to the number of people that made fools of themselves, and were humbugged by taking the advice of these Quacks, they attributed the severity of this censure to envy, suspected that the Regulars must be losing patients and fees ; and finally, if they did not get well in double-quick-time themselves, they were sure to desert the banner of the Collegiate *Æsculapius*, and enlist themselves under that of the much-abused Homœopathists.

Thus the partners in this Joint-stock plan of acting on human imbecility, went on flourishing, and Kemp, now that Dusterweg was able to take his place, went to London, and having obtained (under a feigned name) the advice of Plumbe and Abernethy, for his skin disease, they (alas for Homœopathy !) treated him most allopathically, and having salivated, and half poisoned him with arsenic, sent him back *cured*, having swallowed more medicine than would have sufficed to have made molecular doses for his patients, for at least ten thousand years.

Kemp, now re-instated in appearance and health, and in a capacity to act for himself again, repented of the partnership into which he had been necessitated to enter, and Dusterweg soon discovered that he was “de trop,” and that it was decency, and perhaps the fear of exposure, which alone prevented his partner break-

ing with him; this, however, he had the wisdom to conceal, although he never let pass any opportunity of pointing out the great and manifest advantage his partner would enjoy, if he established himself in some new locality, now that he could walk alone, as in such case the profits would be all his own; and he generally concluded by adding, that his friendship for him was so great, that he would not permit the deed of partnership between them to be an obstacle to his dear partner's advancement.

All this being inconvenient to Dusterweg, he turned a deaf ear to these hints for the present, and finding that Kemp was determined one way or other to get rid of him, he wisely decided on visiting his Vaterland—obtaining a Degree at Heidelberg, Gotha, or some other University, where the appearance of the fees would serve as proxy for the party; and having laid in a good stock of Geneva watches, returning to England; then it was his intention, if possible, to encourage Kemp, to pay him handsomely for dissolving the partnership, and if he refused, either to settle in Sheffield in opposition to him, or in a neighbouring town, where he had a good foundation to build upon.

“Pray, explain. What do you mean by a good foundation?”

“A patient of rank—an old imaginative Earl, who thinks he has been cured of an abscess in his brain by me—which abscess was the production of my brain, and which required the administration of 30,000

globules of sweet mercury, one globule being taken for nine months, every quarter of an hour, so that in that time he had taken the enormous quantity of one-eighth of a grain."

In this style did my new acquaintance, Schnickle—I beg his pardon, Herr Doctor Von Dusterweg—acquaint me with the management of the practical part of my chosen profession; but not satisfied with these details, I persuaded him one day to make over to me an old pocket-book, to which I had seen him often refer; this he did in an unguarded moment, when he had made rather too copious libations to the jolly god at my expense. Now, this little book was not any way remarkable in appearance, except that it was old and greasy, and had the picture of a Jager shooting at a stag impressed on its cover, and a name attempted to be erased from the fly leaf.

My curiosity about this book was excited by hearing my companion say, that were it not for its having come into his possession, Kemp might have preserved his character in his eyes as possessing remarkable talent; "but," said he, "that little book gave me, a watch-jobber, as much knowledge in the art I was practising, as my master possessed; and between ourselves, he was the biggest rogue, and the most deeply versed in the study of the weak points of human nature, that I ever knew."

This conversation took place in one of the most frequented Restaurants in Munich: at first, it was low, confidential, and limited as intended, to my own pri-

vate ear ; but when the champaign began to rise in his head, the Homœopathist forgot all prudence, and soon became so inebriated, that he hardly knew what he was saying or doing.

Arrived at this point, he thought fit to mount in Germany, the hobby he had ridden so successfully in England, and I could not prevent him declaiming à pleine voix about his numerous consultations with the "golden English," in doing which, he neither spared rank, name, nor sex. Persons from the other tables in the Saal, gathered round, and as this only afforded more excitement to the drunken orator, he proceeded the more vehemently. His practical revelations, although ludicrous in the extreme, particularly those which related to the "beau sexe," were of so indelicate a nature, that they would have shocked any one not habituated to the often true, though ever disregarded ravings of Bedlam. Every now and then he would burst out into a song, derisive of those he had deceived : I recollect only the chorus—half English, half German, but no part of it complimentary to your Nation. I think it ran nearly thus—

" John Bull ist ein Narr, with no brains in his head ;
But stuffeth his Schedel with guineas instead,
And thinks he's the wisest of men."

I had much difficulty in getting him out of the room, and more, in rescuing him from numerous squabbles ; for, in his anxiety to exhibit his accomplishments, he particularly wished to show his plan of boxing à l'anglaise.

I dragged him home at last, and as he continued wildly declaiming, and uttering scraps of homœopathic lore, such as "*similia similibus curantur*," like cures like, &c., I thought it would be well to treat him to a spice of his own doctrine—so, as wine had made him boisterous and turbulent, wine of course, would remedy this derangement of the system. Glorious proof of this noble science! It acted like a charm! One more bottle was administered, and every sign of violence ceased: a sweet slumber seemed to take possession of the patient, and as he sunk into oblivion, his outstretched hand presented the coveted little volume towards me—of course he intended it for me! I took it—thanked him. His only answer was a snore—many persons affect ungraciously to prevent the returning of thanks. I laid him in bed—covered him up—wished him "sweet repose, and pleasant dreams," and hurried off with my prize to my own lodgings.

This little book contained a great deal of very cramped writing, and seemed to be notes jotted down at the moment they were thought of: many of them I could not make out, they were so full of contractions and hieroglyphics, that no one but the writer could possibly decipher them. Some of them have been so valuable to myself, and contain so much real instruction, that I shall read them to you verbatim.

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CHAPTER X.

" Similia similibus curantur."—HÄHNEMANN.

ROUGH notes from the pocket-book of Herr Kemp:—

"Nervous and Hypochondriac cases are the best for our practice. They pay best, and being quite incurable by medicine only, are those which are least grudged to us by the Regulars.

N. B. Old established M. D's., who had made their fortunes, have often sent me such cases.

Treatment—Diet as different as possible from what-ever they have been taking before,—abundant exercise, with from thirty to forty globules per diem. These must be changed every three days, in order to secure the attendance of the patients, and the consequent reception of their fees. To such persons you cannot be too liberal of your promises of health; but never omit stating, that recovery will be tedious.

Value—If well managed, from twelve to sixty guineas.

All the common complaints, incident to females, are profitable, and easily cured; persons afflicted with such, are never satisfied with their regular physician, except he is constantly dosing them, even against his better judgment. They will do for you, what they will

despaired, it was plain he put little trust in his own treatment: you would try: very sorry that you did not see them sooner. You commence,—nature gets fair play; recovery ensues, immortal honor crowns your brows, and Homœopathy is lauded to the skies. If the patient dies, it only justifies the opinion you had given—"too far gone."

There is another circumstance which serves to protect our characters in unfortunate cases; the family of the deceased are ashamed at having had the weakness to employ us, and are too proud to acknowledge it, so their wounded "amour propre" causes them either to defend our treatment, or to be perfectly silent on the subject. Either answers!

Cancers and some skin diseases had better be rejected. You can't cure them, neither can any one else! Time is lost, and failure is fatal to our system. But on the other hand, it is found highly useful to give the most high sounding and portentous names, to the most trifling maladies. Thus, every little innocent tumour must be called cancer, every little rash on the skin either Lepra, or Elephantiasis, or Psoriasis. Such cases get well, and the induction is plain. You get the credit of curing whatever you may have been pleased to christen.

There is only one circumstance, which could render it at all advisable, to undertake cases of an incurable character, such as Cancer, Lupus, &c.; and that is, your having determined to leave the place of your practice before any fatality could occur; this being the

case, you may promise wonders, and receive notes for your promises, far better than the generality of promissory notes.

In your general conversation with patients, use the simplest terms you can devise—this, for contrast with the Regulars, who are lovers of octosyllabic jaw-luxators. Endeavour to preserve your foreign idiom, in whatever land you may be; this impresses the polite, and captivates the vulgar. It is often, however, the highest proof of wisdom, to keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut. Give liberally to charities patronized by your patronesses; but there should be an attempt at privacy, in so doing, which will be an incentive to publication. Never mind your patrons in this line!

Patients who are sceptical of the truths of Homœopathy, from a love of variety, or a hundred other reasons, will sometimes consult you; as these persons are inclined to ridicule infinitesimal doses, it is sometimes highly useful to give them powerful doses of various highly concentrated medicines, in globules, similar in appearance to all the rest, but consisting of Morphia, Strychnine, Arsenic, Corrosive Sublimate, and such like: a few of these, mingled with your sugar and starch globules, will cause effects to be felt by the sceptic, which will quickly overcome his disbelief—he generally makes an excellent patient, and often a good decoy duck.

Never scruple in paralytic cases to give Strychnine largely; but never allow it to be supposed that you are

giving more at a dose, than the one-hundred-thousandth of a grain. This rule may be followed, in other complaints, with other very active drugs, such as Croton Oil; but this is one of the profoundest secrets of our craft, and must be kept so; were it known, our wonder-working powers would be reduced, in the estimation of the public, to the level of the Regulars.

Fees must be taken in all cases; but discretion must never be forgotten; for if it be prudent to appear to refuse a fee from a rich niggard, it is equally so, to accept all that is given by those who are treating you in a mercantile manner. The generous need not be checked; of course they are satisfied, and your advice is often regarded in the precise ratio of the sum paid for it. I repeat, spare no one but the miser." * * *

I could not decipher any more of this manuscript, which was only intended, it was evident, for private and special use; but the practical precepts contained in it, were of the greatest value to me, and saved me a world of labour, study, and enthusiasm; it seemed to me a railroad to fortune, if I could only get up the steam. I applied closely to my study of English, and with my medical diploma as a show board, I started for London, the El Dorado of all my hopes.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh! greatness, where each unit unmark'd moves,
 Like bubbles on the Nile, or Danube's tide:
 Unnoticed in the chaos blent, which proves
 A wave lethean to aspiring pride:
 Where wealth o'er merit claims the right it loves,
 Leaves it to walk whilst proud itself doth ride,
 A-scorning all the millionless—elate—
 Forgetting that it holds life's tenure, but from equal fate."

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

"Nous louons ce qui est loué, bien plus que ce qui est louable."

LA BRUYERE.

MY first impression on arriving in London, was amazement, almost bordering on terror. I had not formed the slightest conception of its magnitude; and the bustle, and never-ceasing noise of the multitude in the streets, made me suppose that some festival, or peculiar popular attraction, had drawn such crowds to the part of the city where I had landed. I was soon undeceived, by finding the mighty human streams of so many contending currents, increasing more and more as I advanced.

In this single feature London exceeds, and surpasses every city in the world. It is a monster-city, and its hum is a monster's roar, compared with which, the noise of any other, is but as the squeak of a mouse.

The mighty trading emporium of the whole world lay before me. I was awed—abashed. Napoleon's "nation of shopkeepers" impressed my soul with feelings of wonder and self-abasement, such as I had never felt before. I seem'd an atom—a nonentity—a poor worthless straw, floating on a glorious stream of molten gold, which melted my envious insignificance into nothing. In Munich, Berlin, even in Vienna, I thought myself well off, and somebody—here I was a beggar, one who would never be missed, should one of the immense waggons, with its elephantine horses, which were passing every moment, grind me to powder. But why should I trouble you with my impressions, when they are only such as every one in similar circumstances must have experienced?

When my first surprize wore off, and self again rose in the ascendant, I thought with terror, almost bordering on despair, of the extreme difficulty—nay, as it appeared to me, utter impossibility—which I should find to draw attention to my art, where every one seemed so busily, and perfectly absorbed in his own business. I felt like the Harper in the fable, who, having been puffed up with arrogance, by the praises lavished on him by rustic bumpkins, and small wits in the country ale-houses, determined on exhibiting his powers in the theatre of a large city, where, when the hour of trial came, his trembling hand, bewildered senses, and the scarce heard sounds of his wretched instrument, lost in the space and buzz, warned him of his failure, even before the laughter and hisses of the audience drove him from the stage.



Like him, I thought I had but to appear, to attract attention and applause: like him, I felt puzzled and humbled, and very much at a loss how to begin. I had taken up my abode with a Jew tailor, in the Strand, and he advised me to commence my practice in some of the country towns, and afterwards come up to London, when I knew more of the people I had to deal with.

This advice seemed good, because it tallied with my own inclinations, and I determined to adopt it. He also offered to introduce me to the celebrated Heinrich Hosse, who was flourishing as an Homœopathist at the West end, and as he was our countryman, he promised me honest advice from him.

Next day we sought Hosse, who was living in one of the villa houses, bordering on the Green Park, and who appeared rather to have sought retirement than publicity, in the choice of his residence. A long row of carriages was drawn up at his door, some of them displaying coronets on their pannels, and sundry cabs, evidently from distances, were continually arriving. A porter, in showy livery, received us at the door, and a black lackey showed us into a handsome reception room, where some fifty or sixty persons were already collected.

At this moment a small *tiger* entered from another room, and called out with the accent of a foreigner—"Milor Middleton." A gentlemanly man immediately followed him. This ceremony was repeated every few minutes, only with a new title, till I began to think

that the whole House of Lords had come to consult Herr Hosse. Then came a Countess, and a Baronet, or two, and a few Honourables, then some plain Mr., or Mrs., then our ears were tickled with a Duchess. In about an hour, our own unworthy names were called, and we in turn followed the tiger through a tasteful corridor, full of flowering exotics, and entered an apartment fitted up with exquisite taste and splendor. Large looking-glasses filled all the piers, and the furniture was covered in crimson velvet.

In an easy chair, at a small round table, sat Herr Hosse, having before him a rosewood box, containing his *Materia Medica*. A number of notes and some gold lay also beside him. A kind of dumb waiter, with revolving leaves, stood at his left hand, covered with small phials and pill-boxes. Confronting him, on a tall perch, sat a magnificent Macaw, in all the splendor of his oriental plumage, with his head on one side, as if listening to every word that was said—as great a natural dandy as his master was an artificial one. A bust of Hahnemann, in pure white marble, was supported on a chaste column, almost behind his chair, with the motto—

“ *Artis Medicæ Renovator.* ”

A few pictures, more remarkable for the massive richness of their frames, than the excellence of the painting, were suspended from the walls, and some half dozen volumes, completed the arrangement of this handsome study, where the only things wanting,

seemed to be the materials for study. The presiding spirit amidst all this splendor, was a little dark Jewish-looking man, with an ineffable look of self-satisfaction. He was attired in a flowing and flowered silk dressing gown, secured by a thick cord and tassels, at the waist, but open at the breast to display his rich vest, handsome ruffles, diamond studs, and gold watch-chains.

He received us most courteously, and being informed of my wish to obtain his advice with regard to a settlement, placed his head on one side (like his macaw,) and, having considered for a few minutes, gravely asked—"How much I could afford to expend, in the first instance?"

Being informed that my resources were very limited, he advised me to commence in some of the provincial towns, where the field was open, and not think of London, till I had saved money enough to make a stylish impression, or at least, to purchase a partnership with some of those already established. This advice decided me, and after some desultory conversation, we took our leave, Hosse having promised to forward my interests in every way that he could, provided I left London.

After much inquiry, I fixed on Manchester as a good place to commence practice, and engaged the little German tailor, with whom I lodged, and whose trade was indifferent, to act as my servant; he made himself a most picturesque livery, and as soon as it was finished, we started, having previously ordered private apartments in the principal Hotel, and announced our expected arrival in all the local papers.

The little tailor's name was Johan Kobelt, and a most faithful and useful ally he proved to me. Seated on the top of the coach, he told stories of the extraordinary cures I had accomplished, and stated, that I only intended staying a few days in Manchester for consultations. Two of his auditors, who said nothing, determined to try the marvel-working powers of so extraordinary a person, and the more resolutely, from having been to London for advice, where they had swallowed a fair allowance of blue pill, been boiled in hot baths, perished in cold ones, and finally told, that their livers would never be better without change of scene and air.

Every where the coach stopped, Johan was eloquent in my praises, and distributed cards bearing my name, and the address of the Hotel, where I intended stopping, in Manchester. The cunning little fellow had also written to the landlord, announcing my arrival, and by a timely *douceur* to the waiter, had circulated my cards in every quarter of the town.

As I knew nothing of these transactions, you may judge of my surprise at being informed by the landlord, that several persons were anxiously awaiting my arrival, and had left orders to be informed of it as early as possible. I was not half an hour in my apartments, when twenty persons had sent up their cards, expressing their wish to consult me.

A wretched squalid-looking mendicant, apparently covered with leprosy, also caused a school-boy to write a dirty little scrawl, begging me, for God's sake, to

cure him, as he had been in all the Hospitals, and none of the doctors could. This I threw aside in disgust.

An elegantly-folded note was next presented from Sir H—— G——, requesting that I would favour him with a call as soon as convenient, and stating that a servant waited for an answer.

I was on the point of sending an affirmative one, when Johan, who had been out, entered the room, and being informed of what I could not help considering extraordinary success, interrupted me, and in most peremptory tone said—"Success, indeed! excuse your humble servitor; but if such success satisfies you, the man has more ambition than the master. Trust me: I know more of these people than you do, and if they find that they can have you for sending for, you will lose half your time, and half your fees. It would be best for you, not to be seen at all out of doors; a little mystery will magnify your presumed powers—consequently, to the Baronet you must not go: rest assured, he will come to you."

Kobelt then proceeded to pull down my vanity, by clearly demonstrating, that as yet I had been but the puppet, whilst he was the real engineer, who had arranged and pulled the strings.

"Now," said he, in continuation, "come to this window and tell me what you see?"

"I see a wretched beggar in rags, gesticulating vehemently, and a crowd of curious people laughing at him: now he throws himself upon his knees: he appears to be directing his words towards us. Oh, the horrid

wretch ! he is all covered over with leprosy ; see, he tears open his shirt, whilst the scales are flying off from him on every side, and the crowd are scattering, through fear of contagion."

" You have observed accurately : now, tell me, would you like that miserable man for your patient ?"

" No ! assuredly. It disgusts me to look at him : besides, I fear Homœopathy would hardly cure him."

" Yet, on that man depends your fortune in this town, and the greater part of the celebrity, which, in a few hours, you have discovered that you possess ! ! !

Master, mind, that despised and leprous mendicant is my brother ; there is not a house in this town, which he has not visited during the past week—not a Doctor whose advice he has not asked, and scarcely a female whom he has not shocked by the exposure of his noisome person. Now, you shall cure him——"

" I !"

" Yes, you ; and that you may accomplish it more easily, be it known to your sagacity, that yonder mendicant, who has exhibited his disgusting appearance in every part of the town, and on every possible occasion, (to the great horror of all the correct population, who are invariably of opinion, that unseemly misery and disease should be imprisoned, to prevent a shock being given to eyes refined,) is as free from any complaint as you are ; his disease is only simulated for your benefit ; it will make a famous case. Now, let me advise you : write to Sir H—— G——, and say, that time will not permit your waiting upon him, but that you will be

happy to see him, and extend to him the benefits of your art, at twelve o'clock to-morrow. I shall give the same answer, and appoint the same hour for all the rest who have requested consultations. By that means, they will be all in one another's way, and will reason, that your practice must be immense."

I feared that Johan might be carrying things too far in assuming so much importance at once; but he silenced my scruples by declaring, that if he proved wrong in this instance, he would never presume to advise me again; consequently, I yielded the point to him, and having dined superbly in solitary magnificence, I sauntered out to look at the town.

It was a beautiful evening in July, and the crowded population was teeming through the streets, to obtain a little fresh air and exercise in the suburbs, after the day's imprisonment at their several avocations. The rich manufacturers were rolling in their luxurious carriages, from their factories and shops, to their country houses. The officials and senior clerks in public offices, were, according to their tastes, careering along on dashing thorough-breds, or pacing it on easy hackneys. Riders, in high gigs, muffled up, as if to encounter a Siberian winter, spanked along to put over a stage before night. The whole town appeared turned out of doors to enjoy the fine evening, and if they had not nightingales and blackbirds to delight their ears, there was no lack of ballad-singing melody. All was noise, gaiety, and confusion. Now and then the droning nasal tones of a beggar, mingled with the mirthful voices of

the crowd, and the recitative of the blind man, to be found in every civilized town, begging "good christians have pity on the poor blind," was also to be heard. En passant, I may remark, that these particular specimens of mendicancy never appear to alter: could they sell their secret of immutability to ladies of "a certain age," their fortunes would be made.

Sauntering along, I reached an open space, where the crowd seemed greater than ever, and here, surrounded by a number of the curious, was the leprous mendicant, mentioned before, roaring—

"Have mercy, good people, on the miserable. Pity my wretchedness! Look at my skin; it is whiter than snow! Pity and relieve the poor leper!"

Here he exhibited his arms and his chest.

"There is no help for me. The doctors can't cure me, or they would. There is one man could cure me, but he won't! Oh! good christians, pray that he may cure me."

At this moment his eye fell upon me, and with a yell, which startled the bystanders, he shrieked—

"There is the man can cure me, but he won't. Oh, make him—make him, good people."

Thus crying out, he rushed up to me, and in most abusive terms uttered a tirade which soon drew a large mob around us, the burden of which was—

"You can cure me; why won't you?"

Taken a little unawares by this transaction, I was at a loss to know what part I was expected to play, whether to effect a present miracle, than which nothing

could be easier, or to promise him a cure. I waited anxiously to get my cue from the beggar, as to what was to be done ; but he played his own part only, and left it to my natural genius to carry on the plot.

Mingling invectives with entreaties, he prevented my escape, by seizing me by the knees, and prostrating himself before me. At length he cried—" You are like the rest: you can't cure me either !" Then rolling on the ground, he appeared to be seized with a violent epileptic fit, getting blue in the face, foaming at the mouth, and biting his tongue and lips, till the blood flowed from them plentifully.

Bending over the unfortunate man, as he worked strongly, he whispered in my ear, " a globule."

Rising immediately, I took out a little box, and selecting a minute pill from its contents, I begged one of the bystanders to put it into his mouth, and then endeavoured to get through the crowd. Scarcely had the little pill passed his lips, when the man became calm, and then rose without assistance, to the great astonishment of the crowd.

Meantime, I had escaped nearly out of view, but my revived tormentor caught a glimpse of me, and cheered on by the amused mob, he darted after me. Seizing me, as before, he now vowed that he would never let me go till I promised to cure him. At first I pretended to be very angry, and threatened him with the police ; but at length yielding to the necessity of the case, I promised him, and then relaxing his hold, he overwhelmed me with benedictions, and danced round me

like a madman, shouting—"He will cure me—he will—he will—huzza." I really began to be disgusted with this farce, not so the other actor; for he followed me pertinaciously till I escaped to my hotel, and even then he spent half the night in the street outside, invoking blessings on me, till he had no longer listeners, and then retired. Thus ended my first day in Manchester.

The next day ushered me fairly into my new practice. Johan and I had been busily engaged making "globules, and preparing attenuations all the morning, and by twelve o'clock so many persons had arrived, that I could no longer put off seeing them. In the course of my practice, I have seen thousands upon thousands of patients, but not one of those who appeared that day has ever been forgotten, though many, subsequently seen, have totally escaped my memory.

The first person introduced, was a little shrivelled old hag of a gentlewoman, with false hair, teeth, and eyebrows, and very richly attired. She came to consult me about certain red spots and pimples, which disfigured her face, particularly her nose, and which, she hinted, was an obstacle to her promotion. She had consulted many medical men. Dr. P— recommended her to go to Harrowgate; she went, and came back, nothing paler, but somewhat thinner. Dr. S— told her, pugh! it was only Acne Rosacea; never do her any harm; get up at five in the morning, ride five miles, on a high cantering horse, drink a pint of goat's milk for breakfast, and take five grains of blue pill

going to bed ; and when the fee was placed in his hand, he added, that it would be better for her to be minding her devotions than her face, at her time of life—"the wretch," said she, "it is a wonder so many people of sense employ him ; you will be astonished when I tell you, that the Dowager Countess of Hoop-andssystem delights in the fellow, and says he is a diamond in the rough." Dr. J—s put his cane to his nose, spoke of constitutional irritation, change of climate, cuticular efflorescence, wrote his prescription, and went away. Dr. B— said he would cure her, but having found out that he was poisoning her with arsenic, and boiling her to a skeleton in hot baths, she left him ; she detailed the opinions of several other members of the faculty ; but said they had done her no good, but had destroyed a fine constitution, and completely shattered her nerves.

From inquiry, I found that she had been living on the richest diet, and was constantly using powerful stimulants. Her wish to get well, made her promise to adhere strictly to very simple regimen, which I dictated, and I gave her forty globules of Aconite ; one of which was to be taken three hours after a meal, and no food of any kind to be touched for an hour after that, and no drink stronger than milk and water. A flannel mask to be put on the face, precisely at nine o'clock in the evening, and worn till next morning. To see me again in a week.

Now all ye who are malevolently disposed to attack Homœopathy on every occasion, list to the wisdom of

the system, as displayed in this my first prescription. Its purpose was double, to prevent those frequent meals and perpetual sippings of potent fluids, which had deranged both stomach and skin, and to drive her to her bed at an early hour, in place of driving into the vicissitudes of heat and cold, draught, damp, and hot suffocating air, which forms the atmosphere of what is called society. Now, it was probable that all these ends would be served, without a word on the subject being said, and, consequently, without producing a feeling of restriction in the patient.

My next patient was a lady, *un peu passée*, who was tormented with such fits of nervousness and sleeplessness, and a tendency to dream of horrors, that her whole life was rendered miserable; every little noise frightened her; if the wind blew, it was certain the chimneys would fall on her; if it were calm, she dreaded suffocation; every dog she met had a peculiarly rabid look, and seemed ready to fly at her, in preference to any one else. These, and a number of similar symptoms, she eloquently described, till I was obliged to cut her short, by saying—

“Madam, I know it all—you shall be cured.”

“Shall I—shall I. Oh! dear Sir, do you say so?”

“Yes, Madam; but the most particular attention must be given to my directions. Here are sixty globules; every second hour in the day, one of these must be taken, commencing at six o’clock in the morning, then walk a mile. No tea, coffee, or other stimulant allowable, nothing but water; dine at three o’clock,

and then drive ten miles. Sup on bread and milk, boiled, and at ten retire to bed, having taken one of these six globules. You will have refreshing rest, and be quickly restored.

I might well promise this; for although the sixty globules were taken from a drawer, labelled "*Mimula Sabonitica*," and contained only so much starch, the six contained each a full dose of *Morphia*.

The Baronet I had declined visiting the previous day, now entered. He was a fine stately man, but seemed in great torture, and was assisted into the room by a servant, and the aid of a crutch; he had suffered from gout every where, and I thought I saw evidences of an intellect weakened by constant attacks of pain.

I immediately hastened to give him a chair, and he dropped into it, as if his knee joints had no power when once bent out of the perpendicular, and when he had drawn his breath, he said, with the courteous smile of a gentleman—

"Well, Doctor, you have played the part of a tyrant with me, and have caused me to rise from bed, where I have been stretched now three months, and have made me drive five miles. My family physician was with me when I received your reply, and with a very grave face he told me, that he would not be answerable for the consequences, if I persevered in so mad a project as that of driving into Manchester. I told him I should not hold him accountable any longer, thanked him for his attention, gave him his last guinea, and, with the aid of two glasses of brandy, and a little of

Hoffman's anodyne, here I am, and I declare I think the fresh cool air has greatly revived me; and although every jolt in the road gave me torture infinite, still I grinned and bore it; but now, sir, that I am roused, I am willing to bear more than that, to get rid of this troublesome complaint."

I questioned him closely; he had been a man of great activity, a mighty Nimrod, and had always been in the habit of indulging the good appetite, procured by violent exercise; he had, moreover, the reputation of having one of the strongest heads in the shire, whilst his cellar of wines was celebrated far and wide. A disputed election, for a neighbouring borough, caused a third party to offer him their votes; he yielded to the temptation, and carried off the prize, for which the others were contending. The healthy and hearty country gentleman, was now lost in the M. P.; he carried with him to London, all his eating and drinking propensities, but he could not bring thither the active exercise and bracing field sports, which rendered his little excesses innocuous. Night after night, in St. Stephen's, half the day in bed, or lounging about the clubs, with perhaps, a short ride or walk in the parks, was not sufficient for his powerful frame. A violent fit of indigestion, followed by gout, laid him on his back for some time, and destroyed the relish and spirit he formerly had for all exertion. In this deplorable state he had remained for some years,—now better, now worse. His hunters had been sold, and he himself, now yielding to his complaint, waited, with pettish

anxiety, the daily visit of a really skilful physician, who found it necessary to continue giving wine and stimulants, through fear of the gout attacking his stomach, and thus aimed at suppressing a fire, by pouring oil on it.

Having learned thus much, I told the Baronet that I could cure him, provided that he pledged his word implicitly to follow my directions.

He promised, and I immediately wrote—

“ Let Sir H— G—’s coachman receive orders to set him down to-day at one quarter of a mile from home, which distance he will walk, at whatever pace pleases him best; he may have the assistance of a servant. To-morrow Sir H— G— is to drive twelve miles, and to be let down half a mile from home. His diet, each day, is to be a single chop, broiled, for dinner, with one glass of Madeira, and water ad libitum. Boiled bread and milk for breakfast and supper; nothing to be eaten in the intervals. One hundred globules accompany this, one to be taken every hour. In three days I should be glad to see Sir H— G— again.”

I folded this up, and presented it with the globules; then reminding him of his promise, I caused him to be assisted out.

A mother, with anxiety pictured in every lineament, now entered, accompanied by a tall, thin girl, whose brilliant blue eyes, and hectic complexion,—those false semblances of health,—sadly contrasted with the extreme emaciation of her person; a little, inconsiderable cough, seeming more like an attempt to clear the

throat, than any pulmonary affection, was now and then to be heard. Her hands were beautifully formed, except that a critical observer might say that the extremities of the fingers at the nails were a little broader than was consistent, with exact proportion.

I listened, though I needed it not, to the narrative of the afflicted parent; it was the every-day history of common consumption; Death was making his sure inroads, and undermining all the springs of life.

I saw plainly that this was no case for me, and that I must use my judgment in getting rid of it quietly. Every one had declared it hopeless,—I felt that it was so—but my art provided a cure for every disease.

I ordered my patient, six times daily to take one globule from a box which I provided, and immediately to leave the neighbourhood of Manchester, which was unfit for her, recommended the most nourishing diet, living in the open air, and sponging with cold water. If these directions were attended to strictly, I felt little doubt of her perfect recovery.

Hope took the place of despondency,—I could hardly credit the change which in a moment appeared in the poor invalid; she left me to journey to Devonshire, and I could not help saying to myself—

“Poor deluded fools, ye are delighted with the toy I have given you; go, and like younger children, be happy with it, till you break it!—but when that occurs, let the sounds of weeping and lamentation be far from my ears.”

A great variety of patients was consecutively shown

in, the details of whose cases would be uninteresting, and those of my practice equally so, consequently, I shall pass them over, merely remarking, that my purse grew plethoric.

The Landlord now entered, and begged of me to rid his door of the noisy and disgusting intrusion of the leprous beggar, who would not leave it, but importunately addressed every well dressed person who entered, begging them to intercede with me, and get me to perform my promise to him, of curing him.

"Send the fellow up," said I.

"He is so foul," quoth Boniface, "that I scruple to admit him into these apartments."

"Well, what is to be done? The rascal certainly shamed me last night, and I was glad to promise him any thing, to get away from the crowd he drew around me, and his disease seems so chronic and inveterate, that I doubt my ability to cure him. Could you not get the police to rid us of him; perhaps, the stocks might render him a little more reasonable."

"You will particularly oblige me," said he, in return, "if you will only speak to the fellow, and get him away."

Having demurred sufficiently, I at last consented, and proceeding down stairs, found the beggar in loud and angry dispute with a little pudgy man, in very accurate black, who was saying, at the moment we came within earshot, —— "if he cures your disease I'll be bound to pay you ten guineas to one."

"Then, look sharp to your purse-strings, Master

Bluestone, for I cry, done ! post your coal, and I'll do the like, for he has cured many like me, and I've followed him all the way from Lunnun, afoot, because I know he can do it."

Whilst saying this, the beggar began counting out a guinea from an old night-cap, which served him for a purse, and which seemed to be half full of all kinds of coin. Looking up, he espied me, and with a whoop, like an American Indian, which orthography cannot imitate, he shouted—

"——, but there he is himself, the blessed man, whoo ! And now to save trouble, and show you, Mr. Bluestone, the faith I put in him, I'll bet you the whole bag against your dirty ten guineas, that I'm cured against this day fortnight; let Landlord hold the stakes !"

Thus saying, he placed the weighty bag in his hand, and the fat little Practitioner was obliged, by the titterings of those around, to assent to the bet, which now, that it had assumed a positive form, he would have been glad to have got out of.

"Gently, my good man," said I, "if I have yielded to your importunity, and expressed my willingness to relieve you from your disgusting malady, that is no reason that you should boast of what you are ignorant, and thereby expose my remedies and skill to the chance of failure, by naming a time which it would be impossible, even for me, to promise. Now, if this gentleman (who, I presume, is a medical man) knowing the intractable nature of your disease, would prefer

betting with me, to robbing you of your alms, I will wager him one hundred guineas to ten, that I will cure you, although I should be sorry to limit myself to so short a time."

"Sir," quoth the man of gallypots, "I do not wish to have any dealings whatever with you; but I am determined to punish this impudent scoundrel, whose boasting of your powers, has set the whole town agog to see the mighty necromancer, who can work such miracles, by holding him to the wager he has offered; here are plenty of witnesses—a fortnight from this day! and now, Sir Jackanapes, methinks you will look rather rueful, when in fourteen days I relieve friend Landlord, here, of your bag of savings, unless, indeed, that rugged, fishy hide of yours has, by that time, become smooth as a lady's glove.

The beggar seemed a little disconcerted, and grumbled something about making it an even bet; to this, Bluestone at once assented, thinking, that at most, there might be a few pounds in the wallet, and that he might as well diminish his own chance of loss. The bet being fairly made and agreed to, the Landlord was directed to reckon the contents of the night-cap, when, to the astonishment of all present, it was found to contain £65 17s. 2½d., with several raps, or bad coins.

I now struck in, saying, "As this respectable Medical Gentleman has, in the most direct and uncourteous manner, slighted any approach, on my part, I hope he will not take it ill, if I promise him to bear witness to this bet, and also, to try the precepts of the illustrious

Hahnemann to the utmost, so as to cure one fellow-creature of a direful infirmity, and another (speaking in Italics) *of insufferable arrogance.*

Having said this, with a fine curl of contempt on my lip, I turned on my heel, leaving the crowd in the yard, grinning at the poor little pudgy practitioner, who, I have no doubt, gave a learned lecture to the grooms and idlers, usually to be found about the door and passages of an inn, on the absurdity of Homœopathy, which, of course, he stated to be "all humbug."

Having seen several patients more, and declined treating some of them, who were plainly incurable, I sent for the beggar. Oh! what a fit of laughter burst from the wretch, as he recounted the manner in which he had "sold" the poor Doctor.

Several secret matters were arranged between us, and then he left me to carry on the game, provided with a box of globules, and a small phial of an infinitesimal solution: these he exhibited every where, and invoked blessings on my head.

"Oh!" he cried, "I never would have believed that he could have cured me of this leprosy, if he had'nt cured my brother of white swelling in the knees, when Astley Cooper and Guthrie, and the other butchers in Lunnun, wanted to saw off his legs, as they said, to save his life."

Thus did this peripatetic advertisement proceed for miles on every side, exciting curiosity, even when he caused laughter, and publishing and exhibiting every where his well-feigned disease.

But his masterstroke of policy was yet to come : he told me he intended to appear at the Hotel door, as if inebriated, when he would abuse the waiters, and kick up a row, demanding to be admitted to me, and threatening to kill me, if he were not well in a fortnight. I should at first try to pacify him by gentle means, but failing in that, order him to be taken up by the police and removed. This would cause an examination before the magistrates, which would be eagerly taken down by all the penny-a-liners, and published in all the papers. Thus, a very forcible advertisement would be obtained without expense.

This plan succeeded admirably ; the mendicant created a furious row—was taken up, and I was summoned to appear before the magistrates to sustain the complaint I had made.

I cannot accuse these gentlemen of having been over courteous at first. One of the bench, an authoritative dictatorial personage, asked me, when the police-constable called on the case—

To stand forward, and let myself be seen.

I advanced, and bowed.

“ Well, Mr. Quack, what charge do you bring against this wretched shred of humanity ? ”

“ None, Sir, if I am to presume that you represent the bench of magistrates ; for I could not expect protection, still less justice, from persons who, in utter ignorance, pre-judge my own character, as shown by the unhandsome nickname you have applied to me ; and my wonder and indignation, at the threats of you un-

taught beggar, have ceased to trouble me, since I find equally coarse and offensive language proceeding from those in power."

Bowing again, I was about to leave the office, when another of the magistrates requested me to remain, and having made a kind of awkward apology for his fellow magistrate, who sat in a kind of owlified dignity, conscious of having committed a blunder, but too selfishly arrogant to acknowledge it, begged me to answer a few questions, which he hoped would set all things right.

"You possess," said he, in the blandest manner possible, "a medical degree from a University?"

"Yes, certainly; I would not wish to practice the peculiar branch I have adopted, without having graduated in common medicine."

"That seems very rational."

When this little amende had been made, the nature of the charge against the mendicant was investigated, in the course of which, the incurable nature of the leprosy, the wager, and several other circumstances, transpired, all tending to fix public attention on the case, and gave, as it were, a certainty to the positive existence of the complaint. A large number of the medical men of Manchester were present, drawn by curiosity to the police office; and one of the magistrates, intending to exhibit peculiar acuteness, took the opportunity of asking Dr. S——, a physician of repute and long experience, if he would undertake to cure such a disease, in the time specified?

Dr. S—— put on his spectacles and closely examined

the man, and then stated candidly, that leprosy of such a character as that, he looked on as almost incurable, and certainly not to be effected in the time specified, by any means he was acquainted with.

“ Oh ! my money ! ” cried the beggar, when he had heard this declaration. “ My hard earnings, all gone ! Oh the swindler ! Oh, oh, oh ! Your Reverences—your Graces—your Majesties—won’t you save me from being robbed by that wicked man, (here he shook his scaly fist at me,) who can cure me in time, if he will ! Oh, whilelu—whilelu—Oh ! your Reverences, protect the poor—bind him in a habeas corpus to cure me in time ! Oh ! oh ! oh ! The big Doctor, there, says I can’t be cured : bad luck to his barnacles ; but it’s the time, your Honours—make him keep the time. Oh ! if he don’t, I’ll go mad, there’s no use in talking, it’s mad I’ll go, and maybe bite your Reverences, or shoot the King, or poison the Prime Minister ! Won’t ye help a poor unfortunate creature, my Lords ? ”

In this strain the mendicant bellowed, abused, and entreated, whilst the spectators were convulsed with laughter, and the magistrates were hard set to keep their countenances, and preserve their dignity. At length, exceeding all that their patience could endure, they were obliged to order him to be removed, and when this was accomplished, the hilarity became universal. When the laugh had subsided, one of the magistrates turned to me, and politely asked, What I wished to have done with this turbulent character ? I stated, that I only wished to be protected from the

infamous publicity which this man was giving to my name, and the annoyance which he caused about the door of the Hotel, by telling improbable stories, and vaunting of cures I had accomplished. As the bench had the kindness to consult my wishes, I would take it as a special favour, if they would cause the fellow to be confined somewhere for the remaining ten days, when the wager would have expired. I should use the utmost powers of my art to cure him, provided they would only protect me from his violence. Whether I succeeded or not, I hoped equally to get rid of his importunity. One thing only I begged of those persons to remember, that the very short period for curing him had been named by the beggar himself, and not by me, and from the violence exhibited by the man, and the manner in which he had forced himself upon me, I feared that the whole proceeding might be a conspiracy, got up to injure my character for success, in public estimation, by forcing me to attempt, in a very limited period, what the most distinguished physician in the town had declared to be impracticable.

My proposal was acceded to, and the mendicant was ordered to be confined to a particular room in the Work House, and not to be permitted to see any person but myself, and those whom I should send.

It is needless to enter into all the details, suffice it to say, the matter became public, and never was Queen in her accouchement more anxiously enquired after by all ranks and sexes, than was Fritz Kobelt under the more English, but less euphonious appellation of mad

Tom Longmore. For the first two or three days the report was, "no change;" after that, when wagers had been laid to large amounts, every day produced amendment; and on the thirteenth day, visiting him late in the evening, my Bulletin was issued, containing the one word, "Cured."

A warm bath was ordered, and all the rags which had formed the intricate covering of Tom Longmore, were burned, and he was provided at my expense with a full suit, composed entirely of white cloth, with white shoes and hat.

Next morning Dr. S——, and several other medical gentlemen, closely examined Longmore, and having minutely inspected every part of his skin, acknowledged that they were unable to detect the slightest trace of disease. The sequel was, as might be expected. My fame was bruited about on all sides. Tom Longmore claimed his bet from Dr. Bluestone,—was paid, and for some days was to be seen in every part of the town, invoking blessings on me, till I requested the magistrates to prevent this public scandal: this last act silenced all those who suspected collusion between us, and Mr. Longmore retired from the scene, very well pleased with the profits he had realized.

I now took a respectable private house, and was overwhelmed with the number of my patients, which increased every day. I was obliged to issue cards for consultations, sometimes three or four days off, and I had barely time to get the exercise necessary for my health.

The results of a few of the cases mentioned, may be interesting.

The Baronet Sir H—— G. was gradually restored to his habits of activity, and consequent health : the first use he made of it, was to present me with a splendid thorough-bred hunter, and he never seemed satisfied praising my system, my skill, and my success.

The pimple-faced lady, forced to live a natural life, appeared, after a short time, fairer than ever, at least, quite fair enough for a lady with £5,000 per annum. Who can deny that the globules worked this cure ?

The nervous lady walked and ate, and consequently slept, till she was heartily tired of walking, eating, and sleeping ; and dreading that she might acquire the form, as well as the health and strength of a milk-maid, proclaimed herself cured.

The poor consumptive went, according to my orders, to Devonshire, whence I received a letter almost every week, containing a fee, and a statement of the progress of the malady : these, and all similar letters, Johan answered in terms of sympathy, which would have softened the heart of a nether millstone, and packet after packet of globules was sent, some of which produced wonderfully good effects, and others quite the contrary, which was very odd, as they were all precisely similar, and contained nothing but sugar and starch. When at last, on the approach of winter, she was confined altogether to her bed, I recommended her mother to call in some physician in the neighbourhood. It was done ; as a matter of course, the regular prac-

tioner put a stop to the homœopathic treatment ; she sunk rapidly, and Homœopathy escaped unscathed. Perhaps, thought her friends, if it had been continued, she might have survived. One thing is certain, that her executors had two hundred guineas less to account for, than if she had not enjoyed the benefit of my valuable aid.

For three years I pursued this course with extraordinary success, and without meeting any contre-temps worth mentioning. I had realized a considerable sum of money, and was growing, perhaps, a little more incautious in my practice than formerly, when events of a peculiar nature occurred, which considerably disturbed my tranquillity, and rendered the remainder of my sojourn in England, although profitable, a series of harassing and perplexing disquietudes.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Oh ! 'tis an awful thing to yield the young
To the chill, cold embrace of gloomy Death ;
To see the plant decay, as soon as sprung,
And Hope's bright flowrets twined with cypress wreath,
All feelings rent, and all affections wrung,
And blighted by one blast of passing breath,
And to hear the clay on the hollow shroud sounding,
As tho' 'twere a voice from the dead, loud resounding.”

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I HAD now the proud satisfaction of numbering amongst my patients, and the admirers of my system, persons of all ranks. I had one Duke, several Earls, Lords in multitude, and Commoners and Merchants, richer and more liberal than lords. Whilst in Manchester, I had never violated the rule I had laid down for myself, of requiring all patients to come to me, never visiting any at their own houses ; this served two good purposes ; viz., bad cases, and those likely to die, could not come, tant mieux ! and I had the more time for pocketing fees at home, being kept constantly occupied from early in the morning, till five in the afternoon ; the rest of the day I reserved for my own recreation.

Previous to settling in Manchester, I had adopted the name of Eisenberg, my own mean patronymic Gruber, not sounding either sufficiently aristocratic, or

sufficiently German. This is a very usual practice with my countrymen, in other lands, except that they are excessively fond of adding the titles of Count or Baron; from this folly, I had the good sense to abstain. One day, when I was weary of listening for hours, to vast numbers of cases, I retired, for a short time, to refresh myself, when Johan brought me a card, which, he said, a little German gentleman had given him, requesting an interview; it bore the name, "Count Furstenburg." I was not generally fond of seeing my countrymen; but at this particular moment, I felt amiable, and thought it would be a comfort to me to hear, and talk a little of my mother tongue.

"Show the gentleman in."

Judge my surprise, when the Count of Furstenburg entered the room,—to see under that redoubted name, the little, insignificant Professor Sobieski Pöble, whom I had been so instrumental in tormenting at Leipsic

His surprise was not less than my own: our mutual acknowledgment was not a little ludicrous. I cried—

"Count Furstenburg; Professor Pöble!!!"

He simultaneously exclaimed—

"Dr. Eisenberg; Carl Gruber!!!"

It was impossible to avoid laughing at our discovered masquerade; and although we entertained a most cordial and mutual hatred to one another at Leipsic, at Manchester we stood in a different position, and strange as it may appear, we embraced, as if old and dear friends. After some little conversation, I had to return to my patients; but Pöble promised to dine with me, and tell me his adventures since we parted.

He did so, and when the wine had warmed him, the prevailing foible of the little man, vanity, led him to such curious disclosures as would, in themselves, form a strange page in the book of human life, but which, I shall not now enter upon ; a few incidents in his career, however, I shall mention. From the time we had parted, his existence had been one series of misfortunes, originating in the tricks I had played him, a circumstance, of which he was profoundly unconscious.

In the first place, the Provost of Leipsic, (indignant at the treatment he had received from Pöble, on the evening of the expected arrival of the soi-disant Prince of Bavaria,) had repaired to the Professor's lodgings, early the following morning ; not finding any one to answer his inquiries, he proceeded up stairs, and entered the sleeping room, where he found the Professor in the very unprofessional predicament in which we had left him, snoring off the drunkenness of the night before, beside his moustached servant maid, with the gilt funeral coronet still fixed, rather rakishly, to be sure, on her head, and the two link boys still occupying their yestreen's position, as pillow and footboard to the unconscious pair.

The Provost was versed in antiquities ; but such a group as this he had never seen : he could not comprehend it ; but going away, he returned, with certain others of the Professors, and, after sundry sage surmises, the learned conclave came unanimously to the opinion, that Herr Sobieski Pöble must be in a beastly state of intoxication. This verdict was confirmed by an examination of the neighbouring room, where we had supped,

which presented a battle field of broken bottles, spilt liquors, upset glasses, legless chairs and tables, and sundry other signs and symptoms of a deep and drunken carouse. The party then adjourned to the sleeping chamber, and having vainly endeavoured to awaken Pöble, and bring him to his senses, departed, protesting that such disgraceful conduct could not be tolerated in a Professor of the University, who ought to be an example of every thing that was correct and dignified.

The Professors sat in conclave, stern and sad, and Pöble was disgracefully dismissed from his literary chair. He immediately sought Munich, thinking, that the Crown Prince, who had been the cause of his dismissal, would undoubtedly provide for him there ; but great were his astonishment and confusion, when granted an audience, to find, that Prince Maximilian was a totally different personage from his princely guest.

With his usual complacency, he listened to his story, and laughed not a little, and then hinted, that though he was the eldest son of the King of Bavaria, still there was another prince, his brother Otho, who might have played this prank, without thinking of the results, and he most kindly undertook to inquire into the matter. He shall tell the rest in his own words :

“ On leaving the Palace, Prince Otho was pointed out to me, and I felt perfectly assured that I had never seen him before. Here was a hobble ! Next morning brought me a polite note from the Prince’s Secretary, informing me, that the Royal House of Bavaria had been proved innocent of having harmed me, but that as

I had suffered from some person assuming his name, His Highness would place at my service a small appointment, vacant in the Great Library, if I deemed it worth my acceptance.

This act of generosity was accepted with gratitude, and the duties attached to the post immediately entered upon; but Evil Fortune having commenced the chase, seemed determined to run down its victim; for hardly had the first quarter's salary been paid, when such a deficit of books was found to have occurred in the library, that suspicions were aroused, and who could be so naturally suspected as the stranger—the new comer—the Pole, the expelled Professor of Leipsic (for this story had followed me)—the needy adventurer.

Without any thing being proved against me, I was obliged to give up my post, and leave the town, for I had not a friend to support me, and the Princes had both left the country,—one to travel, the other to become Sovereign of Greece,—so my enemies laid their plans well, and triumphed.

I wandered thence into Hanover, and for some time obtained a scanty livelihood by teaching the English, German; but not procuring enough of scholars, I was reduced so low as to be obliged to become a valet de place to new arrivals. Subsequently, I accompanied an English family to this country, as courier, and having been dismissed for not gratifying the French *femme de chambre*, by an offer of my hand, I acknowledge that I called here this morning, intending to procure relief for my present necessities, under the character of

a man of rank and fortune, who had met losses at play, which produced temporary inconvenience, till my remittances should arrive; as every one spoke of your wealth, I was in hopes that the sympathies of Fatherland might prevail on you to assist me, but I had not the slightest idea that I should find, in the successful Dr. Eisenberg, the scampish student Gruber."

Such was the story of the Pole, and I felt not a little amused at the chain of incidents, which, extending from the sunny deck of a comfortable Professorship, went down, down, down, through the bitter brine of misfortune's waters, to seek the anchor of Hope in wretched, lying mendicancy.

I hated poverty, I hated misfortune; an unlucky man, according to my creed, was to be avoided,—so to preserve my consistency, I *liberally* placed two guineas in the hand of the miserable Pöble, and having showed him out, gave strict orders that he never should be admitted again.

Then, Oh, happy England! Thou fostering nurse of foreign depravity, deceit, and duplicity, having shaken off the man I had ruined, I proceeded to amuse and cure thy self-afflicted sons and daughters. Welcome were they when they came,—more welcome when they departed, leaving that pretty, yellow token behind, which so justly bears the impress of majesty, or those nice, crackling, silver paper indicators of certain value, which every one feels such pleasure in crushing together, and cramming into the safe recesses of his unwhisperable pocket.

I was literally sinking: I had more patients than I could attend to in the permitted hours, and people were glad to get an appointment for a week off: I pretended to make no distinction between the peer and the peasant, but saw all in rotation. At first, I insisted on my regular fee in gold: after a little time, I found it was better to leave regular fees to regular physicians, and to take whatever was offered, apparently without notion what it might be. Thus, many persons, according to their rank or wealth, gave largely; and if others gave moderately, the average of the whole was as great as if I had distanced, or repelled some, by refusing what they could afford.

When I found any patient of strong intellect, expressing doubts as to the possibility of any very minute doses being able to produce effects on the human system, I immediately directed attention to the invisible doses of Miasma, unappreciable to the most delicate tests of chemistry, yet which were capable of producing and maintaining the most direful and fatal diseases, such as mara, cholera, small pox, typhus, &c. But, WILL. MICHIELSON, M.D., of a peculiar stamp, who were more than his name, reasoning deeply, then speaking briefly, I had a favourite exemplification of the theory of infinitesimals, afforded by the vaccine virus, or cow pox. I would say, "You will not deny that the smallest particle of this matter, even when diluted, one thousand, or ten thousand times is capable of producing a pustule, of a certain character, and a peculiar kind of fever?"

“No, that has been proved to a demonstration.”

“Well, then, in granting that, you have given evidence in favour of the efficacy of minute doses; that is, you have allowed that there are some matters which, introduced into the system, even in inappreciable quantities, not only produce the powerful effects mentioned, but continue to affect the system during an entire life, as is evidenced by the protection given by the vaccine virus against Variola. In the same way, the smallest quantity of saliva from a rabid dog, produces a fatal disease of the nervous system, in some persons, but not in others; I have no doubt but that the unaffected person has innocently (for it is yet unknown) taken the antidote for this particular poison, and the reason he does not know it, is on account of the smallness of the dose.”

Thus I reasoned, and always managed to conclude, by exemplifying the value of the system, on the case of the inquiring patient, for example:

“In your own case you complain of distressing palpitations, a hurried pulse, and other symptoms, which indicate derangement of the arterial system. Homœopathic experience has taught, that the active cause of diseases, as in the examples given, is infinitesimal, and must be counteracted by an equally minute dose of the proper medicine, or a series of such doses, and the great discovery was made, that the best antidote to disease, is the medicine which would produce symptoms similar to those of the disease. Thus, I now take one drop from this phial, which contains a concentrated

alcoholic solution of Aconite, to this I add 99 drops of alcohol, and thus develop its medical properties by shaking it twice: of this again, I take one drop, and again add 99 drops of alcohol, every drop of this contains the one-ten-thousandth part of the original drop. I could carry this dilution thus with the greatest ease to any calculable degree of tenuity; but your symptoms warrant me in giving you the medicine at this strength; one drop must be taken every hour, from sunrise to sunset; and when you retire to bed, should any thought of the trifling magnitude of the dose occur to your mind, be pleased to recollect that you have swallowed more in quantity of a powerful and diffusible remedy, applicable to your complaint, than would be necessary, were it vaccine virus, to protect a Regiment from small pox, or were it that of plague or fever, to infect a whole city."

I never pointed out in such instances as those, that the sophistry of my argument consisted in the difference of the manner, in which those powerful poisons were made to pass into the blood; had they been swallowed and submitted to digestion, I believe they would have been as innocent as my molecules and solutions of sugar and starch.

However, I found very few patients capable of detecting the fallacy of my arguments, and Johan had his orders, on my making a particular noise, by accidentally jingling two glasses together, to enter the room and announce some other patient. I immediately consulted my watch, and pleading the appointment,

thus effectually prevented any difficult, or uncomfortable enquiries being answered.

When I had been about three years practising, a gentleman of herculean form was shown into my study, supporting a pale, delicate girl, whose flushed cheek, glassy blue eye, and emaciated form, indicated that she was suffering from consumption. They were evidently father and daughter. Immediately on entering the room, he placed her in a chair, and raising both up, as if a toy, carried her close to me.

"Can any thing be done for this poor sufferer? They tell me, and she herself confirms their opinions, that they have no hope. It is useless to let the hopeless proceed with fatal treatment. Your opinion shall decide me: if you can do her no good, your treatment, at least, will be harmless: were it the veriest nonsense in the world, which I believe it is, I shall adopt it, as all else is declared to be useless."

I instantly answered—"Those who despise my art, shall not benefit by it;" and ringing the bell, waived my hand majestically, to signify to the gentleman that he might depart, and told Johan, when he appeared, to show in the next patient, and bring me an ice.

No sooner had I uttered this, than I began to repent it; the gentleman's face grew livid with passion, his eyes dilated till they seemed to stand out from his head; his high-arched brows became a rigid straight line, his natural erectness became more erect, the whole man seemed to expand, and for an instant (it was but for an instant) he was motionless as a statue. I will

freely confess, that this fearful struggle of passion in one who, I intuitively felt, could crush me in a moment, terrified me extremely, and sent the blood flying back to my heart, till I thought it would burst; but I was relieved from my fears by that terrible frown, which I shall never forget, suddenly relaxing into a withering smile of contempt, which told me plainly that he read my craven heart, and refrained from exercising his wrath on so pitiful an object.

My terror dissipated, I immediately recovered my presence of mind, and saying in the mildest tone—"Pardon me, I have been hasty; I should have recollected the presence of this lovely lady, and my foreign ear, perhaps, misunderstood what you have said."

"Well, Sir, if you expect an apology for my address to you, or wish me to bandy compliments with any Johnny Crapeau, or Mein Herr that ever crossed the channel, you reckon without your host: a minute ago I was on the point of twisting your pithless neck. You have escaped, and now in gratitude to my clemency, be good enough to answer me the question I first proposed."

My gorge was again rising, but the sight of that fierce eye restrained me.

"Allow me to examine the young lady," I said in my blandest tone.

"Aye, now you are getting rational, I have no doubt but that I could train you to manners, as I did my gaolers, when I was a prisoner of war in France, if I only took the trouble. They thought I ought to humble

myself, and be respectful, in return for fetters and bread and water; but I taught the stupid creatures that they had formed a wrong estimate of an Englishman, although in hurrying their education, so many heads and ribs were broken, that at last my scholars were only permitted communication with me through a hole in the door: this displeased me, and one day I caught a turnkey poking his head through the hole; I had heard that the body of a man can be made to go through any space his head can enter; so as this gentleman had room enough not only to wag his, but to grimace and put out his tongue at me, it occurred to me to try the experiment: by a sudden movement I caught him, and although there was some crushing of clavicles and scapulas, and other small bones, I succeeded in getting him through, although the big bunch of keys, hung in his belt, caused some little difficulty. I can assure you, I had him as tame as a pet monkey in a week, and I obtained sumptuous cuisine during that time, at his entreaty, for not killing him outright. They had some notions of calling out the garrison to attempt his liberation, but thought it better not, for fear of their comrade's life. So I enjoyed myself, and at the end of the week, I was exchanged for some marmosette of a French General. Ever since that period, I have heartily despised every thing foreign, so Herr Deutcher you must only consider any thing I say as part of my peculiar idiosyncrasy, and rest satisfied with good payment, in lieu of courteous words."

It was evident I had an eccentric to deal with, so I

thought it advisable to suit myself to circumstances. I examined the young lady, with a full conviction that she was dying of consumption, and having taken her father aside, I told him that he ought not to be displeased with the physicians who had treated his daughter, for that all that allopathic art could do, they appeared to have done, but that the disease was incurable by allopathy, and that I entertained serious doubts of its curability by Homœopathy, in its present advanced stage. Had I seen it a little earlier, indeed—— However, if he wished, I would try the action of my remedies, although I thought the case nearly desperate.

“Good Sir,” cried he, I am satisfied ; there is an earnest of my willingness to reward your exertions :” and he threw a heavy purse on the table. “If you cure my girl, you shall have a thousand guineas—Smith Smithson Smith’s promise is as good as his bond.”

My directions and medicines were accurately given, the former including a desire that the lady should be removed to Devonshire, or to the Cove of Cork, for the summer, and that I should be made acquainted with her improvement in health from time to time, so as to provide the requisite medicines. All this being acceded to, I had the happiness of bowing out my alarming visitor. When he was gone, I related the interview to Johan, who was of opinion, that Mr. Smith should be got rid of as soon as convenient, and if possible, never re-admitted.

I went on, seeing patient after patient for the next

hour, when a sudden tumult broke upon my ears, appearing to come from the hall of my house, and quickly approaching my reception room. I thought I could distinguish the voices of little Johan and my hall-porter, speaking in loud and angry tones—a third voice mingled its deep and angry intonations; then there was a scuffle, and loud clamouring through the passage, and at last the door of my study burst open, and my late visitor, Smith Smithson Smith, entered, with little Johan tightly squeezed under his left arm, whilst in the hand of the same side, he grasped the collar and cravat of the porter, and dragged him more dead than alive into the room; in his right hand he flourished a heavy hunting-whip, bestowing an occasional flake of it on his pendant. When he had fairly entered, he flung the porter down, and threw Johan on top of him, giving him, as he fell, a cut of the whip, which resounded through the house, and elicited a piercing shriek from the little tailor; he then addressed me in as cool and deliberate a manner as if he had not been making the least exertion—

“My dear Doctor, in my hurry to put your injunctions in practice, I was actually setting off for Devonshire, when I missed your little box of pillikins, and thinking I must have dropped them here, I returned to seek them, or get some more, when those impertinent little foreigners of yours refused me admission, so, to avoid quarrelling, I have made use of an argument which never fails in my hands, and there you have the pair of magpies, whose scarlet stockings have addled

their silly brains, to approve of if you like—but there's my pill-box at the leg of the chair ; so adieu ! Au revoir, my dear Doctor. You shall hear from me from Devon."

Before I could say a word, Smith was gone ; and the next instant, mounted on a splendid weight-carrier, he was dashing fire from the pavement of the causeway as he galloped in pursuit of the carriage, in which he had sent forward his daughter and her attendants.

Curses, not loud, but deep, fell from Johan and his luckless companion, as they gathered themselves up, after experiencing this specimen of English promptitude.

For three months I received every Saturday a letter from Mr. Smith, detailing the state of his daughter's health, couched in the gentlest, mildest, and most endearing terms. Every little change of symptoms was watched, and recorded almost with the accuracy of a skilled physician, and his close accounts seemed to show that there was decided amendment. In a letter received about this time, enclosing a cheque for £100 (the only part of the document which I read), Johan, who acted as my private secretary, pointed out some passages to my attention.

"My darling, who was confined to an apartment heated and regulated by the thermometer, to a degree enough to suffocate a West Indian, is now, thanks to your judicious advice, able to accompany me on horse-back, and is not afraid of any ordinary fatigue. She takes the little pills regularly, and tells me she feels

nearly as well as ever: she is out, as you desired, nearly the whole day. Thanks—tenfold thanks, to you, for all you have done for me. I begin to hope that you will win the thousand pounds.”

“All very well,” quoth I, “for summer news; but wait till autumn blights, and winter withers this specious coronal of false health, and all will again be dark.”

“Is it so?” said Johan; “then we must make hay while the sun shines! Would it not be well, while this deceptive appearance lasts, to give him more hope, as it is clear he is willing to purchase that cheap commodity at a good round price?”

“Do as you will,” I answered, “provided you keep him at a distance, except you like the treatment you received at his hands the last time you saw him.”

This was enough for Johan, whose soul had been scored to revenge, by every cut of Smith’s whip: he determined to raise his hopes as high as possible, that they might have the greater downfall; accordingly he wrote to him, stating, that the favourable changes which had taken place in Miss Smith’s health, were most satisfactory, and that by observing my directions, little doubts were to be entertained, of a perfect cure being effected.

I heard, subsequently, that on the receipt of this letter, Mr. Smith was almost beside himself with joy, and behaved in a most eccentric manner. Unable to contain the exuberance of his delighted feelings, and unwilling to exhibit them by his own usual violent

physical demonstrations ; for at that moment he could have embraced all mankind with the arms of unlimited philanthropy—he could not bear it, but, rushing to the stable, he saddled a horse, and vaulting on its back, was soon careering right a-head o'er hedge and ditch, paling and gate, across the country, till reaching a forge, on the road side, where the smutty Cyclops was busily hammering away, he jumped down, and seizing the large sledge-hammer, and telling Vulcan to proceed with his work, he smote in with such force, as threatened destruction to the old anvil. When he had partly tired himself with this exercise, he threw a guinea into the fire, and whilst the smiths were burning their fingers in trying who should pick it out, he coolly remarked—

“ If not one of the craft, you'll allow I'm a *Smith* ! ”

And mounting his horse, he trotted home, sagely remarking, that what he had done was better than beating half a dozen men !

Having thoroughly warmed himself, he felt cool enough to tell his daughter of the good report given by Dr. Eisenberg of her symptoms, and then gently kissing her, he left the room to prevent the well of tears, which he felt rising at his heart, gushing out at his eyes in her presence, but when he reached his own chamber, his over-joyed feelings gave way, and he wept and sobbed in hysterical paroxysms like a child.

You may well ask, why I dwell so long on this strange and inconsistent character, in place of entering into the details of some of the cases of my dis-



tinguished patients, or endeavouring to excite your sympathies by some melancholy account of hopeless and lingering illness, or exciting your risibility by giving the histories of a very numerous class of my patients the "malades imaginaires;" but the impression made on my destiny by this extraordinary person, and his having been the ultimate cause of my leaving England, affected my own mind so strongly, that I cannot help thinking it must interest any one else, more than those other circumstances which are everyday occurrences, and form the subjects of repeated narratives.

A month later, I received another letter, with a remittance from Mr. Smith, stating that matters were still going on favourably with the dear girl. A postscript, however, added, that he had met with a slight accident, a thorn having pierced his knee-joint whilst riding through a hedge: he only regretted this accident because it prevented him accompanying his daughter, in her walks and rides.

His next letter mentioned, that he had sent to London for Abernethy, who had ordered perfect quiet, bleeding and mercury to salivation, which treatment Mr. S. was unwilling to undergo, and he was most anxious to know if a case of the kind were curable by my plans?

I answered, that I must see the injury, otherwise I could not judge of its curability. I hoped as 230 miles intervened between us, that distance would have proved a sufficient barrier, to prevent his coming to me ;

but I formed a false estimate of the indomitable energy of the man, and on the fourth day, from the despatch of my answer, Mr. Smith was carried into my study. He looked a little pale, and suffering, but his spirits were high as ever, and he rambled on, alternately talking of his daughter, and his leg, whilst his attendants were stripping the limb for my inspection.

“Oh! my dear Doctor, she is beginning to look so lovely again—Gently there—you think you are girthing a horse.—Her cough nearly gone; does not flush half so much as formerly. You see there is no redness, or swelling, or inflammation, about any part of it.—When I brought her into this room four months ago, she was unable to cross the floor, now she can gallop a dozen miles—there’s the spot where the thorn entered. Oh, if you heard her laugh and sing now, you would be in raptures.—I know I took the entire of it out; for I saw that the point was perfect—and then she is beginning to get a little flesh—there was some swelling immediately after the accident, but it did not continue—her appetite is improving—what annoys me most is, that I cannot make any exertion without feeling great pain in the joint, and weakness in the limb—the night perspirations, too, have greatly decreased, and she sleeps for—gently there—hours at a time, and sweetly. Abernethy has been trying to frighten me about this leg; but I suppose he did it with the good intention of keeping me quiet. Ought she to bathe? Now, give me a candid opinion, and don’t send me back to those dockers and

croppers, who think no plan of cure sufficiently heroic without amputating one-half of a man, and poisoning the other——You did not mention what wine I ought to give her. There, don't be afraid, press it as hard as you like : you see, I can move it every way, only it feels as if the joint were dry, not lubricated as it ought to be—nay, I have heard it creak like a piece of stiff leather ; but there is little pain, and no fever, except what arises from my own anxiety to be well for her sake. Abernethy told me I had inflammation of the lining membrane of the joint, and that if I did not do as he bid me, I should have a stiff knee—lose my leg, or even my life ; but see, (here he got up and walked across the room,) no man with inflammation in his joint, could do that."

I examined the limb, and not finding any very formidable symptoms, I said I was willing to take charge of it, and that I would be answerable for effecting a perfect cure, if he remained sufficiently quiet. I then directed, that the joint should be shampooed three times daily, with the hands covered with warm oil, and that one thirty-thousandth of a grain of Arnica should be taken thrice, and that the recumbent posture should be observed for three weeks, with total abstinence from wine, or spirituous liquors. I also permitted his immediate return to Devonshire.

I thought no more of this at the time, nor did I revert at all to this case till three weeks had expired, when a letter arrived, stating that my prescriptions had been fulfilled to the letter, but that so far from any

improvement having taken place, the joint had become very much enlarged and swollen, and he found it now impossible to put the foot to the ground.

Johan read this letter, and secretly rejoicing, answered it, telling me only that a letter had come from Mr. Smith, full of complaints, and without a remittance. He sent another box of globules, and recommended that the same treatment should be continued for three weeks more. Before that time had expired, a letter reached me from Miss Smith, begging me earnestly to consider her father's state, as he had become very feverish, and spent most of the evening and night raving in the wildest manner, and never sleeping until exhausted: his knee was twice as large as it ought to be, and seemed full of fluid; he was evidently suffering great pain, and endeavouring to conceal it through regard for her feelings. All my prescriptions had been accurately conformed to. The letter concluded by stating, that her own health had not been so good, since the cold weather had set in, and that she had had several attacks of spitting of blood, which she had concealed from her father, through fear of retarding his recovery. She entreated me to come and see him, and not to make any difficulties on account of expense, as I should be amply remunerated.

"What now, Kobelt?" said I, when Johan had finished this letter.

"What, said he, "why turn him over to the Regulars, and let them kill him systematically, and if he dies, it will prevent him from using his horsewhip so freely, on the backs of better men than himself."

"Aye, if he died, it were well enough; but if he lives to become a cripple, I much fear he will knock up our trade."

"Hout! not he; it will sober him, and no one will mind such a braggadocio."

"Then the daughter; she is evidently going, and that will be enough to drive him to desperation."

"The law will protect us, if he attempts any violence; and it will be easy to say, that he forced you to undertake his case against your will; there can be nothing but his 'ipse dixit' on the other hand, and his violent demeanour is so well known, that his words will not be regarded."

I answered Miss Smith's note, by stating the impossibility of my visiting Devonshire, and complained of distrust being entertained, in the efficacy of my remedies, recommending that some other person should be called in, in whom they could repose more confidence, but declining my services in future. I need not say there was nothing to justify all this; but I guessed the effect it would have, and hoped thus to get out of my difficulty, as I had often done before.

A British poet, who deserves immortal fame, amongst other beautiful thoughts, hath written, that—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

So it was with me; a presentiment of approaching misfortune, threw its pall-like shadow over my mind, and filled me with undefined apprehensions. Struggle, as I would against it, still I could not overcome the feel-

ing : it haunted me day and night, and made me irritable first, and miserable afterwards. Do not suppose that any conscientious scruples, with regard to Smith's life or death, affected me. Oh, no ! hundreds had travelled the way to dusty death, through my agency, but that gave me no trouble, provided my instrumentality were not generally known ; but there was something in this terrible Smith, which awed me the first time I saw him, and this feeling had continually recurred, and now that a catastrophe appeared impending, I felt as though my wonted presence of mind were deserting me. How I hated that man ! What would I not have given to have heard that he had died suddenly ; yet when I attempted to analyse my apprehensions, I could not see any thing fearful in them—but the simple fact was, I was in a fright !

I could not bear to be a day without hearing how Smith's malady proceeded : this I accomplished by means of Johan's brother, who had before enacted the successful part of Tom Longmore, the leprous beggar. This man found means to introduce himself into the household, and, with his usual cunning, culled all the information I desired. From the accounts he sent me, I shall give the sequel of Mr. Smith's case.

First, he stated, that a letter had arrived (doubtless it was mine) which had thrown the family into the greatest confusion ; the young lady had opened and read it beside her father's bed, and became suddenly affected with violent emotion, which brought on faintness, then a fit of coughing, and the handkerchief which

she held to her mouth, appeared dyed with blood. Notwithstanding her efforts to conceal it, her anxious father saw it, and with a howl of despair, he threw himself from the bed, despising the agony of his own suffering, in concern for her, and taking his daughter in his arms, he supported her till the paroxysm of coughing had past, weeping all the while like an infant, at this, to him, sudden renewal of all his griefs. The poor girl endeavoured to calm him, and get him again replaced in bed, where he underwent tortures of body from the recent motion, and of mind, from all the fond hopes he had entertained of his idol's health being nearly re-established, thus being crushed in a moment.

In the confusion, the fatal letter fell into his hands, which threw him into such a paroxysm of rage, that an apoplectic seizure was the consequence.

A neighbouring surgeon was sent for, who did what such gentlemen usually do in such cases, viz., bled, leeches, blistered, and poured in mercury, as though he intended to turn the man into a thermometer.

In a few days, after frightful raving, his patient's senses were restored, and on being informed of the history of the knee, and hearing that Abernethy had seen it before, he wisely sent for him again.

The rough, but kind old man came, and seeing the state of fever in which Smith was, satisfied himself with endeavouring to calm his mind; and having opened a large abscess communicating with the joint, declared his opinion privately to the surgeon in attendance, that the knee was destroyed, all the cartilages gone, and a very rabbit burrow of sinusses all about it.

“Save it, if you can,” said he; “but if the hectic fever continues too long, and you see that he is sinking under it, why, the limb must be sacrificed; but give it all the time, and every chance you can, for a stiff joint is better than a wooden leg.

It was just a month from this period, when the great London surgeon was again summoned, and with sorrow beheld the changed appearance, extreme emaciation, and sunken, apparently dying state, of the once handsome and powerful Smith. Consultation was but a form, and the same evening the limb was removed.

From Smith’s bed-side, Abernethy was brought by the surgeon, to that of his daughter. There lay the once beautiful Emily, gasping in the last struggle of parting breath: his practised eye saw at a glance, that Death’s icy hand was freezing the current of her gentle blood; there was that waxy, pellucid look about her rarely seen, except in the victim of Consumption, which seemed as though you could see through the skin and flesh, and there was that peculiar odour, generated by the damps of death, which seldom deceives the observant physician.

She could not speak aloud, but making a sign to the skilful old man to stoop close to her, she whispered in his ear, with great difficulty—

“My father? Will he live?”

Abernethy said, aloud—

“He has borne the operation well, and I have good hopes of his recovery.”

A brilliant flush of colour illumined the clay-cold cheek of the dying girl, and for an instant lit up her

eyes with supernatural brilliancy, as, half rising in the bed, she grasped the neck of her weeping maid, and with the liquid notes of her voice, strong as ever they had been in health, she exclaimed—

“Thank you, thank you; man of truth, I thank you.”

Then sinking back, as if exhausted by the effort, and by her excited feelings, she looked up towards Heaven, with a sweet smile, and breathing forth—“Lord Jesus receive my spirit,” her features collapsed, a shudder ran through her frame,—and the lovely Emily Smith’s earthly career was ended. A blood vessel had burst internally.

CHAPTER XIII.

" And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see." COWPER.

" L'évènement souvent confond la prévoyance."
DE STAEL.

" Philip, thy wounds, thy wars, thy dangers were
Of slight import, when such a being fair
Hung o'er thy bed, or flitted round thy room,
Like noiseless spectre, o'er a lover's tomb,
Whilst yet thy scarcely conscious senses knew
If heav'n or earth were present to thy view."

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

MY terrors were greatly increased, when I received intelligence from Fritz Kobelt, of the events just recorded. Oh! thought I, if that horrid Smith had died, in place of his daughter, then I might have some enjoyment of life; but who knows? he may sink yet. So courage, Eisenberg. Abernethy cannot insure his living more than myself; and even if he should live, wicked and furious as he is, he will be but a cripple, and I should surely be able to run faster than he can hop; so let me drive away these ridiculous fears. Come, Wine, celestial Wine, aid me to expel these terrors, and thou Nicotian herb, calm this trouble of my breast, with thy balmy, care-dispelling influences. It

must be this drizzling climate which so completely unmans me. How the rain drives against the windows, and the foggy air is almost thick enough to walk upon. "Here, Kobelt," I said, "shut the door against the whole world, and the windows against this wild weather, heap up the fire, and let us make a night of it, and enjoy ourselves, for I feel sad and comfortless, and that letter from your brother, about those Smiths, has annoyed me exceedingly. But let us drown care, and lose ourselves, like true Germans, in clouds of our own making—better, I am sure, than the spiritless fogs of this murky land."

"Slave of thy hand," said Kobelt, in mock heroics, "I obey."

He went out, and in a few minutes returned, bringing wine, pipes, tobacco, and the hall-door knocker.

That night, we smoked and drank quietly, but incessantly, and talked of Fatherland, and told stories, and sang songs, and hugged and kissed each other, and swore inviolable friendship, and gave toasts, and tasted the delightful ecstasy of sitting in silence, gently emitting tiny volumes of continuously curling smoke for hours, till our thoughts wandered, as it were, into other worlds of existence, and scorned, in their winged speed, to touch this earth with the tip of their foot.

As the small hours approached, we each perceived that the other was becoming unsteady in his chair, and having mutually announced the discovery, we wheeled away the table, and established ourselves in half recumbent positions, on sofas on either side of the fire, with our respective bottles, pipes, and glasses on chairs

beside us. Thus, we redoubled our enjoyment, and proceeded in our agreeable occupation, till inebriety, and sleep together, took possession of our senses, and then we dreamed, till the street clamours roused me at morn, to my lucrative avocations.

How far superior, in method and spirit, was this proceeding, to that of the beastly Englishman, who gets drunk on his chair, then falls off it, and spends an obscene night beneath the table, with blackened eye and bruised visage, amidst the debris of bottles, glasses, and spilled wine, which his stupid want of foresight has caused. The German is, undoubtedly, even in his drunkenness, the superior; for there is philosophy and method in it; and it is rather to be considered as a transcendently sublimating process of imagination, setting the mind free from the corporeal shackles for a season, to soar into regions peopled by the world of spirits, than a gross, selfish, sensual delight in the fluid guttled, as in the other case. This admits of proof in the circumstance of the German enjoying the getting drunk on sour beer, sometimes in preference to the more highly prized wines. Commend me to your sensible German, who, knowing that the liquor he is about to drink, will stretch him on his back, quietly lies down beforehand, and defies fortune: such conduct really deserves the name of *rationality*.

That night, as I dozed off into profound sleep, I felt perfectly happy, and the next morning, when I awoke, I felt distinctly conscious of the pleasures I had experienced.

Johan was still snoring, in careless and blissful for-

getfulness of the past and present, and utter thoughtlessness of the future. Sometimes he seemed to dream, and occasionally, audible murmurs broke from his lips, showing with what rapid springs his thoughts were flying from one subject to another. I recollect a few of his expressions :

“ This, certainly, cannot be Heaven ! Oh, no ! for my master is here ! —— ”

“ I am starving—starving, and you tell me to help myself to an infinitesimal ration of bread, and to feel satisfied. Must I have no more than the ten-thousandth part of a drop of water, to slake this intolerable thirst ? Ach, no ! Master, dear, imaginary medicine may do very well, but imaginary food will not sustain poor, bedoctored humanity. Ach, ach ! If your carriage-wheel set your teeth on edge, with its dry screeching, would you attempt to rectify it, by pouring into its box an infinitesimal dose of oil ; if your coat were dusty, or splashed, after a journey, would you order it to get the ten-thousandth part of the rub of a brush to make it clean ; if your wife scold you, till you think yourself the veriest nincompoop in existence, would you only give her the fifty-thousandth part of a malign look, as punishment ? Oh, Master, dear, do you not recollect the story of the Frenchman’s horse, which died the very day he had triumphantly reduced its diet to a single straw per diem ? Now, you are angry with me, but let me be treated justly, give me but an infinitesimal scolding, or if you must strike me, let it be with but the one-hundred-thousandth part of the

tip of your little finger. Don't break your own rules!"

Here he snored off again into sound sleep, notwithstanding the outburst of irrepressible laughter which escaped me. Here's a traitor in the camp, thought I; but friend Johan is too good a hypocrite to be dangerous, where his own interest is concerned; still it may be advisable not to let him get drunk in any society but my own, afraid of secrets transpiring.

The sleeper now began to laugh loudly, and then muttered, with all the misplaced emphasis of a maiden speech:—

"Yes, my Lords and Gentlemen, ever since I have had the honor of being enrolled a member of this Honorable House, I have felt that the national expenditure has been most *unhumelike*, and *unriceful*; and I now feel, that the crisis of affairs has arrived, and that every honest man that loves his country, should speak out, careless of applause or censure. The debt is crushing us. The munitions of war cannot find ships to carry them. The treasury cannot find funds to pay for them. The taxes are at a maximum,—all property at a minimum—National Bankruptcy stares us in the face!!! But, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the midst of this fearful confusion, one little star of brilliant hope shines forth, to rescue this mighty kingdom from impending destruction! I see anxiety depicted in every countenance, to know the wondrous means which is capable of working out such glorious ends; I will delay you no longer,—I shall at once un-

fold this mighty secret, by means of which, liberty shall be made to flourish, distress and difficulty shall be swept away, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer shall be enabled to exchange his ponderous Budget, for a purse no larger than a mouse's ear; it is by applying to the constitution of the State, the same principles which have been found so efficient in the constitution of man; I mean Homœopathy. Let political Homœopathy take the place of all other state policy, and soon will all the happy effects of a sound and vigorous government, be felt through the length and breadth of the land. (Huzza, juchsa, Heydidledidey!) Let all branches of the Executive be paid homœopathically; that is to say, infinitesimally; their immense salaries are sufficient to keep them *laid up* for ever in their snug births. Let the army and navy be paid, and rationed after the same fashion, and in particular, let the ridiculously wasteful expenditure of gunpowder and ball, be attended to and retrenched; for if the smallest, imaginable portions of charcoal, nitre, and sulphur produce effects more marvellous and decided on the human frame, than the largest doses which could be swallowed, why should not equally small portions of gunpowder answer equally well, for the effective loading of the largest ordnance, which are not subject to the distracting influences to which humanity is liable, but have nothing to do, but receive, and explode them? We shall no more have whole mines of iron and lead discharged uselessly against an enemy, with all the pompous clap-trap noise of a cannonade; one grain of

iron, properly divided, with appropriate infinitesimal proportions of powder, will be sufficient for a whole army ; and the destruction, from such discharges, (howsoever incredible) will be greater, although not perceived at the time, than that, accruing from the old pompous method of war, in which so much material of various kinds, including fire and smoke, are so ridiculously expended, in the attempt to perform, in a few minutes, with infinite risk to all engaged, what the Homœopathic method of fighting, would steadily and certainly accomplish in a few months or years. Believe me, gentlemen, that infinitesimal charges of powder and ball, are fully as effective in the fields of Mars and Bellona, as are infinitesimal doses in the Hospitals of Æsculapius and Hahnemann !

“ Then, again, the glorious principle of universal application, to be found in that splendid Aphorism, “ *Similia similibus curantur*,” should be held in mind, in conducting the field ambulances for the wounded. The enormous expenses of Hospital Staffs, with instruments, bandages, and medicines, may be at once abandoned ! All that will be necessary, will be to have a band of nurses, **quick** and adroit in applying to every wound and injury, the implement which may have inflicted it ; for example, should any poor fellow be run through with a sword, and lie bleeding and helpless on the ground, perhaps crying out for aid, let one of the nurses immediately thrust another sword through the track of the wound, uttering, at the same

time, "*Similia similibus curantur*," to inspirit the patient. It is astonishing how much ordinary surgery this will save, and it is more than probable that the patient will immediately cease complaining, and become perfectly tranquil. The same principle must be applied to gun-shot wounds, freedom from pain being generally procured by one or more discharges into the wounded part. Imagine a man crushed by the wheel of a piece of flying artillery; scruple not to attach him firmly to the wheel of the next gun which may pass: away he goes, like Ixion, and I will venture to wager the glories of my noble art against vulgar surgery, that that man will never stand in need of an hospital.

"As to the outfit of an army, clothing, arms, and every other requisite, should be given in infinitesimally small portions; for, by our unerring principles, the same, or even a greater degree of warmth, must be obtained from the smallest shred of red cloth, as from the most thickly padded coat. Economy, in the cavalry regiments, may be consulted by each, possessing but one horse, that will allow the one-thousandth, or one-eight-hundredth of a horse to each cavalry soldier, and the inference is undeniable, that if the one-thousandth of a particle of *Briony*, or *Rhus Toxicodendron*, will carry a man through a typhus fever, the one-thousandth of a whole horse will carry him triumphantly through a charge."

The soi-disant M. P. again relapsed into more perfect slumber; and as I had nearly finished my toilet, I was proceeding to rouse him, when he uttered a scream

which startled me, and shrieked out, in a fearful manner—

“ Oh, Mr. Smith, it was not I—I did not kill her. Oh, keep your leg away, the blood is drowning me—it plays in my face, like a fire engine—It was he, Eisenberg, that destroyed your leg,—not I. Oh, save me, save me !!! ”

Terrified at perceiving the effect produced on the sleeping man, by this cause of my own fears, I dashed a basin of cold water into his face, which quickly roused him, and he started up, in the greatest confusion, still crying, “ Save me, save me,—blood, blood ! ” It was not till I had shaken him roughly, and that he had rubbed the water out of his eyes, that he became fully sensible that he was in perfect safety, and then the wretch laughed at his vain terrors, having unintentionally fixed the barb of apprehension inextricably in my bosom.

I hurried to my patients, and endeavoured, as my only resource, to forget my own trouble in their absurdities ; yet, still would the same visionary woes compass me around, and struggle as I would, I could not escape them ; every moment I dreaded their realization. I found, like many others, my only oblivion in narcotics and brandy, and for some time I rarely retired to my couch in a state of sobriety.

Money-making, no matter by what means, appears to be the most agreeable and fascinating of all occupations, to the majority of mankind, yet the charm began to lose its power on me. I had acquired not only a

competency for England, but enough to have kept me in affluence in my native land ; but there was a perpetual presentiment teasing me, that I should meet some direful downfall, which would reduce me again to insignificance and misery. I had nothing to support my sinking spirits—nothing of reality—no friend but my servant, and I distrusted him, because I knew he was serving his own interests, whilst affecting mine : no religion, I thought that it, in all its forms, was but the tool by which knaves could work on fools : no country, for the place of my birth would gladly disown the, all but legal, parricide ; none of those finer sympathies which bind loving hearts untiringly together in the sweet links of mutual love. I discovered, that in the acme of my success, I was more wretched than when steeped to the lips in heart desolating poverty.

A sense of loneliness began to reign in my mind, nearly to the expulsion of avarice, and often, in my fits of despondency, I would have resigned all, for the comfort and solace of one genuinely loving, and truly sympathising mind.

I had followed the advice given me in London, not to enter into society, or I might have dissipated this unwholesome gloom ; but I well knew that it was necessary to abstain from familiar intercourse, in order to sustain my part as a wonder-worker.

At last, I unbosomed myself to Johan, and he decided at once, that I ought to marry. But who ? He had a niece of his own, an artificial flower-maker, in London, an excellent and pretty girl, whom he could strongly recommend.

Had such a suggestion been made to an Englishman, under similar circumstances, by his domestic, he would have knocked him down for his insolence : an Irishman would have thrown him out of the window : a Scotchman would have tweaked his nose till it was as extensible as Indian rubber ; but as I had not the felicity of being born in any of these islands, I contented and amused myself, by enquiring into the merits of the proposed bride, and when Johan had exhausted his breath and vocabulary in praise of the damsel, and expatiated magniloquently on the exquisite flowers she could make, I stopped him, by pleasantly observing—that as mine was an artificial system as well as hers, I was apprehensive that two of a trade might not agree.

Though I did not follow Kobelt's advice to the letter, I was perfectly willing to do so in the spirit, and I cast about me how best to realize the project. There were amongst my patients, numerous young ladies of beauty, sufficient to please the most scrupulous, and also fortunes large enough to tempt the cupidity of any adventurer ; but how was I to make myself desirable to them ? How were those delicate, and almost imperceptible approaches to the female heart to be made by one in my position. Renowned as I was, and estimated as I might be, in the minds of those ladies who were loudest in chanting my praises in all places, I well knew that one and all, would reject uniting themselves to the quack whom they praised, and that I should find great difficulties in my way, even were my suit to

be preferred to the daughters of the humbler class of merchants, to whom my wealth might make me desirable. I never intended to try these latter however, and I hoped that opportunity might offer of making a good speculation; if not, I must jog on as I was, and make the best of it.

After this conversation, I must confess I made more enquiries than I had hitherto done, into the relative merits of my female visitors—i. e., into their fortunes, &c. Beauty and fortune combined, seemed placed beyond my reach; either of them separately, I could easily have obtained; but as mine was a game of life, I determined to throw high, and win a great stake, or nothing. This, no doubt, was very delicate play, and required great nicety of judgment to make a hit, and in the full occupation of my time, I had little leisure for plotting effectually; however, I trusted that the Blind Goddess, who had already befriended me so much, would soon afford me the requisite opportunity.

Many months passed over, and I was beginning to think that I was better spending a merry bachelor-life than shackled in the fetters of Hymen, when a vision of loveliness, such as I had never seen before, banished these thoughts, and absorbed my whole mind in an overwhelming desire to make it my own. Without intending it, I was positively in love, if not being able to think of any thing else, neglecting all my comforts, and spending my nights without sleep, be any proofs of the tender passion. My practice did not suffer in the least from this circumstance—nay, it never

flourished so much, or so well. This may be accounted for by a discovery I had made in Homœopathy, and which for a long time I had adopted—viz. : that one kind of globules answered fully as well as any other, in all variety of diseases, consequently I had ceased to trouble myself in making preparations of medicaments, and as a substitute for all, I employed sugar of milk. Thus my present abstraction and carelessness could produce no ill effects, and the phthisical, as well as the gouty, the feverish and the hypochondriac, were all treated absolutely alike ; and when they thought that they were swallowing, undiscernible portions of the most potent medicines, they were only imbibing and absorbing minute particles of the sugar of milk. I do not know whether the presumed mesmeric influence changed those particles into the substances they mentally represented, but I am perfectly sure that their action was precisely similar.

“ Mais revenons à nos moutons.” A widow lady came to me one day, accompanied by her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of most surpassing beauty, and fascinating expression. The gentle, unassuming, yet perfectly self-possessed air of these ladies, told me at a glance that they moved in the higher walks of society, and the unadorned simplicity of their language confirmed the supposition. I shall not enter into a long detailed description of ruby lips, cherry cheeks, and eyes rivaling the empyrean blue, but say simply that this young lady was in my eyes most perfectly beautiful, and made a very strong impression on me, in my then mood of mind.

The young lady's complaint was a nervous cough, not of a serious or dangerous nature. I prescribed, of course, sundry little pills—one to be taken every hour, strengthening diet, and horse exercise, all which pleased my patient very well. I recommended her not to go out in the heat of the day, but in the cool of the morning and evening, and expressed a wish to see her every second day.

The moment she was gone, I summoned Johan, and requested him to find out for me all he could about this interesting girl. Johan was just the man for such a commission: before the day had passed, he had made the acquaintance of the family footman, then of the lady's maid, and lastly, he became most intimate with an old steward, who had resided in the family for many years; but on the death of the head of it, having received a handsome legacy, he set up a seed shop, and was carrying on a respectable business. From all these quarters he received the following information:

That Miss Fortescue was an heiress in the undisputed possession of a fortune amounting to 20,000 pounds, to which might be added large expectancies on the demise of her mother, and of an old uncle, an eccentric widower, and now childless, who possessed large estates.

So far, so good, thought I; but such a fortune and such expectancies, with so much grace and beauty, if they excite my hopes and my ambition, must also add greatly to my difficulties, and it cannot be that such a garden of Hesperides, should be without a watchful Dragon to

guard its golden fruit ; no doubt this old uncle—perhaps some shrivelled old anatomy of a man, sun-dried in the Indies to such a degree, that he might defy Death to find a soft part to fix his dart in : the mother seems gentle enough, and it is evident that her affections are concentrated on this only child ; in her she lives, and I think would be easily induced to do whatever her daughter wished. Well, it is clear that the thing to be attained in the first place, is to get into the young lady's good graces ; my mother wit, and native modesty, must accomplish the rest.

After numerous visits, I began to become somewhat intimate with my patient, and as her health daily improved, I was in high favour with mamma, and was often pressed to accept of her kindly hospitalities. These invitations I steadily refused, in order to keep the rule I had laid down for my own direction, although such refusal cost me, in this instance, a severe pang. Accident gave me another and a better opportunity of forwarding my schemes, and in a way more likely to succeed, than that of meeting the young lady under the frigid influence of mixed society.

I had been in the habit for some time, of taking exercise every evening on the handsome horse, given me by the Baronet, mentioned amongst my first patients. On one of these occasions, as I was walking my horse through a shady lane, about four miles from the town, I heard horses galloping along quickly after me, and in a few minutes my patient, Miss Fortescue, reined up her spirited mare beside me, her bright eyes

flashing, and her countenance brilliant with the bloom given by the excitement of the healthy exercise.

"Ha, Doctor," cried she, "following your own prescription, and splendidly mounted, too! What a superb creature! You will soon be quite an Englishman, if you love such an animal as that. Now, I am delighted to have met you on such a steed, for I wanted some good nag to try the speed of my new mare; so, my good Sir, just give me a lead over that gap into the pasture—it is no leap—and then I'll try your mettle through Squire Brown's long fields."

I was taken quite by surprise; I had never leaped a horse in my life, even over a drain; and here was a delicate and fragile girl asking me to attempt riding over a fence which I did not believe a horse could get over, even when unimpeded by my awkwardness.

"Madam, I could not think of going before you." I had just presence of mind to say.

"John," said the lady to her groom, "does Lilla jump?"

"Like a deer, ma'am."

"Then, Herr Eisenberg, I'll race you to the mill yonder; a pair of white gloves on the match."

Saying this, she twigged the side of her shining little chesnut, and dashing across the road, sprung into the air, and disappeared from view on the other side of the fence.

I had heard that the English were a nation of horsemen, superior to the whole world; but I was now to learn, that many of its women of the highest rank, and

most feminine manners, would be more than a match for any foreigner in equestrian exercises. On the present occasion, I know not how I should have acted had the determination rested with myself, but before I had time either to think or act, my noble horse, which was a first-rate hunter, made three or four springs, tossing me helplessly about in my saddle; and the first intimation I received of the fact of my having crossed the fence, was derived from hearing the merry laugh of Miss Fortescue beside me, as I was struggling to get back off the horse's neck, where I had been pitched, into my proper place in the saddle. Scarcely was this accomplished, and before I had recovered my breath, of which surprise and the suddenness of the hoist had deprived me, when I heard the young lady's clear, laughing, musical voice.

"Now—one, two, three, and away!"

As the last word sounded on my ears, I was suddenly carried forward at a speed which deprived me of sight for some instants; and even when I had somewhat recovered it, all I could see was a vague fluttering of something before me; there was a dreadful rushing of the wind in my ears, and the feeling of certainty, that my last hour was come, almost deprived me of my senses.

When this painful state had continued for some time, I perceived that the pace had somewhat slackened, and I now began to have some nearer idea of my actual state, and finding I had suffered no harm, I gathered up my reins, and endeavoured to pluck up my courage.

I found that I had lost both my hat and whip. Miss Fortescue was cantering along briskly half a dozen strides before me, occasionally looking over her left shoulder to see if I were gaining on her. To my great joy the mill was visible at no great distance, its heavy fan turning lazily in the evening breeze, and the smooth sheep-pasture extended from the place where we were galloping, without any intervening fence, to its very walls. I was quite satisfied with the novel sensation produced by my first leap, and had no wish to seek a repetition of so incomprehensible a transaction; but perceiving that now there was neither obstacle nor danger, I urged on my steed, and in a few bounds, had reached, and actually passed, my fair competitor, who, not expecting such an attempt on my part, sought only to maintain a slight advantage. In an instant the little whip was at work—the lady was at my side, and the last hundred yards to the mill was a furious rush. I must confess, that from the moment I perceived that there was no danger, I began to spur my horse vehemently; at first, this added to his speed, being continued, it made him restive—he swerved, bounded wildly into the air, and plunged, as though he were about to drive his head into the earth. The lady took advantage of the loss of speed incurred by these gambols, and clipped by me like lightning, her little mare having her ears laid close to her neck, and the whites of her eyes showing malignly as she stretched out to her utmost speed.

Miss Fortescue reached the mill first, and striking

the wall lightly with her whip, reined up her spirited little animal, and cried, as she turned to me—" Victory, victory !! "

As I was close to her, I intended pulling up too, and I believe, so did my horse ; but in checking thus suddenly from full speed, I forgot my unlucky spurs, and to steady myself in my seat, I unwittingly applied them several times to the smarting flanks of my now furious steed ; in place of stopping, the animal writhed beneath me, and made several bounds, in vain endeavours to get rid of his persecutors, which were only the more vigorously applied by his unconscious rider ; at last, he threw his head in the air, and darted off with frantic speed down the hill.

A deep water course, or mill race, about ten feet wide, ran from the mill, down the gentle descent, and crossed the lower part of the field, with a wide sweep ; towards this, with headlong speed, the horse hurried me ; if I were confused before at my unknown danger, I was now in the utmost consternation, as the thought of the dreadful whirl through the air, which seemed inevitable, flashed on my mind. I would have given all my possessions, to have been able to fall off that terrible horse, but I could not let go my hold ; I clutched to the mane, and pommel of the saddle, with the grip of a drowning man.

The water was reached, and its bright flash struck on my sight, as with a dreadful bound the horse cleared it. I can only account for my not being thrown, by the unchecked speed, in a straight line, at which I was

carried. The next enclosure was passed in a moment, and I had the consciousness of another leap being accomplished, without my having seen it ; several similar sensations were perceived, although I had become so exhausted by terror, as not to know what was happening to me, except that I was in momentary expectation of being dashed to the ground ; so terrible was the suspense of my position, that I even wished for it. I was fast losing my strength, and the instinct of self-preservation was beginning to desert me. I can compare my sensations, during this fearful ride, only to some which I have experienced in my dreams. Cold perspiration burst from every pore ; a swimming sickness came over my brain ; the last thing I was at all aware of, was a violent shock.—

I knew nothing more till I awoke in the dead of the night ; looking around, I perceived that I was lying in a handsome bed ; wax lights were burning on the table. I could hear whispering voices, but could not see the speakers, on account of the curtains. I tried to turn on the other side, but the effort gave me so much pain, that I was fain to lie as I was, and shut my eyes. I tried to raise my arm to my head, but could not, it was powerless, and as I felt along it with my other hand, it seemed swathed in bandages. There was a bandage also round my chest, and every breath I drew caused me sharp pain and severe stitches.

I groaned, and, like the scenes in a phantasmagoria of dissolving views, my bed was suddenly surrounded by persons, all of whom looked fixedly at me, and a

gentlemanly looking man, in a plain suit, laid his hand upon my temples. I muttered, "Where am I? What has happened?"

On which, the gentleman I have mentioned, made a sign to the others to retire, and then begged me to compose myself, and not speak for the present. He then held something to my lips, which I drank mechanically, and soon relapsed into a dreamy state of slumber, from which I did not fully awake, till the brilliant sun of the next day, high in heaven, shone brightly through the chinks of the closed shutters; then, for the first time, I began clearly to know that some very serious accident had happened to me, and I waited with impatience to see some one who could unravel the mystery.

All was perfectly still, yet the slight rustling, caused by my stirring a little, brought a nicely dressed old woman to my bed-side, who, courtesying, asked me, if I felt much pain, or wanted any thing?

I answered, by requesting to know where I was, and what had happened to me?

In a few words, the old dame told me that her young lady had brought me home the preceding evening, and that she believed I had met my accident by being thrown from my horse.

"Who is your young lady?"

"My young lady? Miss Fortescue, to be sure; blessings on her every day she lives."

"Then, I am at Hounsley?"

"Yes, Sir; but the Doctor has given particular direc-

tions that you should not speak much. I hope you will not be offended, if I do not answer any more questions."

She had answered me all I cared to ask, and I had heard enough ; for, if Fortune had broken my bones, to make amends, she had placed me under the same roof with my beloved.

CHAPTER XIV.

" A surgeon ! a surgeon !
Unclasp his habergeon !"

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

" Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Inconstant, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light, quivering aspen made.
When pain and anguish wring our brow,
A ministering angel thou !"

SCOTT'S MARMION.

" Oh ! who's had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green."

THE surgeon I had seen before, soon made his appearance, and satisfied me as to the extent of the injuries I had suffered. My left arm was broken ; there was a severe contusion of my head, and it was yet uncertain whether there were not some of my ribs fractured. This point, now that I had returned completely to my

senses, he proceeded to investigate, and soon satisfied himself that two were broken, on which account, to keep them as quiet as possible, he recommended that I should speak very little, and proceeded to take blood from my arm.

Oh! Homœopathy, this was a dreadful blow to thee, in the person of thy disciple; yet that disciple, who had daily and hourly inveighed against the monstrous absurdity of bleeding, now submitted, without a word to the dictum of an Allopath, and permitted one unacquainted with the divine power of life, to draw the vital principle from his veins, without a murmur of opposition.

When the surgeon had done all he considered necessary, he gave the usual tyrannic directions about the way in which I *must* be kept, and the hours at which certain medicines should be administered, and then left me to my own reflections, and the sedate, but silent attentions of the neat, old woman, who put her finger to her lips, and shook her head, whenever I attempted to speak.

For three mortal days did this wearisome routine continue; and on the fourth, I felt so much better, that I determined, if possible, to see and thank the hospitable mistress of the mansion, for her kindness to me. Having, with difficulty, obtained leave of the medical man to have a short interview with Mrs. Fortescue, that lady came to the bed-side, and, in place of permitting me to utter all my feelings of gratitude, she courteously begged me to consider, that all she could do

for me, would ill requite me for the nearly perfect restoration of her daughter's health ; and, indeed, she added, Clara's wild spirits have been, in some measure, to blame for the accident which has befallen you. She is so volatile, that sometimes there is no possibility of restraining her, when her vivacity gets the better of her discretion.

"Well, well, well," said a soft voice, at the foot of the bed, whilst a lovely head glided between the closed curtains, "is it not a hard case, that a poor maiden should be blamed for not playing the hypocrite, and looking demure, when her heart is merry."

"Hush, child ; you know Dr. Eisenberg is not allowed to speak."

"That is the very thing, mamma ; so you see, whilst I am here, there is no danger of his infringing the sage directions given, as you generally say that I monopolize all conversation. But, good mother mine, as you have broken our agreement, that you were not to say a word about me to Dr. Eisenberg, you cannot expect that I shall keep pact with you ; he must think ill enough of me already, for bringing him into such a scrape, without your convicting me, sans judge or jury ; but you shall find, that I shall justify myself in his eyes, as soon as he is able to hear my whole, full, and unprejudiced defence ; all I'll ask from him, now, is to forgive me, and when he is better, I intend to convince him that the Fates have taken vengeance on him, for not paying us a willing visit, by bringing him here without his own consent." Then, she added, with a

sly look of irresistible humour, " But the next time he honors us with a visit, we shall take care not to put him to the necessity of leaping over the Park wall,—not to say any thing of the buffalo fence, which no horseman has ever crossed but himself; and, my dear Doctor, you showed singular prudence, when you did condescend to come down at last, to fall outside the ring enclosure, as the whole wild herd were upon you, with that fierce, old bison at their head; I thought you were lost, when I saw you leap in, but the leaping out was a feat our boldest huntsmen deemed impracticable: it was no disgrace, I can assure you, to have come down at such a fence. Old Bashan, in his fury, at your escape, made a tremendous attempt to follow; and though he is no mean bouncer, he fell back, roaring in the gripe, and has been limping about in a fit of the sulks ever since, tottering on his limbs, and only giving an occasional bellow of defiance to the whole world. Well, after escaping the bull and the fall, surely you cannot entertain any enmity against a poor, harmless maiden. I have an uncle, who, to borrow his own phraseology, would 'enjoy' a whole skinful of broken bones, to have had the glory of escaping such a danger, and riding over such a fence."

I assured the young lady, that I did not accuse her of any part in my misfortune, which was entirely owing to my having given my horse too much head; and added, that I only regretted my accident, on account of the trouble and anxiety which I had caused to her and her mother.

After a few more complimentary speeches, the ladies left me, having promised to send for Johan. My wounds and bruises seemed as nothing ; and despite of my weakness, and the pain I suffered, I could not help saying to myself, " Carl Gruber, thou art a lucky man, play thy cards well now, and thou need'st not envy any man on earth."

For some days, after this, a sharp attack of fever came on ; and, as I was told afterwards, I raved considerably at times. Johan had arrived, and took the place of the old nurse, and well it was that he had ; for in my ravings, I talked of many things, which certainly would not have tended to produce a good impression.

When the fever subsided, and I had in some degree recovered my tranquillity, Johan told me that he was the bearer of several letters to me, and that one of them had particularly attracted the attention of Miss Fortescue, who had frequently taken it up, and examined the direction and the seal ; and on one occasion, had asked him if he knew from whom it came, remarking, that it excited her curiosity, from the similitude of the writing, to that of a very dear friend of her's. I thought nothing of this at the time ; I remembered it bitterly afterwards, when it was too late to have asked any questions ; yet, had the question been answered me, why that lady took an interest in that letter, it would have saved me a world of woe.

I desired Johan to read me all the letters, which he did. Most of them were from patients at a distance, seeking directions, and telling the progress of their

cases, ; some were from new patients, requesting consultations ; one was from Heinrich Hosse, the London Homœopathist, informing me, that he had thoughts of leaving London, and offering me his establishment and practice on reasonable terms.

This showed me that my success had become known ; but neither was I in a condition, nor had I inclination at present, to consider this proposal.

Amongst the rest, there was a letter from the thoroughly detested Smith Smithson Smith, couched in terms worthy of their author ; it was very laconic, yet very full of meaning, and ran nearly thus :—

“SIR—Your acquaintance has cost me a beloved daughter, and a useful limb : my life, however, has been spared ; and as it is probable I shall be able to get out in a few months, I shall make a point of putting your name at the head of my visiting list, as I wish to repay you the many obligations under which you have placed me.

“I remain your very humble and obedient Servant,
“S. S. SMITH.”

This document, as may be supposed, did not add much to my comfort ; however, there was nothing for it but to submit quietly to my destiny, and I endeavoured to reason myself into so doing ; but, notwithstanding all my efforts to forget this man, or think of him only as a maniac, I succeeded badly, and spent a very feverish night and day, after the perusal of his letter. It was not my conscience that troubled me, at having been the cause of so much misfortune to this

gentleman ; conscience, with me, was an unknown quantity ; it was, I may not conceal it, fear ; something like the sensation any one would feel who knew he was treading on the tail of a venomous serpent, and knew not how to defend himself from its sudden bite. I feel certain that I should have made immediate preparations to quit the country at any risk, to escape my undefined and vague fears, had I been able ; but, in my present state, that would have been impossible, and then there was an inducement to remain, far more cogent, a syren, a sylph was continually fluttering around my bed, pouring the liquid poison of love into my heart, through all my senses ; her beautiful form, and fine expressive countenance, delighted my sight ; her melodious voice, whether she spoke, read, or sang, ever vibrated, with its sweet, full tones upon my ear ; every little delicacy she could think of, courted my taste, and I was sure to find the brightest and the sweetest flowers of the season on my counterpane, to titillate my olfactory senses, whenever I awoke from a tranquil slumber. All her acts proceeded from a genuine spirit of hospitality, and it is more than probable, would have been lavished on any stranger similarly circumstanced ; but that consideration should not make my gratitude the less ; and foolish and ignorant must that man be, who thinks that gratitude can exist long towards a young, artless, and beautiful female, placed in such peculiar circumstances, without exciting the kindred feeling of love—but, if there be *twenty thousand pounds* in the case, the matter is certain.

Not to dwell on this episode of my history, which must be painful to you, my dearest Amélie, I shall content myself by stating, that continued and kindly intercourse had produced feelings on both sides of an unequivocal nature, which did not escape the maternal eyes of Mrs. Fortescue, and which produced some private admonitions to her daughter. The high-spirited and light-hearted girl burst into my chamber one day, immediately afterwards, in her hat and riding habit, and interrupting her mother, who was detailing some public news to me, cried out, in a laughing tone—

“Do you know, Doctor, that they tell me I have fallen in love with you? Is not that a good jest? Had they told me that you had fallen in love with me, I should have thought that quite natural, because it is only what every body does, from the Duke down to the little Major Minikin, who threatened to run himself through with his own sword, if I should cruelly refuse him. I begged him not to soil his martial weapon, and, laughing, offered him my finest bodkin. Only think of it, this desperate and suicidally-inclined hero, in the short space of three months after, actually married Mrs. Fig, the rich grocer’s widow, who was, however, too genteel to retain any thing of her honest husband’s calling, except the *plum* he had left her, and now I am credibly informed, that this woe-begone, but renegade Major, is the happiest man in the shire, smoking more cigars, and imbibing more toddy than any other little Major in his Majesty’s service, Oh! you are a faithless set, you men. I’ll none of ye!—

Vive la Liberté! So, take care, Doctor, how you let a true English girl into the sanctum of your German affections; if you have any dread of a bodkin, or if you are not fully prepared to commit matrimony with some equally redoubtable Mrs. Fig! Now, mother, don't look so serious, or you will impede the knitting of Dr. Eisenberg's fractured bones, and put him dreadfully in mind of his native Fraus, depicted in the act of devouring sour krout. I'm sure I'd make a better nurse, for I'd never permit my patients to grow melancholy.—Only ask him? But I'm forgetting what I came about: I wish to ask a favour of this wounded Knight; for if I have not fallen in love with him, I have with a part of his property, and I want him to lend it to me."

"Any thing of mine is cheerfully at the service of Miss Fortescue. Would that I had any thing worthy of her acceptance," I said, in surprise.

"There," said the young lady, going to the door, and closing it so as only to leave her head visible; "I knew that you would not refuse me. It was only to permit me to exercise Skyscraper for you, till you shall be sufficiently well to do so yourself. Thanks, thanks!"

Before a word could be interposed, or her really alarmed mother could make an effort to stop her, the door was closed, and the volatile girl had flown down the stairs, and with the ready assistance of the old Steward, who was waiting, sprang into the saddle, and galloped off across the fine lawn, and was soon out of sight, behind the noble oaks, which formed the avenue, leaving her groom to follow as he might.

"Oh! that wild girl will destroy herself," cried Mrs. Fortescue, in dismay, "with these sudden and dangerous pranks; I wish you had refused her that wicked horse; but she has been so indulged, that she has now become wilful, and I must confess, that I could never refuse any thing to her affectionate nature—but here, she is coming back again, flying across the lawn like a swallow, with something in her hand. She is making for the door. I shall go and try to dissuade her from riding that terrible animal, though it is very beautiful, and she seems to manage it perfectly. Excuse me a moment;" and thus saying, the anxious and kind mother ran down stairs.

A minute later, I heard the hoofs of a horse spurning the fine gravel before the door then a sudden check, and in a few seconds more it was evident, from the sounds, that the horse was away again at speed.

Mrs. Fortescue had been too late to get speech of the fair fugitive, who had only stopped long enough to give a rose to one of the domestics, with her compliments for Dr. Eisenberg, and to say it was the yellow Chinese she had promised him. Two hours subsequently, to the great relief of Mrs. Fortescue, the horse-tramp was again heard, and Miss Fortescue, with the bloom of health and animation lighting up both eye and cheek, tapped at the door, and then entered gently, not as she usually did, abruptly, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and kissing her affectionately, whilst the tears welled up into her fine eyes, exclaimed—

“Mother—dear mother, forgive me, if I have caused you uneasiness; but I am so happy; indeed I could not rest quiet, till I had tried my skill on Skyscraper, and redeemed the beautiful fellow’s character. Oh! he is a paragon of a horse. I had a dash just now with Sir Harry Fox, mounted on his best hunter, and only think, distanced him in a canter. Then I went to see old Mary Trewel, and as the poor old thing could not leave her bed, I had to trust to Skyscraper’s honour not to desert me whilst I went in, and he behaved like a gentleman, only that he showed he had acquired some of his master’s taste for flowers, by munching some of the honeysuckles and eglantine, which adorn the cottage. Granny Trewel is a great deal better than last week. Margaret must send her a larger allowance of soup than usual, and I think a bit of chicken would do her good. John came up just in time to assist me to mount, and then I rode as stately as Queen Elizabeth, to Widow Thompson’s, to see how Johnny was getting on after his fever—better—ordered wine. What do you think of my practice? I also wanted to know, whether the unmentionable (before-males) undergarments, for the poor Timmonses, were finished—but the fever stopped the work, so I gave orders to have what I wanted accomplished at the school-house, and bid Mrs. Thompson keep the others, for fear of contagion; I told her, she will easily find backs to put them on. Then I walked my horse—I mean yours—along the high road towards home, and at the oak grove, by Swinburne’s, I met a couple of

hundred of those curious specimens of humanity, called Irish reapers, staggering along at a great pace, every one of them seeming as if his legs were not fellows, but as if one of them ought to have belonged to a tall, and the other to a short man. I am sure they mislay them when they lie down by dozens in the barns where they sleep at night, and then pick up whatever come nearest to them in the morning. They generally use the long leg, bent to bring it to the length of the other. They were all gabbling together like a cage of monkeys, and their language was nearly as intelligible. The poor fellows were white with dust, and foot-sore with travelling; so, to leave them the whole road, I just hopped Skyscraper over the ditch into the clover field, and nodded to John to follow me, when the whole crowd set up such a shout, hurraing and huzzaing, as nearly frightened me out of my propriety. I thought they would have been glad to have pursued their unobstructed road without minding me. But, no! with one accord the whole set began capering and dancing, and flourishing their sticks and sickles, and shouting as if they had been struck with madness in an instant. At last, one of them jumped over the ditch, and cutting a caper, which would have astonished Taglioni, commenced a series of the most sweeping bows to me, as he advanced with a curiosity of a hat in his hand. John, who was evidently alarmed, rode up to the man, and desired him not to go near me, threatening him with his whip, at the same time begging me to ride off, as those ruffians would certainly rob me.

I have seen several fine actors, but, on or off the stage, I have never witnessed a more sudden or impressive transition of countenance from graciousness to demoniac fury, than that poor Irishman's face exhibited, at what he considered a mortal insult.

"Faugh-a-ballagh," cried he. "Were you the blood of Kings, you dare not hinder me being grateful and dacent to the lady, whose heart left the road open to the poor boys."

And saying this, the ragged fellow drew himself up, with a pride of eye and determined dignity of manner worthy of a Prince. But the fierce expression was gone in a moment, and his fine white teeth again appeared from ear to ear, as with a look of ironical pity, he added—

"'Tis too great luck ye have, ye spalpeen, to serve so beautiful and good-natured a lady!"

John began to wax wrathful, so I desired him not to attempt touching the man.

The reaper then addressed me, and made me almost break my heart laughing at the poetical epithets which he applied to me and my horse, and making me feel not a little vain by the expression of what must be supposed unsophisticated and unpremeditated praise, and winding up, by declaring, that "I was the Irishest and purtiest young woman he had seen since he left Con-nort."

The rest of the party had now gathered round, each anxious to testify his approbation of my magnanimous conduct; not by speeches, like the first, but by short phrases of delicate flattery, and offers of service of a truly Irish kind. For example—

"Arrah ! maybe its no woman at all, at all, but an Angel from Hiven come to gratify the likes of hus with the sight of her immortal beauty."

"Paddy Malony, Acushla, maybe, as you have a silver tip to your tongue, ye'd put yer comether on her Ladyship, and tell her, alanna, that we'd all be proud and happy to work a day or two for her, raiping, or digging praties, or any thing else she likes, just for love."

Another hardy little fellow, burnt black with the sun, and powdered white with the dust, flung his hat into the air, and flourishing his shillelagh, begged me to tell him, if there ever was any body that offended me, or that I disliked, that he "might bate him inside out, and larn him manners."

"Och, me Lady, if you only winked your eye to encourage me, I'd leather Alexander the Great, with Oliver Cromwell, and all the Lunnun poliss to back him."

It were vain to attempt giving even a faint idea of the grateful speeches uttered by these strangest of all strange beings, for an act so simple, that a party of English boors would not have noticed it. They were so pressing, for me to ask them to do something that would oblige me, that at a great loss I asked one of them to explain the meaning of a word I had heard several of them use—viz. : "Ruction ?"

"With all the veins in my heart," cried the man : "but, my Lady, it's easier to show you a ruction, than to explain it, so now, your Ladyship, attind. Boys,

the Lady wishes to see a ruction, so, where's the mother's son of yes now, that id say, white's the black of my eye."

Then taking off his shred of a coat, he began to drag it along the field, defying any of the others to tread on it, and whirling his stick about his head: at last one of his companions jumped on it with a shout, and to my utter amazement, was instantly felled by a blow from the stick held by the first, who almost immediately shared the same fate: all present took part with one or the other, so that in the space of two minutes every stick in the crowd was at work, and a most frightful battle had actually taken place. At first, I thought this was only acting, till I saw the blood flowing on all sides, and the fury which seemed to animate the combatants. I rode into the thickest of the battle, and begged and entreated them to stop.

"Och, yer Ladyship, if ye only knew how hard it is to stop when the blood is once up, ye'd not ask us, but let us fight it out, and just sit there as an empire! But any how, though its hard to stop without a cut or two of the Priest's blessed whip, your will's our pleasure."

Then shouting out something in Irish, he got the combatants to give over, and I, having been very well frightened by this exhibition, cried out—

"Hurrah for St. Patrick and Old Ireland," which delicate sentiment of mine, was most tempestuously responded to with cries of "Isn't she a darlint," and a hurricane of hats almost darkening the air. Then

telling them that if they would cross to a neighbouring farm-house, (pointing out Crosby's,) they should have something to drink my health, after the amusement they had given me, I got them a cask of home brew, and told Crosby to give them a boiler of potatoes, and a fitch or two; and then, afraid I might receive any more congratulations, I cantered off under a tremendous fire of applause, and here I am, having spent my two hours most agreeably; only that, having my curiosity gratified, I should not wish to see any more "ructions."

As I did not clearly understand the whole meaning of this relation of Miss Fortescue's, I asked her some questions about the persons she had met, which made her laugh heartily, and the only information she gave me at the time was, that in Ireland there was a place which the facetious inhabitants were pleased to call the Kingdom of Connaught—a place with manners, habits, and customs, different from the rest of the world, where all the gentry were fond of a most indigestible food—viz., fire, and were therefore called "Fire-eaters." Where the paying of a debt, was esteemed absolute cowardice: where the naturalized Bailiffs, all accomplished ventriloquists, when approaching the house of any one whom they should seize, crowed like cocks, bellowed like bulls, neighed like horses, and made other extraordinary noises, forsooth, to catch them unawares: it was also a place from whence all foreign bailiffs departed without those ornamental appendages to the head denominated ears. It is truly a land of promise.

to pay ; but the performance is generally omitted, except in cases of special eccentricity. The peasantry are the finest in the world, if being perfectly happy, with nothing but potatoes to live on, with demi-nudity, and harder work than West Indian slaves, with numerous families crowded in mud hovels, and the commands of their priests and landlords, which must be obeyed, to keep them down—if all these things do not prevent them from being the most hilarious, mad, ranting, merry creatures in the world, surely they are entitled to the epithet.

“ Now, one of the striking characteristics of these funny inhabitants of Connaught is, that they all take farms at a rent which they cannot possibly pay by any exertion they may make within the province ; so every man and boy has a few cakes baked, which he ties on his back, and locking his cabin, he turns out his wife and children to grass, to support themselves, as they may by begging, &c., and away he trudges, in company with many others, to England, to mow the hay harvest, and afterwards to reap the corn, and by this means, having earned enough to pay his rent, he returns to live on potatoes till the ensuing summer, when he has to undergo the same extraordinary labour for a wretched subsistence. Such was the party I met to-day. My heart often bleeds for these poor fellows, when I see them foot-sore and wearied, after a journey of many hundred miles, setting about, and accomplishing too, a piece of work which no two well-fed burly Englishmen could perform in the same time. The most curious part is,

that whilst they are half killing themselves with labour, there is a perpetual fire of wit and mirth amongst them, which seems materially to lighten their toil: and what I now say of these poor Connaughtmen, may be predicated of the natives of the Emerald Isle in general, that they have quick perceptions, and exquisite feelings, both for the ludicrous and the pathetic; and with all their educational wants, they are a more pleasing people to have communication with, than the stupid dolt of an English boor, or the pragmatic prig of a Scotch peasant."

"You quite inspire me with a wish to see and hear more of this interesting and, as it appears, intellectual people," said I.

"Nay," said the enthusiastic girl, "I did not say intellectual, I spoke of the heart, the feelings of the Irish peasant; and if nature has formed his outer man of the roughest pottery into which human dust is moulded, I feel sure that his heart has been framed of the finest porcelain: he is feeling all over, and his life is a chequer of sensibilities and passions. But I'll tell you more about these wild Irish another time. Thanks for Skyscraper. Au revoir!"

Thus saying, away went the fair panegyrist of the much-maligned and misunderstood Irish character.

A fortnight after this conversation, I was able to be moved in an easy chair, and glad to enjoy the fresh air of declining autumn at the open window. Miss Fortescue was much with me, and amongst other things, had taken a fancy to learn German: in me she found

a ready teacher; in her I found an apt scholar: for whole hours would she sit at the table beside me, hammering away at what she called the uncouth sounds of my noble language.

Any one conversant with the nature of the human heart, must admit, that circumstances such as these, between two persons so placed, were very probable ones to inspire either decided distaste, or positive regard, and I had made the most of the interesting circumstances in which I found myself, to insinuate, that there were many mysteries connected with my history, and strong reasons of a political character, for the concealment of my rank for the present, which caused me to be regarded in the fair Clara's eyes under a very different aspect from that in which I appeared to others. Suffice it to say, I made the most of my opportunities, and when two months after my accident, I left the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Fortescue, I felt assured that I carried away with me, what she prized more than life, the affections of her peerless daughter.

On returning to my own house, after this delightful sojourn, I did not feel at all so much inclined to proceed with my business as heretofore, every thing seemed cold and heartless, and I myself a lonely being in existence. I longed for the evening, when I could once more enjoy the only society I cared for. I had commenced by merely speculating on a fine fortune, with a fine animal attached to it. I ended by esteeming the fortune, but dross, compared with its possessor! I thought of nothing else; the sweet wild tones of her

voice were ever present to my ears ; her graceful form and quickly-changing expression, flitted before my mind's eye continually, and dearest and welcomest thought to man, I knew she loved me.

There was only one thing I did not like about Miss Fortescue—her admirable and spirited horsemanship : riding with her, I always felt on the brink of a precipice ; she seemed to think a horse's power unbounded, and good horsemanship a natural and necessary accomplishment for a gentleman, and I had not even the remotest idea of riding, till within the space of a few years, and certainly had not acquired that ease of manner, lightness of hand, and perfect fixity of seat, which distinguishes the gentleman in the British isles, from almost all other nations : his country produces the finest horses in the world, and he well deserves them ; for in his management of them and himself, he is the world's Centaur, despite of all comparison with Arab, Cossack, or any other nation or tribe

Notwithstanding the feats I had performed on the eventful evening which, at the same time, caused my misfortune and my happiness, I felt a very great disinclination to attempt any thing of the kind again. Miss Fortescue, on the contrary, without ever forfeiting the character for gentleness and strict decorum, which marked her general conduct, was ever committing some eccentricity on horseback, which kept me in perpetual terror—not for her, but for myself—lest I should fall in her estimation, by not being able to do what her groom had to do every day. Having had several

heavy falls in attempting to follow her, at last I thought of a ruse, which might at the same time preserve my bones, and her good opinion. Thus I planned it. I sent Johan one evening with an apology, to say that indisposition prevented me waiting on Miss Fortescue; I had also given him his cue.

The lady anxiously enquired the nature of the illness.

Johan asked if it were not mentioned in the note?

"No; it is a mere apology for absence."

"Then, Madam, I ought not to say any thing about it."

"Oh! but Johan, I must really know; I take too deep an interest in your master, to be left in ignorance of a matter of this kind."

"I am afraid Madam, my master would never forgive me if I told you the real cause of his uneasiness."

"Oh, then, I insist on knowing, and if you do not tell me, I shall be off to town instantly, and learn from his own lips, without being troubled with any obligation to Mr. Johan!"

"Oh! dear Madam, I should rather disobey my master, than offend you; but be kind enough to recollect, that you yourself have forced me to make this disclosure. The fact is, that since my master had his ribs broken, leaping that enormous fence, every extraordinary exertion causes him to spit blood, and the only evening he has been free from it, was the one on which the wet kept you from riding. This has been going on for a fortnight, and I know that my master would

rather kill himself, than detract the slightest atom from your enjoyment."

"Why did I not know this before? Johan, you are a monster, not a man, not to have acquainted me with these circumstances. Tell the Doctor that I shall send the easy pony phaeton for him to-morrow evening, and not to attempt riding. Indeed, I am seriously inclined to be very angry with you, for concealing this matter so long."

The next evening, anticipating the arrival of the phaeton, I rode off to Hounsley Park, the residence of Mrs. Fortescue, and galloping up to the house, the first person I met on dismounting, was Miss Fortescue.

"Ha! False Knight," cried she, "thus to disobey thy *Dulcinea's* behests. I ought to condemn thee to pains and penalties innumerable; but as I am more powerful, than she of Toboso, so will I be more merciful. I ordered thee not to put foot in stirrup; thou hast disobeyed my commands; I fine thee thy courser! Here, Varlets mine, lead away yon mettled chesnut to my stables, and care it well, for it is forfeit to its owner!"

Then assuming a different tone, as we proceeded to the drawing-room, she said—

"Dearest Eisenberg, why did you not acquaint me with this illness? How sad it would have made me, were I a second time, to have caused you injury. Forgive my thoughtlessness. There is only one way in which I can make amends, and that is, by insisting on your keeping quiet till you are perfectly recovered.

Come up stairs, till mamma gives you a scolding, for I won't waste any more ill humour on you."

From that moment, I had perfect enjoyment of myself; no more dangerous equestrianism; and when again permitted to mount a horse by my delicate tyrant, every pretended ebullition on my part, of a wish to cross the country, hedge and ditch, was at once checked, and I was ordered not to quit the road, on pain of displeasure.

Months passed over in this delicious communion; my business flourished through the day, and my evenings were crowned with love.

I met, to be sure, some petty annoyances in my practice, which I did not regard much, but which were accumulating, and would, doubtless, bring a heavy score against me some day, if ever the tide of fortune turned.

One instance I shall relate. A lady consulted me for pains in her head. I prescribed a specified number of globules, to be taken at certain hours. Two days afterwards, a message came to me, stating that the lady was worse, and had been raving all night. I ordered that the doses should be diminished, and that she should be taken out in a carriage. Next day the lady's husband came to me to beg, as his wife seemed worse, that I would come and see her. I refused, determined to follow the principle I had laid down. The gentleman went away indignant, and brought a surgeon of the town to see the lady. He declared that he considered her case almost hopeless, as there was

inflammation of the brain, and that the only thing which afforded a chance of life, was profuse bleeding. This was accordingly put in practice, and the succeeding day, the lady sunk into stupor, and expired. I was accused of pursuing a practice which must end fatally in such a case. I retorted, by saying, that had my practice been carried out, and the lady left in my hands, I had no doubt she would have lived; that it was the bleeding which had caused her death. The surgeon who had advised the bleeding, took umbrage, and insisted on a post mortem examination, which was permitted, and unequivocal traces of inflammation, and effusion in the brain, and its membranes, were discovered, and vouched for by unprejudiced persons. A pamphlet, published of course by the surgeon, appeared, detailing this and many other cases, and affecting to give a clear account of Homœopathy; but it was too broadly written to excite credence, and its object was too apparent to serve the purpose for which it was intended. Had I followed the advice of my London brother, I should have passed this by in silent contempt; but I could not help yielding to the temptation of a very concise answer, which appeared in a widely-circulated paper the following morning, running nearly thus :—

“ Dr. Eisenberg has read a pamphlet, pretending to treat on Homœopathy, and, as such, calculated to mislead the public. The writer is either totally ignorant of the subject he writes upon, or has written with the malignant intention of defaming one whose practice he

cannot injure in any other way. Dr. E. would not have taken notice of this production, but to prevent others following in the same track ; and he here begs of the individual, to whom this lampoon is attributed, to remember, that the laws of the land are powerful to protect character from wilful aspersion."

Little rufflers of this kind occurred frequently—their effects were a diminution of my business for a few days, and then a greater crowd than ever, came pouring to consult me, proving that in their own estimation, at least, they possessed that greatness of mind which rendered them entirely superior to prejudice.

A circumstance, too, pleading much in my favour was to be found in the professional rank of Physicians and Surgeons, who attacked me : they never were men in the first ranks of the Profession, consequently, now that I had accumulated great wealth, I smiled at their futile endeavours, and attributed them altogether to envy : their seniors, on the contrary, were courteous to me, and did not scruple to consult with me in cases where their patients desired it, and they cheerfully acceded to the employment of my medicines in many cases. This puzzled the public—aided me—did not injure them, and did more to silence the clamours of their juniors, than any other circumstance. To speak metaphorically, the disunion of the Profession was my vantage ground ; it forms a chink in which, "*undique tutus*," I could snugly rest ; and the more vehemently I was repelled by one party, the wider my sphere of action became—the chink more open, and the hatred of

parties more intense, at every appearance of favour or countenance shown to me: the consequence was, that vain accusation, and useless recrimination, between those who, by uniting, could have crushed me, proved my safeguard and defence.

CHAPTER XV.

“ Oh, leave me to my sorrow, for my heart is oppress'd to day.”

“ Westminster, I have trod thy noble aisles,
With feelings deep, working my heart within,
Thinking of vacant dust once drest in smiles,
And regal splendor, dwindled to a thing
Which not even now the worm himself beguiles,
Pride humbled even to dust, no more can ring
Its haughty chime to offended nature's ear,
For tho' the storied marble may be fine, decay is ever drear !
UNPUBLISHED POEM.

ONE evening, as usual, I had gone to Hounsley, and had strolled out with Miss Fortescue.

“ This evening I must be sedate,” said the generally lively girl, “ for I am going on a very melancholy errand, which I have promised to perform, and were it not that I know you can sympathise with my weaker feelings, as well as enjoy my merrier moods, I should beg of you to vanish, and leave me to my lonely sadness, ‘ for my heart is oppressed to-day.’ So if you are disposed to be joyous, I warn you in time, to

quit my chilling company, and the dear dreary scenes I am about to visit, and wait till those 'dark visions shall have passed away.' I am mortal, therefore, I shall again be joyous, but at present my thoughts are with the dead, and for the dead."

"You know well, dearest Clara, that all my feelings are yours, and that you can as easily touch the chords of my heart for woe, as for joy. So be your errand what it may, let me accompany you."

"Well, as you will: but I fear your gallantry will be more taxed than you apprehend; but here comes the phaeton, I told John to follow us, as I had many things to carry with me."

When getting into the carriage, Miss Fortescue cautioned me not to tread on the flower roots, and I then perceived that a large quantity of roses, forget me nots, and other flowers were packed in the vehicle.

As we drove along, Miss Fortescue explained the meaning of what she had said, by pointing to the ivy-covered belfry of an ancient church, which had become delapidated by time.

"Thither lies our road" said she, "to visit the grave of a very dear cousin of mine, a beautiful girl of my own age, daughter of the eccentric uncle, I have so often mentioned to you. Sweet girl! I loved her dearer than a sister, I should not regret that she has left this world of sin and sorrow, to find a sure and lasting rest, where all is peace and joy, calm, deep, heart-filling, and everlasting; but my sad heart would wish her back again through pure selfishness.

I have been greatly blessed with those worldly things, which man most prizes, and yet I am often guilty of most unwarrantable repining, and have a superstitious pleasure in applying to myself those beautiful lines of the bard

“ I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me—it was sure to die !
Thou too”—

“ But no, no ! that misery will surely be spared me.”

I never shall forget the look that lovely girl turned on me at that moment, whilst her large blue eyes filled with tears so full of affectionate solicitude, at the thought which the next verse suddenly brought to her mind ; quickly overcoming this little womanly weakness, she again reverted to her cousin.

“ Poor thing ! she has often, in by gone times frisked amongst these very tombs, and come hither, ghost-hunting with me on winter evenings. There was one spot for which she had a particular fancy in that little rustic enclosure, there where you see those two old yews bending towards one another : she named those trees Philemon and Baucis, and used to say that she would like to lie between those lover-like mourners, when her soul was emancipated from its earthly bonds. That pure soul has fled to the heavenly regions, its fitting habitation, and that once beautiful form is mouldering, dust to dust, ashes to

ashes, in the spot she herself so playfully selected. Her father who is a strange character, took her away from this, suddenly, when she was very ill, telling us that she would soon be restored to health, but he did not tell us the means he was about to employ. Whatever they were, you know the result. He was very ill at the time of her death, and is still: in fact, his whole happiness was involved in that girl. As he is unable, personally, to superintend the erection of a fitting monument, the only care he can bestow on his lost child, he has entrusted this matter to me, and I have appointed a sculptor of known taste to meet me this evening, to select some design suited to the person, and the place. We expect my uncle here, as soon as he is sufficiently recovered, and I am anxious that all should be finished before his arrival.

The sexton, as remarkable a piece of antiquity as any thing about the place, was waiting the approach of Miss Fortescue, and uncovering his white head, welcomed her with a blessing.

"I am glad to see you, Groves: how is old Nanny? Do the caps fit her? Be good enough to help John to carry in those roots which I wish to have planted this evening. Is Mr. Simmonds come?"

"Yes, Madam, I mean Miss Clara, yes, and he has brought a whole waggon load of such beautiful little toy monuments, as no man ever saw: it is for all the world, as if he had robbed a fairy grave-yard, and carried off all the tomb stones: he has been laying them out behind the old yews yonder, this hour back, and has not finished with them yet."

Following Miss Fortescue, I arrived at that part of the ground where the sculptor, with the aid of a delicate looking lad, was arranging his mimic cemetery. The boy seemed full of glee as he changed the position of one, and then of another, of these curious toys, making quaint remarks as he handled each : unseen behind the thick trees, we listened for a moment, and watched the proceedings of these purveyors for the renown of the dead.

"Do you know, Papa, I am always delighted when you get one of these country orders, it is pleasant to find one's-self in these old places, with their curious inscriptions, wooden crosses, ivied towers, and funny tomb-stones : why, I declare there are some bits of slate here, pretending to be tomb-stones, which a child of four years old could pull up, and yet they are dated fifty or sixty years back, and no one has touched them. Then see what beautiful flowers are growing on some of these graves, where there is no monument at all ; I declare, there is an entire name written in flowers, and lined with sods." He pointed to a grave, where an idiot girl had been interred, and where the young peasants who had often mocked her fatuity, had thus simply, but beautifully honored her remains.

"Ha ! here are some lines written on a bit of stone, and set into the stem of the tree at the end of the grave :

" Misery with blighting showers,
Could not blast thy sunny hours ;
Ever spent midst nature's bowers.



We who mocked thee in our sport,
Call'd thee Queen, ourselves thy court,
Bring thee still thy loved flowers."

"Well, Father, these are queer people here, writing enigmas on their tombs, and making such beautiful gardens of some of them, whilst others are neglected, and grown over with hemlock, docken, and great long grass. There's a fine monument over there, of some of those Fortescues, almost buried in the briars; it is a pity there is not some one to take care of the whole place, and prevent the weeds growing as in London."

"No, my boy, this is better: it teaches a more wholesome lesson; it shows that men are not remembered for their greatness, or their riches, or their wisdom, in the hearts of their fellows. Young as you are, you have discovered that yon flowery grave of a poor pitiful idiot, draws more remembrances, and more kindly sympathy, than the costly marbles of the proud owners of the soil. Thus, God wills it, to take down the pride of man. Forty years have I been living on the vanity and feelings of man, and it remains still for me to discover which is the most enduring; I believe the former, for whenever I have received an order to put family monuments in repair, I have always remarked, that the greatest anxiety was displayed about the most ancient, which covered the bones of those whom the heir could not have known, and carelessness was evinced towards those who immediately preceded him, and who, it were natural to suppose, should be regarded with affection, as being personally known."

"But Father, these were only great marble monumented people, but do you not think that the poor have more affection for the friends and relations they have buried, than the rich?"

"Not in the city, assuredly, where people are buried in such heaps, one making way for another, that all identity passes away, even from the spot."

"Well then, Father, I hope when you or Mother die, you will have yourselves buried in the country, where some one may think of you, and where some kind friends may tend your grave, and plant flowers. That would be pleasanter, than if you had all the monuments you ever made, heaped over you."

Our advance stopped the conversation, and Miss Fortescue, with her usual grace, said—

"Who has made such a philosopher of this youth, Mr. Simmonds, I have overheard some of his remarks, and I am glad to find so much of good feeling and affection in them; but I fear he will not answer for your branch of art, unless he can get rid of a great deal of his expressed simplicity of taste."

"Indeed, Miss Fortescue, you wrong my poor boy, although, I know you do not intend it. I do not wish to flatter Charlie, but so far from being an impediment to my business, his naturally pure taste has been of the greatest value to me, and has often gained me credit for a nicety of perception, I do not deserve. I can assure you, had he been consulted in laying out Westminster Abbey, he had done it better than the mighty artists who have been engaged in forming that

tasteless Cenotaph of the world's greatness. Perhaps my love for the boy may blind me; others I know cannot find the same merits in him, that I do. I know that he possesses original, and generally correct notions, on the designs which have always occupied his thoughts, and a large portion of my fame, has accrued from adopting the leadings of his apparently inspired notions. With these strange gifts, he is shrinkingly modest, and as ignorant of the world as a child of four years."

"It is happy for you to have such a child, and from what you say, I think I shall test the powers of the young genius, by consulting his taste in the monument, I wish erected here."

During this conversation, Charlie had been wandering at a distance, out of earshot, reading inscriptions, and studying the only book he knew, the tombs. He was now called, and Miss Fortescue told him some of the circumstances of her cousin's life, such as that she had died very young, was very beautiful, and much beloved by her friends, &c.

"You wish something typical said the boy, let me think, please, a few minutes."

The lady and the sculptor now went to the grave, and were engaged there some little time, in studying the effect of different miniature monuments in that situation. Few of them were found to harmonize sufficiently, and most of them, if realized in their proper dimensions, would have required the removal of one of the trees. This was a thing not to be thought of; so, after selecting a very chaste, yet simple design,

it was agreed that it should be executed, unless the design of the lad exceeded it in beauty or effect. We saw that he had taken a sheet from a portefeuille, and was rapidly sketching. Whilst he was thus occupied, his father related to us some anecdotes about him. I remember but one of them, perhaps, because it had reference to the expression he had used previously about Westminster Abbey.

"I brought him," said he, "at about eight years of age, to show him the monuments, without telling him the nature of the place, he said very little whilst going round, but when he had come away, he remarked, that my little studio would look very small, after the big ware-house we had left, and that it was very strange that so many tombs ready finished, with inscriptions, should have been left so long on hands, that the marble had become in some instances decayed and worn. I felt, at the time, that the boy's observation was just, and it has frequently occurred to me since, when traversing those show galleries of sculpture—the effect of death, and funereal pomp, is not more exhibited there, than in a picture gallery!"

Charlie now came with his hasty sketch, and the first glance at it, realized his father's praises.

"The lady you have said, Madam, was lovely; the purity of that simple white marble Corinthian column, may stand as its emblem; she was cut off early in life; therefore, is the capital and a portion of the shaft, as it were, broken off by violence, and fallen as you may perceive, into a perfectly circular, black

marble basin, crushing an hour glass and scythe in their fall; this indicates the sudden and premature passage from time into eternity, the circular form of the basin, typifying the latter. Initials, and a date are all that will be necessary for such a monument, oral tradition will perpetuate the name coupled with it, longer than any graving in stone would last."

"Wonderful child," cried Miss Fortescue, "you have accomplished a design of exceeding elegance; I shall look no farther, but adopt it. Mr. Simmonds, you have prophesied rightly, the lad has taste and knowledge far beyond his years, and I have little doubt, he will be distinguished far above his fellows, if good opportunity be afforded him. This plan of his, will occupy small space, be good enough to mark out how much, as I wish to have some planting done about it."

This was quickly done, and the young artist, notwithstanding a little jealous growling on the part of old Groves, the sexton, who seemed to think that no one had a right to use a spade in that enclosure but himself, began to apply his creative talents to the placing of the trees and flowers; but in his curiously constituted mind, every root he planted was pictured as flourishing in its full future growth, and although Miss Fortescue was only half pleased with the seemingly scanty arrangement, still she acquiesced in the good reasoning of this remarkable lad, and the superfluous flowers were planted on the grave of the poor idiot girl.

We now prepared to depart, and Mr. Simmonds

having promised to have the monument erected in a fortnight at the farthest, gathered up his models and left the church yard. After a few kind words to old Groves, and an injunction not to forget watering the flowers, we returned to Hounsley.

I was out of spirits that evening, yet it was not the scene in which I had been engaged, that caused it; no! Let me confess it, I felt jealous and self-abashed at the genius of the young sepulchral sculptor. Simplicity and abstract truth were the predominant, and admiration-exciting types of his character. Then came the contrast. What was it that rendered me admirable? A well supported system of atrocious lying, acting on the weakness and fatuity of man! It brought me wealth, that was its only comfort; it could never bring me self-respect, and the greatest renown I could acquire, would be that of being named a lucky adventurer. Besides all this, Miss Fortescue had talked much lately on a future state, I suspected with a view to elicit my opinions—it would have been hard to have disclosed them—but I knew well her abhorrence of falsehood. For worlds I would not have displeased her, yet I knew that my whole life was a lie, an uninterrupted lie, a mean mercenary lie, and discovery would be fatal to me in her estimation. Well, feeling that I was unhappy, and more than guessing the cause, I did as many others, have done in similar circumstances, I determined to be virtuous, as soon as I could, I only deferred the time for commencing to a future day. That day, that renovating era in my

life was to be the one in which I should be united to Miss Fortescue, and that then, abjuring all falsehood, I should give up Homœopathy amongst the rest. But when a man has given himself into the hands of Satan, it is easier for him to make resolves to extricate himself, than to do it; he is more cunning than man, and when his victim, who has triumphed by his means, has grown rich enough to trade on his own account, and wishes to quit his service, then he is sure to pounce on the ungrateful wretch, who would deny his benefactor, and plunge him into misfortune, deep in proportion, as the elevation has been high, to which he has raised him, by the frailest of all diabolic contrivances—a ladder of lies!

CHAPTER XVI.

“Ceux qui se plaignent de la fortune, n’ont souvent à se plaindre que d’eux mêmes.”—VOLTAIRE.

“The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise.”
Epitaph on Mrs. Langdon’s Monument, near Berne.

“Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?”—1st Kings.

I RETURNED home that evening, in positive ill humour, and my temper was not at all improved, by finding, amongst other letters, one from Fritz Kobelt.

It stated, that he had ingratiated himself so much with Mr. Smith, that he had been appointed confidential servant and own man, and he was now fully enabled to appreciate the intensity of his hatred to me, whom he called the Destroyer of his Angel; his own Mutilator; that cursed Quack; sometimes working himself into fits of rage, which rendered it dangerous to approach him; at other times, bitterly lamenting his own folly, in having consulted me, and at all times uttering threats of the most direful intent.

Mr. Abernethy had allowed him to sit up for several hours each day, and had frequently told him he was impeding his recovery, by indulging in those malignant fits of passion. On those occasions, he used to say, through his set teeth—

“Well, well, I’ll be calm, quiet as a lamb! but be quick and get me well, till I hunt that villain out of England, and prevent his committing more atrocities.”

Sometimes he would fall into fits of despondency, and weep over a miniature of his daughter, for hours, then say he had nothing to live for, and it was a pity the murderer had not sacrificed both. His expressions, at times, were ludicrous; but no one dared laugh at them: one of these was, a wish “that the ghost of his amputated leg might be employed kicking the German to all eternity.”

Abernethy had promised that he should be rigged with the timber substitute for his own good leg, in ten days; and meantime he was permitted to use crutches. The letter concluded by stating, that the only thing occupying Smith’s thoughts was anxiety for vengeance.

I wrote immediately to Kobelt, to give me due notice of every move in Devonshire, and threw myself on my bed to dream of horrors, in the enacting of which, Smith Smithson Smith was ever prominent, flourishing the lost and bleeding limb, and ever pursuing me, palsied with terror, and unable to fly.

For the next few days I felt the greatest difficulty in concealing my anxiety from Miss Fortescue; I was afraid that her acute discriminating mind would discover my difficulties, and then I felt sure she would withdraw her affections from me. I did my utmost to appear cheerful in her company, but the effort was an unnatural struggle, and a most painful one. I felt inexpressible relief, not very lover-like to be sure, when

she told me that it would be necessary for her to pay a week's visit to the metropolis, in order to arrange some legal affairs; of course, my tongue belied my thought, and I prayed her not to remain longer than was absolutely necessary.

"You may rely upon it, I shall remain as short a time away as possible; but you know that Law pays very little regard to Love, except in forging its fetters. However, in my absence, you may speak to my dear mother on the subject nearest to both our hearts, and I have broken down all obstacles, in the way of your doing so. My uncle is the only other person I care to consult; but I know he would never put any restraint on my feelings, and as I am determined to do as I like, I should wish to speak to him myself, and wheedle him out of all opposition: poor fellow, he has been very ill, and has met a woeful loss lately, which has greatly depressed his spirits: but you have only to show him Skyscraper, and he will instantly form a good opinion of his owner, for he is a great lover of horses. One other thing I must also entrust to your care, should the monument for my cousin's grave arrive during my absence, be kind to that dear, interesting boy, who planned it, and let him be received by my mother, and cared for at Hounsley, as well as if he belonged to a different circle; be his family what it may, he belongs to the aristocracy of Genius. This is all I have to say, my dearest William, except that I hope to find you in better health and spirits on my return."

We parted. Fate had decreed we never should

again meet, on similar terms ; but this, I did not surmise at the time.

Exactly a week, from the date of our evening visit to the Church-yard, I was riding quietly in the same direction, when something, unusually white, caught my eye, amongst the sombre and time-tinted tombs in the enclosure. On approaching, I could hardly believe that the design of the young artist was accomplished, and that the beautiful idea stood substantially before me ; yet so it was ; and the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, Charlie Simmonds, was contemplating, in delight, the first work he had been allowed to have accomplished, entirely under his own directions. Five or six workmen, in leathern aprons, stood around, obeying the minute directions of the child they all loved.

It was a tableau vivant, of the most exquisite kind, representing the triumph of mind over matter,—of genius over force. The setting sun threw a deep red tint over the features of the men, and flashed back in gold from the sunny tresses of the lad, as he moved about hatless and jacketless, now touching a point lightly with a chisel, now directing some part to be polished afresh. Old Groves stood by, with a great crowbar in his hands, which he was totally unable to manage ; but, from the importance of his look and gesture, it was evident that he considered the fixing and placing of the whole monument, depended on himself and his useless endeavours.

Giving my horse to a boy, I entered the enclosure

just as young Simmonds was directing his men, to gather up their tools.

He recognized me at once, and, with a smile, said he was sorry to see me there, for he had hoped to have given the beautiful lady a surprise, when she found her order executed so soon, a full week before the time promised ; but now I would tell her, and all his hard exertions, night and day, for that sole purpose, would be lost.

I promised him I would conceal my knowledge, and mentioned the invitation I had for him, to spend some time at Hounsley.

"I should be delighted," said the boy, "to accept this kindness, but that would foil my little plan of surprising the kind lady, and father only let me have the workmen by night, on condition that I should return immediately to get the plaster model of this monument ready for the Exhibition, which is to take place in London in three days. I should be glad to return to town by to-night's coach, but I am afraid of my old friend here practising some atrocity in the planting line, so I am unwilling to leave till all is arranged and finished."

I offered my services, and most thankfully were they accepted, to prevent the interference of Mr. Groves's taste in the planting, and Charlie departed, taking one long, long, loving look at the first work, which he felt to be really his own.

A few evenings after this, I had directed the gar-

dener at Hounsley, to bring the indicated flowers and shrubs to the Church-yard, in order to fulfil my promise to the little sculptor, as well as also to have a share in the work, which I knew would be pleasing to my beautiful mistress.

I was just setting out to superintend the planting, when a letter reached me from Fritz Kobelt, stating that Mr. Smith had suddenly started from home, in a post chaise, not letting any one know where he was going, only saying to the housekeeper that it was probable she would have to break up the establishment, and that she should hear from him soon.

Another note arrived by the same post, from my dear Clara, telling me that she was hastening back to Hounsley, and happiness—dear, dear Hounsley! That she had written to her uncle, who had returned an answer, couched in his own peculiar language, which no one could comprehend, that did not thoroughly know the man, and concluding, by expressing his disbelief in her intended marriage, and adding, that on the “*jour de nocces*,” if such an event really was approaching, he would feel himself honored by being permitted to dance a hornpipe, not in fetters, but on crutches, in celebration of the event.

The first note alarmed me considerably; the second determined me to hurry on my nuptials as much as possible; there was no obstacle, except the mourning for Clara's cousin, which had not yet ended; pondering in my mind, how I could best effect this matter, I mounted, and rode towards the Church-yard, thinking thus:

Here am I, Carl Gruber, son of an obscure peasant, in Germany, formerly without friend or hope in the world, penniless and unknown, now careering along the causeways of merry England, on a courser a king might envy, almost suddenly elevated by good fortune, personal ingenuity, and an art in which every lie is paid in gold, to affluence, which would permit of my returning, at any moment, to honor and estimation in my native land—— Here am I, about to play the finishing throw to my fortunes, and with all the success I have hitherto had, still feeling a sort of despondency, with regard to the future—dreading that the great prize in the lottery of life, which I have now within my grasp, should slip through my fingers, and, ever tormented by the thought of this incubus of a Smith, who, after all, is but a wretched cripple. Fie on thee, Carl Gruber! Art thou a coward? Wealth, honor, beauty, love, all courting thy enjoyment,—and yet to fear! Be a man, and banish these vague terrors! Yes, I will fear no more,—I will defy the utmost malice of this fiend, and always carry pistols, which will make me more than a match for him; why did I not think of this before? Courage! Thou shalt yet do well! It was but for a moment that thy guardian angel, Presence of Mind, forsook thee. Forward, thy glorious course invites thee on; let shadows no more terrify, nor drive thee from the straight road to fortune!

Such was my mental monologue; and pursuing such a train of encouraging reasoning, I reached the burial ground, and was soon occupied with the gardener and

old Groves, in arranging the plants; so busily was I engaged in this occupation, that I did not observe that a stranger had entered the enclosure, till a well known voice, close to me, froze my very heart with terror, and fixed me to the earth. Cold drops of perspiration burst from every pore,—my heart throbbed so violently, that it was agony to endure it. I did not look up from the stooping position in which I was at the moment, yet I felt a horrid consciousness that my dreaded and much injured enemy stood within three feet of me—that Smith Smithson Smith had me in his power. I was so terrified that I did not hear the question he first asked; but were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget the thrill which his next question drove through my whole frame.

“And pray, who is this gentleman that takes such a kindly interest in my poor girl’s grave?”

The gardener answered—“Doctor Eisenberg.”

My chance of concealment was gone. I looked up, there stood Smith, supported on crutches, deadly pale, and speechless from astonishment. He glared upon me, like one who sees a rattle-snake in his path, then drew his hand across his eyes, as though doubting the evidence of his senses. My eyes were involuntarily fixed on him, and this moment of silence and suspense, was one of the most frightful of my whole life, and the rush of ideas through my confused brain, far out-proportioned the time they occupied. It was but a moment, and yet, in that whirl of thought, for the first time, I recognized, clear, as if pictured in a mirror, the relation-

ship of Smith to Clara—the eccentric uncle—the ruin of my suit—the blast of my hopes—the strange peculiarity of my position on the grave of one he considered I had murdered, and the personal danger in which I was placed, to resist which I felt as one paralysed.

“ For at that moment, o’er my soul,
Oceans of memory seem’d to roll.”

At last, speech returned to the bereaved father.

“ Vampire,” he shouted, “ is it thus I find you, reveling on the grave of your victim ! Murderer ! are you decking an altar for your own sacrifice, and has your unlucky destiny delivered you into my hands, in the only spot where pardon were impossible, and vengeance becomes sacred ? Look at that tomb, miscreant, and confess that you have extinguished a life, which a thousand such as yours could not atone for ! Then, look at me, maimed by your hellish devices ! crippled for life ! made a wretched monument of the fallacy of your pretended science ! But patience—the moment is come, for which I have wished so ardently, and retribution overtakes you in the place, where, of all others, it is fitting it should. Another score, too, shall be settled here ; you would marry forsooth, and your modest mind must choose a mate from Albion’s fairest, wealthiest, and purest—the scarecrow with the dove—none would suit you but the cousin of the murdered, and the niece and ward of the crippled ! Thus doth the Guardian give you his consent,” (whirling his crutch in the air, and dealing a furious blow on my head, which

felled me to the earth.) "Thus doth the cripple thank you for his mutilation! (another blow) and thus doth a bereaved and solitary father execute summary justice on the murderer of his child."

I heard no more, for the crashing blow which accompanied his last wild scream, deprived me of my senses; and it is only from the report of the by-standers, that I learned afterwards what subsequently occurred.

Senseless and bleeding, I lay on the grave, amongst the crushed flowers, the snow-white marble plentifully dabbled with my blood, whilst the gardener, and old Groves, with difficulty, restrained Mr. Smith from committing further violence. As he struggled to give me the "coup de grace," his features became frightfully convulsed, his mouth was violently drawn to one side, and a squint, of remarkable obliquity, became apparent in his eyes. After a convulsive, shuddering struggle, which lasted but a moment, his rigid muscles relaxed, and he sunk in the arms of the men who held him, powerless and weak, in a fit of apoplexy.

The rest of this passage in my life is easily told. A boy was despatched, on my horse, for the nearest surgeon, and to tell what had happened at Hounsley; but not having seen the fracas, in consequence of his having been outside the hedge, holding the horse, his story was widely different from the truth; all that could be gathered from him was, "that whilst Doctor Eyesbug was planting Miss Emmy's grave, a post chaise arrived, from which a big gentleman descended, walking on crutches, who went into the burial ground, when the

Doctor instantly attacked him, and so desperate a fight was had between them, the Doctor using a spade, and the one-legged gentleman his crutch, that they had killed one another outright to a certainty."

Such was the account which spread confusion through the mansion at Hounsley.

Mrs. Fortescue instantly ordered her carriage, and drove with all speed to the Church-yard: en route, she encountered the chaise, into which the gardener and some of the peasants had put Smith and myself, both still in an unconscious condition. The surgeon came up nearly at the same moment, and seeing how matters were, after asking a few questions, took out his lancets and opened a vein in Mr. Smith's arm, and when the blood had flowed for some little time, he began to revive from the stupor into which he had fallen; both doors of the carriage had been opened to give us air; and no sooner did the reviving gentleman perceive me close to him, than with sudden energy, collecting his great strength, he seized me by the throat, and dashed me from the carriage into the road, shouting out at the same time—

"Who has dared to place that carrion beside me? Hang it on a gibbet, or leave it for the dogs, but take it out of my sight."

Johan had arrived, having heard that some disaster had occurred; and although Mrs. Fortescue was urgent in having me conveyed to Hounsley, he resolutely determined on carrying me, at all risks, out of the vicinity of the dreaded Smith; and, as he had relapsed,

after his late violence, into a state of stupor, he was placed in Mrs. Fortescue's carriage, and I in the chaise, when Johan immediately conveyed me to Manchester.

Surgical aid was procured ; and for the second time, I, the proclaimer of the all-sufficiency of Homœopathy, was obliged to submit to have my life saved by the plans and doctrines of rational medicine, and by having recourse to its regular professors. It was a curious circumstance, that the regular physicians and surgeons absolutely contended for the honor of prescribing for me, now that I was dangerously ill, and that, without fee or reward ; they showed me the greatest kindness and attention, yet they were the very men who, when I was well, were never satisfied with abusing me, and decrying my system ; but the cunning rogues had their object, and, for the time, gained it. They wished to prove that the Homœopathist was fonder of trusting to the efficacy of his system, on the persons of others, than on himself, and they crowned their theory, by asking me, when inflammation and fever were running very high, if I would not prefer seeing an Homœopathic physician, to continuing their services, when they obtained an answer in the negative. I did not know till afterwards, when restored to health, that regular bulletins appeared in the morning papers, mentioning the treatment which had been adopted, and the progress of my case,—among other things, my refusal to be homœopathically treated.

Some few of my old patients continued to ask for me ; but I plainly foresaw, that continuance in Man-

chester, in case I recovered, would be inexpedient, and the addendum to my title, of "the man that killed Miss Smith," would be small inducement to new patients to confide in me.

When I began to recover, and had acquired courage sufficient to ask if Smith still continued in the neighbourhood, Johan speciously avoided answering me, and it was not till I insisted on it, that he gave me the details, related above, of the Church-yard scene, and Smith's sudden attack of apoplexy, to which a long and dangerous illness succeeded, and from which he was but slowly recovering.

The bitter question was still to ask, and that shook my soul to its very core—"Miss Fortescue?"

A letter had been brought from her a month ago, but the physicians objected to its being delivered, till I was better. I took it with avidity, seizing it with the grasp a drowning man will fix upon a straw; it was not more efficacious to serve me. It contained but a few lines, stating, that circumstances, of which I was not ignorant, rendered any communication between me and her, in future, impossible; expressing sorrow and contrition for having so far forgotten herself as to accept the addresses of one who had proved himself so unworthy, and hoping that any thing I should suffer on her account, might only lead me to think seriously of the equivocal position I held in society, as the practiser of an absurd system, which could serve no other end than that of raising money on false and lying pretences, by duping those who were foolish

enough to give me credit for sincerity. The note concluded, by reiterating the sentiment with which it began, requiring that I should never make the least attempt, by word or letter, to renew our past acquaintance. A postscript added, that although she was unwilling to cause me pain, certain disclosures had come to her knowledge, which had proved that I had assumed a false name, and that my genuine name had also been made known to her. She trusted, that this circumstance would establish that distance between us, which she deemed desirable.

Oh! Woman, Woman! ever the fickle weathercock of opinion; is it thus thou shiftest with the first blast of slanderous report? It is bitter to lose thee!—more bitter to lose thy splendid inheritance and broad acres! Yet, I expected, at least apprehended all this, and I must not be disappointed. But who has betrayed me? No matter! Matchless, peerless Clara, thou hast acted right, though I could curse thee for it! I will try to forget thee ——

I cried like a child.

Johan came to my assistance, and, with specious argument, tried to divert my grief,—but in vain; I was completely unmanned. That night, it required no Homœopathic dose of opium, to lull my wretched brain to rest; the Narcotic was swallowed, dose after dose, till intoxicated slumber shut out my miseries from my view, only to open a new series in the cloudy land of dreams. When next I awoke, fever had laid its heavy hand upon me, and, for several days, I was happy in

the wild delirium which it caused, and raved incessantly on ever-changing subjects. A good constitution, however, carried me through, and in about a month I was able to sit up, weak in mind and body, and thoroughly miserable.

I was recommended to change the air, and, if possible, the climate. To this, I felt well disposed ; for I knew that my prosperity in Manchester, was over, and too much ridicule attached now to my practice, even to permit the most anxious to visit me.

I sold off every thing, and started for London.

CHAPTER XVII.

"A horse—a horse. My Kingdom for a horse."

SHAKESPEARE.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

BYRON.

"The old Lion of England grows youthful again,
He rouses—he rises—he bristles his mane;
His eyeballs flash fire, his terrible roar,
Like thunder bursts awfully over our shore!"

DIMOND.

"Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider."

BYRON.

THE chagrin I felt, at the termination of my career in Manchester, arose altogether from the disappointment I had met in the splendid match, I was so near accomplishing: this cut me to the quick; but as concerned my practice, it had become irksome, and, in a great many instances, likely to involve me in trouble; I was glad to escape this, and having amassed very large profits, now that collateral circumstances were bringing to light, the fallacies of my system, it was plain that a change of place was most desirable; such would give me fresh ground, with fresh probabilities of success.

Amongst the patients who remained steadily my friends to the last, was the Baronet, whom I have mentioned before, as one of my first patients, who attributed his recovery to me, and who, along with many other presents, had given me my splendid horse Skyscraper. He visited me just before my departure, and finding that the only part of all my property that I retained, was the horse, thinking this a mark of personal respect, begged me to accept a handsome gold snuff-box. Poor man, he little knew that I was keeping the animal for a better market. I brought the horse to London, advertised, and offered him for sale at Tattersall's, where his power and beauty procured him many admirers, and a day was named for his sale. It came, the bidders were numerous, and at last, the animal was knocked down at a very large price, to some one who had given silent intimations to the auctioneer, to outbid all competitors. Very well pleased, I was quitting the ride, when my old patient, the Baronet, approached me, and with a look of stern hauteur, mingled with contempt, thus addressed me—

“Sir, you have conferred an immense obligation on me, by the transaction of the last few minutes: you have restored to me a great favourite, and you have freed me from all obligation to you, by your ready and mercenary parting with that faultless creature. I have ever endeavoured to defend you, when the tongue of malignity was busy with your character, but now I can believe every thing which I have heard.

You have exchanged, for five hundred guineas, the friendship of a man, who would willingly have risked his life to save your reputation. I shall not grieve, believe me, to hear of you again encountering my friend Smith, though I feel assured, that all the power of his crutch could not thoroughly expel your innate meanness."

This was very unintelligible to me; I could not see why I should not sell my own horse, if I liked, even though it were a gift. I valued the Baronet's anger and sarcasm, far less than his check for the five hundred guineas, and that, the snuff-box, and the large fees he had given me, balanced in my mind as a full equivalent, for the friendship of a man I was never to see again. I thought "what curious people these English are!"

I now proceeded to the residence of Heinrich Hosse, the London Homœopathist. There, as before, I found many vehicles waiting, and on entering, a crowd of patients. Having mentioned to the black servant who I was, he procured me an immediate audience, but judge of my surprise, on finding every thing the same in the establishment, and in the exquisite study, except the Homœopathist himself: still the face of the person who occupied his place was familiar to me, and I saw a smile playing over his features, at my momentary failure of recognition. It was but a moment—the next, conviction flashed over my mind; it was Sobieski Pöble, ci-devant Professor of Polish at Leipsic, the ridiculed of the University, the beggar

in England suddenly transmuted, "as by the stroke of the enchanter's wand" into Albert Hosse, brother to Heinrich, who had gone on a Continental tour. He enjoyed my surprise amazingly, and in few words, candidly explained to me the history of his present state.

He had begged his way through various parts of England and Wales, in some places being most hospitably entertained by the gentry, on whose breasts his stories of the downfall of Poland, in which he never failed to add—

"Quorum magna pars fui"

and his illustrious name of Sobieski, rarely failed to make an heroic impression; he played the guitar also, and sung tolerably, and thus, whilst for the amusement and edification of the country squires, he cut down whole regiments of invading Russians, verbally, he found no difficulty in making equally furious assaults on the solid viands which came before him, so that if the induction were drawn of what the little fellow would do with a sword, from what he could do with a knife, it is no wonder they thought him a hero, and treated him accordingly.

Coming to London, he called on Hosse in the same way he had visited me, and he, wishing to retire to Germany, having accumulated a considerable sum, and failing in finding a sufficiently high price for his practice, had adopted the expedient of installing him in his place as his brother, on a salary of a few hundreds a year, reserving the rest for himself, which was regu-

larly transmitted by the butler, who had been left to protect the interests of the absent; this arrangement was to last for four years, at the end of which time, Hosse was to surrender the whole business, and establishment into his hands.

This statement gave me some little disappointment, for I had intended purchasing Hosse's interest myself; that I was superseded in a way I little expected, I am willing to confess, but I was too rich now to care much. Several large provincial towns were unprovided with an Homœopathist, to these I would go, and having learned caution from my misfortunes, I still hoped by only treating certain sets of cases, to be able to establish a number of practices, and then sell them to good advantage, thus to acquire as large a sum as possible in a short time, and then leave a country I detested.

Having communicated this project to Pöble, he highly approved of it, and promised to procure me purchasers or renters of my practices, as fast as I made them, which, from his residence in London, the point of attraction for all speculating foreigners, he could readily do. Of course, I was to allow him a per centage on every good bargain.

Delaying a short time in London, to amuse myself, I again started, accompanied by Johan Kobelt, for Chester; there, the same plans I had adopted at Manchester, succeeded equally well. I sold out, and dropped down on Liverpool. I should mention, that in these new speculations, I had assumed the name of *Sternenfels*, as well as made considerable change in my appearance and manner.

In the overflowing tide of wealth, and sense, in this great mercantile city, I still was able to find an undercurrent of folly and fatuity, sufficient to serve my purposes; but from the propinquity of this place, to Manchester, I was apprehensive lest my disguise might be seen through, more particularly, as many of my former Manchester patients came to consult me. Although my tinged skin, and darkened hair, enabled me to escape the observation of the first comers, still I felt, that some one, shrewder than the rest, would detect me, consequently, I was anxious to quit the town, and only waited a proper opportunity of doing so, profitably. An incident hastened me, which occurred sufficiently *mal à propos*. Whilst in Chester, I had been in the habit of pulling on the river, in the afternoons, this exercise suiting me better than riding, it was also fashionable, and not a bad publication of my manly tastes. I had a very beautiful, and swift little gig built for two oars, in which, with Johan to pull the bow, and a little son of his to act as cockswain, I made a very respectable appearance. A little instruction from a waterman, soon made me "*au fait*" at this exercise, and although, the boating clubs at first gave me some annoyance, by calling my beautiful Mermaid "the gallipot," "the pill box," &c., still no personalities ever occurred, and the individuals composing them, though sometimes, exhibiting a little exuberance of spirits, all acted like gentlemen, and when I presented them with a silver cup, to be pulled for, accompanied by a letter, stating, that being a

foreign gentleman, I felt myself quite an intruder amongst their sports; every time I presented myself on the river afterwards, I was sure of being cheered, and welcomed with hearty acclamations. At Liverpool, I pursued the same recreation, and my bijou of a gig made me quite a favourite with the ladies, who frequented the walls of the Mersey.

One bright summer evening, I was enjoying my aquatic recreation as usual, and having "sunned myself in beauty's eyes," by the packet wharfs, pulled out into the middle of the stream, when a large boat with six oars, and a portly gentleman in the stern sheets, shot rapidly by me. When the helmsman came within oar's length, he shouted—

"Mermaid Ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!" I answered, in nautical phraseology.

"Hold, water-men," he cried, and the sudden check to his speed, brought me shooting up on his quarter, before I was able to check the way of my boat.

"Lay hold in the bow there!"

A boathook was extended, and made fast in the gunwale of the Mermaid.

"Pray inform me," said the steersman, "are you not the murderous Homœopathic Quacksalver, named Eisenberg?"

"You mistake, I said," I be the Doctor Von Sternenfels, and no quack at all!" But as I said it, thinking the whole matter was only a jest, the sterns of the two boats swung together, and with horror I saw that the spokesman was my old enemy, Smith,

a large straw hat hid his features from me till that moment. Before I could shove off the least bit, his hand had fallen on my shoulder, and its strong grasp told me, I was in his power.

"I am a lover of truth," said he, in the calmest tone possible," and I endeavour to cultivate it amongst all my acquaintances; moreover, I am inclined to think, that you must be included in that number. If I mistake not, I fixed my seal upon your head a good while ago; (gently lifting up the long ringletted wig I now wore,) aye! there it is; what a pity, friend Eisenberg, that you should have cut your memory as short as your hair, that you should have forgotten both your own name, and the friend whose crutch bestowed such a pretty balafré on your pate. But, if the waters of Lethe are powerful to destroy memory, we will try whether the waters of the Mersey, may not be equally potent in reviving the dormant faculty! Shove off, men. Give way on the bow!"

Quick as the words were uttered, they were obeyed; the large boat darted forward, and I was carried fairly out of mine, into the water, by the strong arm of Smith. I screamed with terror, when I felt the cold plunge, and the water surging to my lips and nostrils.

"Hold, men," cried my tormentor, when we had gone five or six strokes, "pass aft the boathook."

It was handed, and in an instant, despite my struggles, thrust through the waistband of my trowsers.

"Now to try the recollection-reviving efficacy of these waters—" were the last words I heard, when

the rushing waves came over my head, and I felt that I was thrust forcibly down, down, down amidst the dreadful sounds drumming in my ears, and with the full certainty that my fate was sealed—my last moment arrived. It seemed an eternity till I was again dragged panting to the surface, clutching and struggling to catch hold of the boat or the oars, every feeling now lost in the one all-pervading one of self-preservation; there was the dreadful face of Smith, with its malignant squint, fixed smilingly upon me, and when I had struggled some little time, unavailingly, he addressed me with as much deliberation and coolness, as if I had been in the most comfortable situation possible :

“Now, my dear Sir, be calm and quiet, or you will make the very lobsters at the bottom laugh at you; answer me one plain question. Under what name do you choose to go down next? What appellation could, with most propriety, be applied to your most respectable person?”

“Gruber—Carl Gruber,” cried I, in a convulsion of terror, blurting out the truth. “Wont do: it may be one of your aliases, I want the name your father bore before you, if you had one: so down with you again, and try to remember another.”

Once more, the waters closed over me, and my heart seemed bursting; again I emerged.

“Well, what news from below; quick, your name? For I grow tired holding you as Neptune would an unmannerly triton on his toasting fork.”

"Eisenberg, Sternenfels, Gruber, any thing you like, but oh, spare me, spare me."

"I don't like any of them, but what I want to know precisely is—don't hurry yourself to answer me, are you not the gentleman whose acquaintance I have had the honor of making, under the title of Doctor Ei-sen-berg?"

"Yes, yes! Mercy, mercy!"

"Now you appear to be coming to reason; a prejudiced person might think, to be sure, that you were speaking under compulsion. One favor I intend to grant you, before I drown you; it is this, to make choice in your case of suspended animation, of the ordinary means, or of your much vaunted Homœopathy. Perhaps, as 'like cures like,' when you are to all appearance dead, another immersion for half an hour or so, might perfectly restore you. I have abundance of time, and am willing to try the experiment for you."

"Mercy! mercy!" I shrieked, but in vain; my tormentor proceeded deliberately.

"Your illustrious predecessor, Hahnemann, with his friends, experimented on themselves for twenty years, acquiring in that time, as a matter of course, all the dreadful diseases—Cancer, Plague, Cholera, and Fever, to which poor human nature is subject, in order to cure them again; but they never thought of trying their skill, on death by drowning. See what a glorious opportunity is afforded you of distinguishing yourself, and exalting your noble science in your own person; and bethink you, how generous I am to afford it you, after all the evil deeds you have done me!"

I could only cry for mercy, and whenever I cried too loudly, my head was popped under water, and at last, terror and cold so completely overcame me, that I became nearly passive; yet, through the confusion which was fast clouding my senses, I heard Smith call out—

“What are these vagrants yelling at?” Is it because I am teaching their master to have a proper regard to truth? About, men! and run into them!”

This was directed to poor Johan and his son, who had remained in the Mermaid, when I was so forcibly abducted, and my oar having gone overboard along with me, they had no means of guiding the gig, and seeing my danger, they were shouting for aid with all their might. In a moment the boat was about, and a few hearty strokes brought it close on the gig. At the very moment when the luckless crew expected to have been run down, “Hold water,” again resounded, and a gentle tap, in place of the expected appalling crash, brought the boats again together. But what was my state during this period, dragged through the water, sometimes over, sometimes under, like a piece of mess beef sweetening.

On reaching the Mermaid, Smith stood up, and aided by the stroke-oar of his boat, raised me bodily out of the water, and tossed me on my back into the skiff, telling me that he had given me a small specimen of Hydropathy, to add to my Homœopathy, hoping soon to see me again, but not sailing under false colours. He then pulled away, and I made what haste I could to

the shore, to prevent the ill effects likely to arise from the cold bath, and the terror to which I had been so unwarrantably exposed.

I did not suffer materially from this mishap, although my sufferings had been dreadful whilst in the power of that fiend. Next day, I concluded a bargain, which offered for my practice, with a purchaser procured by Pöble, who, although he did not give me as much as I hoped to have got, yet, to my great satisfaction, he took possession immediately, so as to leave me at liberty to quit the neighbourhood of my tormentor.

One incident, regarding this person, I cannot help relating, because it borders on the ludicrous.

My successor was a German Jew ; he had purchased not only my practice, but my house and chattels, including the pretty gig. Not having any fame of his own, he also assumed my name of Sternenfels, and employed the common ruse, of calling himself my brother, whenever he could not pass for myself. It so happened, that he had not heard of my unpleasant adventure on the water, and being anxious to try his skill in his new purchase, he started down the river, in the Mermaid, pulling a pair of sculls.

Mr. Smith was also taking his evening recreation on the water, and perceiving the gaudy little Mermaid, he darted off in pursuit. His six oars were more than a match for the stranger, and he soon came up with him.

"Now, boys, a couple more strokes—longer—together—and we shall see if the Mermaid's owner knows his name to-night. Gently, now ! Mermaid, ahoy !"

"What you want ?" said the Jew.

“Only to know what may be the name of the highly respectable personage on board the *Mermaid*?”

“*Te Tactor Sternenfels.*”

“So—— rascal,” cried Smith, in a fury. “Would you mock me? Have I not as yet thoroughly washed the falsehood out of you? Do you forget last night already? Give way, men—with a will—into her. I’ll teach the saucy *Jackanapes* to forget his name again!”

Away went the barge, and away the terrified German, pulling for his life, the bow of the former nearly touching the stern of the latter; for eight or nine strokes, the race was desperate, the barge only gaining a few inches, then the unaided strength of the German gave way, and the strong boat tilted against the frail *Mermaid*, and impelled her for a moment like an arrow through the water: the shock upset the German from the thwart, and the boat yawed round, so that her side was presented to the bow of the larger boat which, rushing through the water with considerable impetus, went into her with a crash, and then passed over her, rolling her over in her transit. Mr. Smith dexterously fished up the foreigner with his boat-hook, and the moment he saw his face, cried out—

“Oh! dear me, I have made a mistake; really, I have to apologise. I mistook you for that atrocious scoundrel, *Eisenberg*. He was always masquerading. But never mind, I’ll haul you in, and make it up to you some other way: pull ashore, men—lively! What a terrible blunder! but it all came of your being in the *Mermaid*.”

The frightened and soused Jew was brought ashore, well dried outwardly, and moistened inwardly with warm brandy, and every kindness lavished on him by Mr. Smith for some days; he even gave him a new boat—a most useless present; for the poor man, after that eventful evening, was too nervous to indulge in aquatics. At the end of that time, finding out that he was an Homœopathist, he warned him to keep out of his way, as he had a strong antipathy to the whole race. This hint, the prudent Jew was only too happy to comply with.

On leaving Liverpool, I felt fully satisfied that it would be necessary for me to go to some distant part of the kingdom to get clear of my enemy, and also to avoid the chance of meeting any of my former patients, most of whom were well aware of the ridicule which had fallen to my share, and of the contemptible figure I cut, both in the rejection by the niece, and in the rough handling I had met from the uncle. As to the reputed causes, they were as numerous as the speakers; and as Smith moved in the high and wealthy circles, and I moved in no circle at all, it was natural to suppose that the opinion of the world coloured every thing in his favour, and whilst my sufferings were laughed at, as well deserved, his ruffianism towards me was looked at only in the light of a capital jest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A nest of hornets,—of their stings beware."

"'Tis a mighty fish : how the tackle strains ;
Now the gaff is in his side ;
Skill mocks escape, despite his pains :
'Tis the angler's hour of pride !"

DETERMINED on quitting the sphere of my former operations, I booked myself on board a Glasgow steamer, as Doctor Hermann Bremer. From Glasgow, I visited Edinburgh ; but seeing, in these cities, some familiar faces, I proceeded to Paisley. There I established myself very modestly, and kept as much out of public view as possible.

This did not prevent the medical men of the town kicking up a terrible hubbub, as soon as they found that a poacher had got into their demesne ; and the hearty abuse they gave me, and my system, served all the purpose, and saved me all the expense of advertising on a grand scale.

In prudent Scotland, I thought it wise to avoid all the show and ostentatious display, which I found useful in England ; my servants were, therefore, clad in plain, dark liveries ; and I took care never to appear, unless habited in doctorial sable.

When the first fury of the "Monde Medical" had subsided, and tranquillity began again to visit their disturbed minds, I excited the ferment afresh, by dropping my card at each of their houses. This led to consultations and debates amongst them ; and it was unanimously agreed, that the dignity of the profession would not admit of their sanctioning such an intruder, and that silent contempt was all that a quack deserved.

My visits were not returned ; this was what I wanted. I advertised, that I would deliver two lectures on Homœopathy, in the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institution, free to the public, and explain the curative principles of that admirable science. I also stated, that I was willing, after each lecture, to discuss the relative merits of the new and the old systems of medicine, with any professional gentlemen who might entertain doubts on the subject of Homœopathy. That having been educated for, and having taken Degrees in ordinary medicine, I was the better fitted to exhibit the differences between the old system, and that which I had the honor to bring before their notice.

The Scotch are a lecture-loving people, consequently my lectures were crowded, and went off flamingly ; and as none of the medical gentlemen appeared to answer my challenge, I was fairly considered to have had a triumph. Of course, I took a proper opportunity of regretting, in the most feeling manner, the peculiar position, in which my adoption of the glorious truths of Homœopathy involved me, drawing down on me the undeserved censure of my medical brethren, whose absence

I lamented, because they, thereby, avoided the chance of conviction, which, I was sure, every unprejudiced person present must feel; I also lamented for the dignity of the Profession, of which we were common members, that the medical gentlemen of the town (with one exception) should have shown such a want of courtesy, as not to have returned my visits; such impoliteness spoke little for their magnanimity, or the goodness of their cause.

The "one exception" was a gratuitous falsehood; but it fulfilled the intention with which it was thrown out, that of exciting a diversion, and creating confusion in the camp of the enemy, who at once concluded that there was a traitor amongst them, and, in consequence, a perfect revulsion occurred, and before the week had passed, almost all, had as privately as possible, left their tickets on me; but in no instance telling one another that they had done so.

Determined to have a laugh at them, I sent an invitation to each, to favour me with his company to dinner, "*en garçon*," on a certain day and hour. All my invitations were accepted. The time came, and punctual to their several appointments, came the Doctors, till, to their great mutual surprise, the Faculty met in the very place, where each and all had agreed that it would be most undignified, and unprofessional to appear.

They were all fairly caught in their own trap, and being obliged to make the best of it, spent a very pleasant evening, each secretly assuring his neighbour that

it was the knowledge of his going, which had induced him to accept the invitation. All was cordiality and agreeability amongst these cosmopolites, for the evening; but a very serious shock awaited their prejudices the next morning, for the papers announced that—

“Dr. Hermann Bremer, the distinguished Homœopathist, had entertained, at his residence, a party of the most eminent medical gentlemen in Paisley. Amongst the number, we perceived Dr. ———: (here followed a list of the worthies) Dr. ——— (a great gun) was the life of this intellectual reunion.”

This was gall and wormwood to them all; for, from henceforth, they must be silent with regard to the man whose hospitality they had accepted, and that very act was an assurance to the public, that Dr. Bremer was not unworthy of their notice.

The cunning were outwitted; and as the fools in the world, far exceed in number persons of sense, I had shortly an abundance of patients. Every thing prospered with me, and the canny Scots began to think of the great saving in their Doctor's bills, and their own stomachs, from adopting my system.

Various were the patients I had here; and I am sure I could weave a great deal of amusement, from a detail of some of their cases, but my wish is only to mention those, which have produced an effect on my fortunes, or on the current of my life.

A little, thin, scrap of a man presented himself one morning, and stated, that he was the head Usher of a neighbouring school, and that he had been sent by the

master, to inquire what would be my terms for advising twenty of the boys, who had got such provoking fits of depraved appetite, that they preferred Mrs. Treacle's buns and Shrewsbury cakes, to the good, wholesome stirabout and salt beef, which was given them at school; the delinquents often got up, particularly when visitors were present, without tasting any thing at table. This, he premised, was very provoking, and likely to injure the school. The Head Master and he, had formed a plan of bringing the recusants to order, in which, if I should kindly aid them, on any thing of moderate terms, they would gladly put in practice. The lads, on every occasion, when they did not choose to eat, complained of sickness; now they had determined to humour the jest, and the next time they complained, and exhibited their sauciness, to bring them to me; trusting that I would order them all, bread and water diet, and double tasks for the next fortnight, to restore their digestions to a proper tone.

"Five guineas," said I, "will be little enough for quelling such an insurrection."

"You shall have it."

"And you may as well bring a birch, and try what a little flagellation will do for some of the shamblers."

"Agreed. What times shall we bring them to-morrow?"

"At four o'clock; immediately after dinner, the best time to judge of their fault."

Away went the slim pedagogue: precisely as the clock struck four, the next day, he arrived again, accompanied by many boys, of all sizes, and the Head

Master,—a corpulent, heavy looking man, with large green goggles, and a bay wig, with a little, greasy tail to it; he was very lame, and had a stout cane, with a gold head, large whiskers covered his cheeks to his very mouth.

“Doctor,” said he, “these poor boys are all very ill; none of them were able to eat any thing to-day. I dread their falling into consumption; examine them; cure them for me, or the poor lads will all become scarecrows, and my credit will be ruined.”

Of course, I felt two or three of them all over, and asked them some questions, and then suggested to the Master, that a full and effectual course of birch, externally administered, might have an admirable effect, as a counter irritant, in restoring the stomach to its functions, and reproducing appetite, and that it might be well to give them a dose at once.”

“MacCollum, M’Kinlay, M’Entegart, Jenkins, Laird, M’Nab, Thompson, stand aside there, till some more of you be added for immediate punishment. Ye shameless deceivers! Jeffreys, where are the birches?”

A dozen cutting twigs were produced.

I examined some more, and pronouncing them very bad, recommended that they should be kept in close confinement, and fed for a fortnight on water gruel.

“Erskine, Scott, Tobin, M’Gregor, Campbell, Bothwell, this side. Where are the handcuffs and gags? I’ll teach you to mock at good food!”

In a short time all the boys were placed in one or other of the divisions, and the master cried out—

"Water-gruels, take the birches ! Here, Mr. Prosody, you can hoist them. Perhaps, Dr. Bremer, you would like to administer your own medicine ? Give the Doctor a birch."

I had entered into the spirit of the thing, and took the rod.

"Hoist them !" cried he.

Six were immediately mounted.

"Now choose your own *sphere*, and welt away."

I struck one blow.

"Stop a moment——," cried the master ; "I never punish in my school without an acknowledgment from the boy about-to-be flagellated, that all is fair and just regarding the castigation. So M'Kinlay, Mac Collum, M'Nab, declare is your punishment just, or unjust ?"

"Unjust ! Unfair !" shouted they all.

"The reason ? Quick ! and let it be good, or I double the flogging."

"Because you have deceived us."

"What, Knaves ! How ?"

"You promised to bring us to Dr. Bremer ; and here's Tobin from Liverpool, ready to swear that this man is a Doctor Sternenfels, of that ilk."

"Is that true, Doctor ?"

I said nothing, but pretending not to hear, began to apply the rod to the quarters of master M'Nab, who was near me.

"Unfair ! unfair !" shouted the Water-gruels, and with a simultaneous rush, they upset me, and in a trice, had my hands and feet secured, and a gag thrust into my mouth.

My clothes were quickly loosened, and laid across my own table; I underwent the ignominy of being flogged like a criminal, by a set of mere boys, each taking his turn, and asking me, before he set to, under what name I should like to prosecute him, Bremer of Paisley, Sternenfels of Liverpool, or Eisenberg of Manchester?

The spectacled master looked on quietly, and only observed, "that the tables were turned," and that "I was a good illustration of the biter bitten."

The gag which was thrust into my mouth, prevented me crying out, or uttering any intelligible sounds, and the young fiends scourged away amidst roars of laughter. That my history was pretty well known to the party, was proved by the questions they asked me. Master Tobin enquiring "if I were not fond of nauticals? and Master Thompson, when breathless with scourging me, pausing to interrogate me on my taste in laying out Church-yards.

The master here interfered, to inform me, that Master Tobin was from Liverpool, and Master Thompson from Manchester.

This dreadful punishment was continued till I fainted, and when I revived, I found myself alone, with my arms tied to the legs of the table, over which I was stretched, on one side, and my legs secured on the other.

Kobelt released me after some time. It appeared that orders had been given him, as if from me, not to disturb me for an hour. It can hardly be imagined how intense my sufferings were, during this period. My

scarified back was dressed with some emollient application, and I was placed in bed to endure tortures whatever way I turned.

As soon as I had somewhat recovered from this outrage, I caused diligent inquiry to be made, both after the schoolmaster and his scholars; but, curious to say, I could find no trace of them. The pretended usher, I did discover, in a wretchedly poor apothecary; but there was no use in attacking him legally, as he was worth nothing, and consequently could pay no damages, and it would have been a positive advantage to the creature, to have secured him the right of prison diet by incarceration: besides, it was evident that he was in the secret of my assumed names, and might make awkward disclosures. I threatened him hard to discover his accomplices, but he mocked at my threats. I tried gold, but wretched as he seemed, he jerked my money into the street, and ordered me to "begone, for a confounded quack."

Looking over a pile of newspapers, one morning, to find some advertisement, I chanced to glance my eye over the "Fashionable arrivals," and amongst them, perceived the name of "Smith Smithson Smith, Esq., M.P., from a tour in the Highlands." The date of this paper was three days previous to the assault on my person, and I now felt little doubt that I had discovered the author of the transaction, and that the pretended schoolmaster was no other than my inveterate enemy.

It was time for me to be gone; I knew I could not

contend with Smith, and I dared not bring him to a public reckoning, for want of proofs, and let me say it, a sort of terror which he inspired.

Once or twice I entertained thoughts of having him waylaid and murdered ; but there was great risk in attempting anything of the kind, so I sold my practice, and as Smith was announced to have left the Highlands, I considered that I could not do better, whilst making up my mind as to what was next to be done, than take a trip into the romantic scenery of the Scottish lakes.

The person who purchased my practice, was an Irishman, who had been just long enough in Germany, to acquire a smattering of the language, and an imaginary Degree in Medicine, which he paraded on all occasions ; and as he pretended not to be able to speak three sentences in English without introducing a foreign idiom, or outlandish word, he was supposed to be even a more recent importation than myself. It was since reported to me, that a lady of rank induced this adventurer to go to Ireland, and that he succeeded there, till an unfortunate case of inflammation of the brain proving fatal, led to an examination, which much injured his fame, and gave the Regulars a fair open at him, which they were not long in turning to his disadvantage.

I enjoyed exceedingly the wild and beautiful scenery of the Highland lochs and mountains. This minor Switzerland gave me infinite delight, and the variety of persons I met, all bent on enjoyment, and willing

both to give and receive it, had quite an exhilarating effect on my spirits; the world's dross began to be rubbed off by the converse with nature, and for the time, my avaricious propensions gave way before a wholesomer feeling. For three weeks I had been roving thus pleasantly, and was now turning back towards the more busy haunts of man. I had arrived over night at Callander, intending to walk on in the morning, to the Trosachs.

Starting early, accompanied by Johan, we reached Stewart's pretty Inn to breakfast, and feasted like Scotchmen, (the only people who know how to make that meal,) and then marched up the pass, to the beautiful Loch Katrine.

The boat was unoccupied, so we entered it, and shoved off to visit the little island, celebrated by Scott, as the bower of Ellen. On our return, we espied two ladies sketching on the opposite shore, and as I have always had a leaning towards the fair sex, I proposed to Johan that we should approach as near as possible, under shelter of the trees, whose branches stretched out, over-arching the water all along the shore. We did so, and by this means came within a few yards of the pebbly opening, where the ladies were sitting, unperceived by them.

There was now nothing intervening between us, and the fair visitants of this lovely scene, but the huge ivy covered arm of an oak, which, descending from the horizontal, bathed and dabbled its bright green leaves and clustering acorns in the tiny wavelets of the lake

with every breeze. The foliage was sufficient to screen the boat completely. Silently standing up on the thwart, I laid my arms and chest on the massy bough, and looked over; the ladies were looking nearly in an opposite direction to that in which I was standing, and were so intent upon the occupation which employed the younger, that for nearly a minute I did not see either of their faces. At last, the sketcher looked up, and cast her eyes round the whole prospect before her. Gracious Heaven! who did I behold, and within a few feet of me—her angelic soul shining out of her mild blue eyes, and her expressive countenance—but, oh! how pale—seeming to thank the beautiful scene for the peace it was inspiring? It was Clara Fortescue.

It was only by a most powerful effort that I was enabled to smother an exclamation, so great was my surprise; but every drop of blood in my body, seemed to be boiling back on my heart, as if it would burst it. It was Miss Fortescue and her mother. They were discussing the proper limits which should be assigned to the sketch.

"I wish," said the young lady, "some friendly Faun, or Satyr—some Pan, or Sylvanus, would come to the aid of a damsel in distress, and remove that great oak branch (pointing to the one on which I was leaning) out of the way, for it obstructs my view of 'Ben-ledi's summit bare.'"

As she said this, her full blue eye fell so completely on me, that I felt almost certain she must see me, and I shrunk involuntarily before that unconscious orb, from

whose depths I used to drink such reciprocal draughts of love.

"Well, really mother, I thought the Rural Deities were about to answer my request, for I am sure the bough moved."

At this moment some awkwardness, on the part of Johan, caused one of the oars to roll along the gunwale, with a rattle, and then fall splashing into the water.

This at once drew the attention of the ladies, and startled them. Clara's quick glance immediately discovered me: she neither fainted nor shrieked, but her emotion was shown by her becoming pale and flushed in an instant; then an ineffable look of scorn crossed her brow, swift as the swallow's shadow on the wave. One word she uttered—

"Impertinent!" between her closed teeth, and quickly adding—"We are intruded upon; let us seek my uncle." She immediately rose.

"You need not seek him far," shouted the stentorian voice of the individual alluded to, stumping through the thick bushes, with a fishing-rod in one hand, and a long gaff, fit for securing salmon, in the other.

"What has frightened you, Clara? Have you seen Urisk, who used to haunt these mountains? My dear child, I brought you here to plant roses in your cheeks, and you bold brat, you are doing nothing but robbing the lilies."

"Am I never to escape from this man," thought I, as I beheld the dreaded and hated Smith, almost close to me. "If he catches me in this desolate place, he will surely murder me."

Cautiously I slipped down into the boat, and whispered Johan to shove off; but the first motion he made to obey me, caught the ear of Smith.

"Ha! an Otter; this place is full of them: saw three to-day!"

As he said this, he thrust, with his long gaff, in the direction in which he had heard the splash; it actually touched the boat; how I trembled! Another vigorous shove, and the boat shot out from beneath the over-arching boughs into full view of those on shore, but quite out of reach of the gaff.

Smith saw, and recognized me in a moment; he literally danced with fury on his wooden leg, and shouted—

"Come back, miscreant! Come back: will nothing satisfy you now, but stealing and skulking about to frighten unprotected women? Come back, I say!"

Seeing that, in place of obeying him, I was exerting all my powers to increase my distance from the shore, he raised his large and strong salmon rod, and made a cast at me, which caused the gaudy flies to whistle by my head, and fall short in the water. In a moment the head of the rod was in the water, and I heard the rattling of the reel, as quick and sudden he dragged it through the water to lengthen his line. Smith made another cast; the line touched me, but again fell innocently on the water: he rushed into the water, made another furious cast, and I was horrified to feel the large sharp hook of one of the flies piercing my back, and fixed deeply by a skilful chuck. I

screeched to Johan to cease pulling, and not increase my tortures. Quickly perceiving what had happened, he searched his pockets for a knife; alas! there was none to be found, and the strong tackle was actually drawing the heavy boat towards the shore. Johan made a last effort, it was to bite the strong link of gut to which the flies were attached. A dexterous manœuvre brought the line round his head, and a jerk, as before, fixed a hook right in his cheek, under his eye. Roaring with pain, he dropped his oar, and tried to grasp the line and break it. All he accomplished was, getting another hook fixed in his hand.

All this time Mr. Smith was shouting in ecstasy, and drawing us steadily nearer, in a state of helplessness, hardly to be believed.

"Was there ever such fishing? Huzza! Both hooked with the one cast! Christopher North, thou art beaten to a stand-still, and on thine own lakes, henceforth thou must yield the palm to me. Talk of your fifteen and twenty pounders! but here are as many stone, coming safely ashore without a flaw in my tackle!"

As soon as we were drawn within reach of the gaff, Smith fixed its hook in the boat's gunwale, and gave such a sudden pull, that we were both jerked off our balance, and upset in the bottom of the boat; and before we had time to scramble up again, the keel grated harshly on the strand as it was forcibly drawn up the bank of pebbles which edged the water. I felt myself seized by the neck, raised, and as suddenly dashed on

the ground, and fixed there by something which seemed as though it would pierce me through: it was the wooden leg of this dreadful man. Johan was next dragged out, and flung beside me on the shingle; Smith then cut the painter from the ring in the bow, and bestowed a few hearty strokes of the rope on us indiscriminately, just, as he remarked, to take out the twist; then fixing us back to back, he secured us in this position by means of the rope, and also tied our necks, hands, and ankles together by means of our handkerchiefs and cravats.

"That is, in my opinion, a very pretty, and perfect *dos à dos*," said Mr. Smith, contemplating his work. "Art thou that ancient and fishy Caliban, born of Sycorax, whom Prosper found? Janus-like quadruped, yield me back my Limerick hooks and handsome flies!"

Deliberately taking out his penknife, he extracted the hooks from our flesh perfectly, regardless of the pain he was inflicting, and only observing—

"Pooh! man! don't shout, its not half so bad as cutting off a leg. But pardon, *Meine Herren*, I have soiled you a little with your own blood, for neatness sake, I had better wash you."

Suiting the action to the word, he rolled us over till we splashed into the water, with the horrid conviction, that we were about to finish our earthly career, and then poking us under with the gaff, and hauling us up again three or four times, I think he certainly would have drowned us, but for the intervention of the ladies.

We were dragged out panting and entreating; and

Mr. Smith remarked, that "he must hang us up somewhere to dry, to prevent our catching cold." Again we were heaved into the boat, the ladies all the while, begging him to set us at liberty.

"Ah, no!" said he. "Wherever, and whenever Peeping Tom is caught, he must be put in Coventry. What think you, Caliban, of having liberty granted you, of spending the night on the lonely isle, it will afford a splendid opportunity for ruminating on the glories of Walter Scott, and of impressing thoroughly on your mind, that Fitzjames was not the only person who was brought into trouble, by a Lady of the Lake."

A gillie, or highland boy, who carried Mr. Smith's basket of fish, now appeared, and getting into the boat, pulled with him to the little island. Having deposited us on the steep pathway, he said, as he departed—

"After all your fatigue, I hope your repose may be sweet. I shall always welcome you whenever I meet you, so that I hope you will not think of leaving this country. Much obliged for the good fishing you have afforded me. Au revoir."

This monster then left me soaking and half smothered, along with my servant, mentally ejaculating curses—deep, not loud. Some hours after, we were liberated by a party which came to see the island, and when unbound, we were totally unable to stand or move. The greatest kindness was shown to us, and we were conveyed to a place where the necessary comforts were afforded us. To the inn we would not go, through fear of again meeting the savage, Smith.

This last adventure determined me to leave Great Britain, yet when I thought within myself of the harvest I was about to leave behind me, my avaricious feelings prompted me once more to attempt another settlement. I now pitched on Birmingham, and commenced business there as Dr. Lütter ; but ere a month had elapsed, I received a note one day, which proved that my old enemy had discovered me : it was nearly to this effect :—

“ Dear Sir—I was a very heavy man, but thanks to Homœopathy, one-fourth of my bulk has been got rid of ! I was a very happy man, but the same inestimable science, has freed me from the burden of both my good humour and good temper ! I was a doating father, but Homœopathy has set my affections free !

“ Having derived all these advantages from Homœopathy, under the talented auspices of Dr. Eisenberg, otherwise Bremer, otherwise Gruber, I now wish to put myself under your care, and I most faithfully promise that your rewards shall be tenfold as great as what I have bestowed on the many titled gentleman I have mentioned. As I purpose being in Birmingham within the week, I write to inform you, that I shall lose no time in waiting on you immediately on my arrival.

“ Yours, &c., &c.,

“ S. S. SMITH.”

On the receipt of this letter, I did not wait to sell off my stock, but leaving Johan behind, with orders to part with every thing, I started for London, and having remained perdu for a short time, I left for Rotterdam.

When there, I deliberated where I should go next. I felt miserable, for I had no home. I did not care to return to Leipsic; for even if I should find any of my relatives living, they would not be desirable society to me, now that I had become a man of wealth; for at best, they were but poor peasants, and they must think evil of me from the treatment I had given my aged father. My sister, too—my own flesh and blood—what might have become of her in her unprotected state? Ought I not to seek her out, and share some of the affluence I had acquired with the hapless girl? I thought of all these things; but, alas! I procrastinated, and the hour for repentance passed by. The galling truth came to my mind every moment, that I might talk of my native land; but that little, dear, integral part of Fatherland, Home, was not for me.

If those persons who spend their lives in a happy, virtuous, social state, in the bosoms of their families, where they meet love and respect, only knew the mental disquietude, which almost all adventurers in society suffer, from the want of all loving and true ties, and the mental curse which pursues an unreal art, whose Professor's strength consists in the weakness of others, they would be more lenient in their strictures on the quack, or the pretender, in any so-called science, and they would paint his happiness and success in far less florid colours, did they but know, at what a price that success has been purchased.

You, my kind friends, have given me thoughts and hopes I never knew before. You have taught me,

that I am lost, and am saved again by merits not my own ; but long before I knew you, I had made the discovery, that truth is the greatest and most impregnable fortress, in which man can intrench himself. The man who prefers falsehood, as I have done, may carry on a valuable predatory warfare on mankind, like the Bedouin ; but if he requires, or desires repose, security, or respectability, he will find the boon denied, and that every man's hand is against him, as his hand has been against every man.

I can philosophise now on this bed of suffering, better than I could when health and strength urged me on, in the pursuit of that handmaiden of the Evil One—wealth. I have attained it, but the juggle by which it has been procured, is becoming known to mankind in all its absurdity and falsehood, and is fast passing away to oblivion ; some other pretended curative plan will spring up and thrust it from the stage.

Would that I could again retrace my early days ; for now I see, through the medium of truth, which you have afforded me, that the most abject poverty, with a good conscience, and a strong hope, and trust in the promises of the Gospel, would have been preferable to all the riches of Cræsus, or to the Imperial diadem of the Cæsars !

Read to me—Oh ! read to me, some more of that blessed and comforting book, and if this illness be unto death, oh pray that so wretched a sinner may not pass away from this world under the condemnation of a God whom he is conscious of having deeply offended.

Having uttered these words, the Count was seized with a violent fit of convulsions, which ended in his throwing up large quantities of blood from his lungs. Howard assigned, as a cause for this, that some sharp points of the fractured ribs had penetrated the lungs, and consequently directed, that he should not be allowed to speak on any pretence, and used such remedies as the symptoms demanded. For three days life was in the greatest jeopardy, yet he constantly made signs for them to read the Bible to him, and one text he could not have sufficiently often repeated to him—

“Though thy sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

Amelie continually read to him in his native tongue, and Forrester explained such passages as were likely to be misunderstood, and showed the bearing of the Old Testament on the New, well knowing that the grace of God will often render the proud and strong intellect of man like that of a little child—the only state in which the true milk of the Gospel, is ever first received.

Eisenberg drank in eagerly every word uttered by the musical voice of the manly Englishman, and when sufficiently recovered to be permitted to speak, astonished them by the acute questions he asked. His quick mind soon understood the mystery of salvation; and if ever man's was worked out in fear and trembling, his was.

Sometimes Howard would beguile the time in the evening by relating incidents of his own travels in the

East, and the real enthusiasm which he felt for every thing connected with the Holy Land, threw a fire and interest into these narratives, which no written story could give, and added much to the conviction which the invalid so recently entertained, of the truth of the Bible.

When the Count was a little recovered, he again proceeded with his Confessions, even against the advice of his friends: but he now considered that he was fulfilling a sacred duty in telling all, and would not be opposed. All Howard could do, was to limit the time, and not permit the invalid to exhaust himself. It was evident to the friends that a great change for the worse, had taken place in all his symptoms, and that the evidences of fatal pulmonary disease, were daily taking the place of his former steady progress to convalescence: hectic fever, with a hacking and harassing cough, were seldom absent, and the hope of ultimate recovery, was now totally banished from the minds of his kind attendants.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ Oh ! 'tis a fearful thing to stand
By the sinner's dying bed,
When the changed brow, and clenched hand
Are convulsed with inward dread.”

“ Le plus heureux passe pour le plus grand, et le public
attribue souvent au mérite tous les succès de la fortune.”

VOLTAIRE.

“ Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history.”

THE Count proceeded. I need not tell persons, so well acquainted with the customs of the Continent, that those who desire to be ennobled by a title, will find very little difficulty in procuring one, if they have the money to pay for it. I had the desire, and the money, and, consequently, very quickly assumed the title of Count, and coronets soon sparkled on every thing belonging to me. This honor I procured from the ex-amié of a German Sovereign, who resided in Paris, and derived a great portion of her income from the permission granted her of bestowing titles of nobility.

As Count Von Eisenberg, I visited the principal cities of Europe ; but without a thought of indulging again in the practice of Homœopathy ; it had served my turn well, and it was only as a matter of curiosity ,

that I ever cast a glance at the progress of others. I felt glad that I had made, and was not speculating on making, a fortune by Homœopathy, when, as a scientific nobleman, I witnessed the total failure of my Homœopathic brethren in Paris, when the celebrated physicians, Andral and Baily, gave the death-blow to the system in France, by giving the Homœopathists opportunity to exercise their powers on the patients in the Hôtel Dieu; for out of the numbers they were permitted to treat, only two were declared cured, and, unfortunately, one of these returned a few days after, and died. In consequence of this, and several other experiments, tried by order of the French Academy, many of whose members were anxious to prove the truth of this system, a Report was drawn up by the Academicians, and sent to the Minister of Public Instruction, declaring that it would be unnecessary to authorize the establishment of Homœopathic dispensaries, as the practitioners of the supposed science had utterly failed to prove its utility.

The students also took the matter up, and several of them sought the notoriety of being experimented on publicly, in the Hôtel Dieu. To avoid any suspicion of foul play, the only Homœopathic druggist in Paris provided, and administered the desired medicines to these healthy young men, for a considerable length of time, without producing the slightest effect. This was attacking the root of the system, as it proved the falsehood of the premises on which Hahnemann's grand dogma was based; for medicines capable of curing cer-

tain diseases, should also be capable of producing them, or Homœopathy is a fable.

As in France, every thing is public, the public failure of the Homœopathic experiments, excited only general mirth and ridicule, evinced by numerous pasquinades on the subject, and the pictorial liberties taken with its profound professors, by such prints as the *Caricature* and *Charivari*; little Vaudevilles were also played in the minor Theatres, in which Homœopathy was made the standing jest; in fact, into such discredit had the fair experimental trial of its merits brought it, that its reign was evidently over, for a time, in *La Belle France*.

When I sought Paris, I was not without intention of practising there; but seeing the state of things, I at once abandoned the idea; and having indulged in all the gaities of that studiously lively capital, I got tired of the whirl of dissipation, and retreated on the *Brunens of Nassau*. Fashion, following the Bubbles blown by your illustrious countryman, had already begun to people the wilds, and crowds were thronging the Hotels from all parts of Europe, some in search of health, but by far the greater number in a vain, unsatisfying pursuit of pleasure, or of what, in most minds, is its synonym, variety.

It was at *Schlangenbad*, that I first became acquainted with my dear *Amelie*. Struck with her beauty and accomplishments, I sought and procured an introduction; and, as I passed for a person of ancient family and good property, intimacy ensued, my atten-

tions were well received, and I soon discovered that I was not disagreeable, and quickly became an acknowledged suitor ; but as Amelie was an heiress in right of property, derived from a maternal grandfather, who had left her Castellane of a considerable village in Rhenish Prussia, and owner of a fine Schloss and territory in Bohemia, my claims were looked into by her family, with an eye of keenness, not at all satisfactory to my vanity ; I really loved her, and she was, and is, deserving of a purer heart, than that which I had to give her.

Several allusions had been made to my place of fixed residence, by Amelie's father ; I was obliged to avoid the subject ; but feeling that it might be pressed upon me, in a way that I could not waive, I took leave of the family, under pretence of business, promising to meet them in a short time again, at Wiesbaden. My object, in this move, was to purchase some estate, which might satisfy the old Baron, that his daughter should have, at least, a territorial appellation. Falkenbrun was in the market, and I immediately became its purchaser, and having established my faithful follower, Johan Kobelt, and his wife there, with directions to procure every thing requisite for a stylish household, I then returned to Wiesbaden, and finding that absence and uncertainty had been working in my favour, I made my proposals in due form.

Some little preliminary punctilio was observed by the noble house, into which I aspired to enter : I knew how to conquer this ; I laid the title deeds of Falken-

brun, with those of two other imaginary estates, in distant places, on the table, and followed that up by a pile of Bonds, Debentures, and solid English Stock, and quickly found, as I expected, that the Cent per Cent of German pride and aristocracy was routed, and fled the field, before the ignoble army of Consols, Three-and-a-Half and Scrip, which I brought against it.

Six months after this, we were married; I would willingly have hurried matters more; but Amelie would not hear of it, and was constantly putting me in mind of the shortness of our acquaintance. Never, during the whole period of my courtship, nor since, did I make known the true history of my life, till now, and the only thing I regret, in doing so, is, the shock which these disclosures must cause to one deservedly so dear. A thousand times since we have been united, I have resolved to unbosom myself to my best friend, but fear kept me from it; I dreaded the effects it might have on her proudly sensitive spirit; it has been ever deferred, till now, that the bed of languishing and anguish has forced the conviction on my mind, that my career may shortly end, and gratitude for kindness past, and present, has overcome the spirit of hypocrisy, which, under other circumstances, would, in all probability, have ruled me to the last. Dear partner of my joys and sorrows, let me pray thy forgiveness, for having so long deceived thee; well thou knowest that it was only regard for thy feelings which kept me so long silent!

Amelie wept convulsively, and, as her only answer,

kissed the attenuated hand of her husband, which she held clasped in her own. After some painful minutes, the Count proceeded :

My marriage, and the large addition made to my fortunes, by the estates of Amelie, with the ancient respectability of her family, placed me at once in the highest society the district afforded, as soon as we had taken up our residence at Falkenbrun. Visitors came from every side, and for a time, nothing was talked of, at Salzburg, but the beauty of the Countess, and the splendour of her entertainments ; for I encouraged, as far as possible, an expenditure I could well afford, on account of the popularity it produced.

I knew that the high road to the hearts of most men, lay through their appetites, consequently, my cuisine was superb, and amusement was never wanting at the Schloss, in the form of music, dancing, or gambling, for those whose tastes led them to take pleasure in any of them. We were much asked out ; and although our own happy home caused us to refuse most of these invitations, still politeness required that we should sometimes accept them. Here one source of annoyance was continually occurring to me ; the meeting with Englishmen, and the fear of being recognized by some of them, and that thus revelations of my former life might get abroad, which would not be agreeable in my present standing in society. To avoid any unpleasantness of this kind, and keep myself free from suspicion, I adopted a certain oddity of demeanour, which was readily pardoned in one who gave such liberal enter-



tainments; it was this: whenever I was constrained to go into society with Amelie, I always brought her to the house, and having paid my respects to the hosts, retired to my Circle, where I occupied myself reading or playing, till it was time to conduct my wife home: if, on returning to the house where I had left her, I found any English, I always hurried her away; if not, I studied to make myself agreeable, to the utmost extent of my powers. This custom of mine, soon became known, without its reason being ever suspected; and even from Amelie, I was enabled, by a little tact, to conceal my dislike of meeting Englishmen.

My retirement from these scenes of festivity, was attributed to a literary taste, and a love of books, prevailing over a love of society. On two or three occasions, I was inexpressibly annoyed at finding that Amelie had invited Englishmen whom she had met to Falkenbrun, where I could not avoid them so easily; once, to my horror, I saw a young man, who had been a patient of mine in Manchester, standing in my own salon, and quietly inspecting me from head to foot, as though he could not exactly recollect my identity, and yet felt a conviction of my person having been seen by him before. These little starts, were a frequent source of annoyance, but prudence forbade my making any observation regarding them to Amelie.

Notwithstanding these little desagrémens, a year passed very pleasantly at Falkenbrun, and I had begun somewhat to relax my caution, when, one evening, having accepted an invitation to the Hoff Rath Strahl's,

I saw, at a glance, your English faces in the room ; as my wont was, I immediately left it, and being at a loss for amusement, strolled into the Casino, a place I frequently visited, and having entered into play, and into the spirit of play, and being heated with wine and success, for a large pile of gold lay before me, with recklessness I challenged any, or all, to stake against me. I won, and won, till play ceased, for want of funds. At length, one of the losers, with a chuckle, said,—"We shall have our revenge, now ; for here comes the lucky Englishman."

These words in a moment sobered me, and chilled the exultation I had been indulging, down to Zero ; but my feeling of confusion was complete, when I heard the deliberate stump—stump—stump of a wooden leg, advancing to the table, and, in a second more, the large, hilarious countenance of my old enemy, Smith, with its dreadful squint, appeared through the opening crowd of gamblers, who readily made way for him.

I should mention, that for some nights previous, I had had a very large share of Fortune's favors, and numerous persons were jealous of my luck. The same thing had happened to Smith, who, as chance would have it, had played at a different period of the evening, so that we had not met. The consequence of this was, that all the habitués of this Salon of Satan, who had been losers by both of us, rejoiced to see the two heroes of the place, thus brought into contact ; their feelings at the moment may be expressed by the line—

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tag of war."

My position of triumph over the many, whom I had despoiled, would not permit of my retreating now; and the start Smith gave, when he saw me, told me at once that I was recognized. Whatever might be the result, I must now go through with it. The Croupier ended my temporary difficulty, by the usual cry, "On joue, Messieurs, on joue."

I placed a heavy stake on the table, and appeared absorbed in the game; Smith balanced it on the opposite colour. I remarked, that many who had refrained from playing before, now staked their money on the side of the Englishman. "Faites le jeu Messieurs—le jeu est fait."

I had covered all the opposite points. The cards were shuffled,—the hand played, I lost. This was repeated several times,—my heap of treasure was changing to the other side of the table, as fast as the cards could be dealt, and the Croupier could rake it up. I changed my colour, but that did not change my fortune. When I bet on Rouge, Noir was declared winner, and vice versa. All was silence, undisturbed save by the rake of the Croupier, which regularly, after each deal, sought my side of the table, and swept away its golden load.

When all was nearly gone, I rose and declared I would play no more. Smith got up at the same time, and crying out, "Stop, Sir; a word with you before you go," stumped round to the side of the table where I was, and addressing me, in a tone of voice which could not be heard by the others, said—

"Doctor, I have a small account to settle with you, which, as a man of honor, I am ready and willing to do, as soon as possible: it is to return you thanks, after my own peculiar fashion, for having had the consideration to establish a spy in my household. I shall see you in the morning; doubtless, you will enjoy my society more, when your brain is less heated. *Au revoir! bis Nächstens.*"

Then, turning to the table, where the heap of gold which he had won lay, he took a handful of it and presented it to the door-keeper, and then commenced a speech to the assembled gamblers, in a jumble of all languages, which he intended for German, commencing—

"Meine Herren,—You must feel assured, that I entertain the most laudable feelings of contempt for the whole of your blackleg fraternity, knowing you to be poor, wretched, grovelling night fowl, totally unsuited for my society; but, as you would, or for all I know to the contrary, have bartered your souls for gold, and have served me to amuse an idle hour withal, I should wish not to seem ungrateful; but, to give you your own darling poison, to help you on a little faster to perdition—Here, Messieurs,—Herren,—Teufelsknechts (dashing his blackthorn stick against the heap of gold, and scattering it like grape-shot against the walls of the room),—here, scramble for what you love! Aye, tear, pull, scratch, and hustle one another. How beautifully natural ye look, on all fours, my pretty quadrupeds. Beasts, dogs, go it. Here's more

for you! Danae's golden shower was nothing to this! Am I not a Jupiter to you, you pitiful scoundrels?"

The effect of this speech, and its accompanying acts, was, as might be supposed, truly singular in its way; as for the speech itself, partly German, partly French, with a word or two of English, wherever the foreign synonym could not be readily recalled; it was only partially understood by those to whom it was addressed; but the accompaniment, that of dashing the gold about the room, although many got hard knocks from it in its flight, was sufficiently intelligible, and a general scramble ensued, in which no little violence was exhibited by the well dressed mob. One of the gamblers, more cunning than the rest, thought to snatch a handful of the precious metal from the quickly dissipating heap: ere his hand could be withdrawn, the knotty cudgel descended, crushing the delicate fingers which had executed so many sleights in their day, and sending their contents flying through the apartment, like the fragments of a burst shell, whilst the howl of agony which was heard, fully told the sufferings of the smitten.

"So!" cried Smith, "you are not content with accepting my bounty, but you must rob me. Take that, Schelm, and be thankful that I have not driven the lead out of your head, instead of the gold out of your fingers."

During the confusion which ensued, I passed unnoticed from the room, and am ignorant of what subsequently happened.

I immediately proceeded to the Burgermeister, with whom I was in high favour, and stated that Smith was a political offender, who had been given up to the authorities, by the British Government, on account of the enormity of his crime, and that he had but recently escaped from a fortress in Bavaria, where he had been confined. I cautioned the Magistrate to secure him at once, and offered to give my depositions on oath.

The stupid, worthy old beer-soaking Burgermeister immediately sent a strong guard of police to apprehend Smith: they missed him at the Casino, but found him at his Hotel, and succeeded in capturing him, after a desperate resistance.

Meanwhile, I carried my wife home from the party where you met her, and caused immediate preparations to be made for a hurried journey, without assigning any reason to the Countess. She obeyed, in silence; and, for the first time, a feeling of distrust arose between us. We had got thus far, when the accident occurred, which, but for your timely aid and kindness, must have ended my career.

My detention, in this wild spot, with the unexampled generosity you have lavished on one so utterly undeserving, has excited completely new feelings in my mind; and your conversation and example, with the sacred truths you have revealed to me, have sunk deeply in my mind; and, if life be spared me, I am determined that those impressions shall not be effaced, but it shall be my pleasure and delight, to strengthen and render them permanent, so that they shall have a beneficial

effect on my future existence. I can assure you, I feel more solid happiness from the truths you have explained to me, than I ever derived from the enjoyments of sense, and from what is commonly called pleasure, in my most prosperous hours ; but it needed the agonies I have suffered, to render my mind amenable to those mysterious doctrines, which, in my health and strength, I scoffed at, as the inventions of cunning men, to work out their own interests. The only disturbance I have felt, has arisen from the re-appearance of my implacable enemy, in this obscure corner of the country. Should this man discover me, I should have every thing to fear from his violence, as he may be now rendered furious, by the imprisonment he has undergone, through my false evidence.

You are now, my friends, and thou, my ever dear, though much wronged partner, in full possession of every minutiae of my history ; it is the only return I can make for the extraordinary and uncalled for kindness, you have shown me. Make what use of it you will. I have not failed to perceive, that Dr. Howard has noted down almost all I have said ; only one favor I shall ask, if any intention of publishing so wretched a story enters your minds, that you would substitute other names for those persons whom I have unavoidably mentioned, and some of whom, I have wilfully injured. My story might prove useful to the world, were it only to show, that wealth procured by falsehood and pretence, did not avail to make its owner happy ; and it might serve as a beacon, to warn the unwary from

being trapped into a false and dangerous confidence, in whatever system, ungrounded on truth and experience, may succeed, as the reigning folly, or foible of the day, to that which I and others have so successfully, yet, as you have shown me, so sinfully pursued.

Here the Count ceased—his painful task was over—his Confessions were ended. All thanked him for the candour he had exhibited, and Amelie declared that she loved him better than ever, on account of the victory he had gained over himself, in pitching off the mask of dissimulation, which had covered every moral feature of his character.

That evening was closed happily ; Forrester, at the Count's request, reading to him from the Bible, all those passages which prove justification by faith, to be the true road to eternal happiness. Fervent were the prayers poured forth by his eloquent lips, that the Holy Spirit would perfect its begun work, in this, hitherto neglected, but now, repentant mind, and would also give him power, as it did the will, to place the great truths of revealed religion, effectually within his grasp. The little party separated for the night, mutually pleased with each other.

Poor Amelie ! there was a tear in either eye, when her thin taper fingers were pressed in those of the high-souled Forrester, as he bade her good night ; but they were tears of gratitude, which told the Englishman how well his efforts, on behalf of her husband, were appreciated, better than the most eloquent expression of thanks could have done.

When the Englishmen had retired to their chamber, —for the little Gasthaus did not admit of their having separate apartments,—Howard stated his opinion to his friend, with respect to the Count's health, saying, that peculiar symptoms were beginning to show themselves, which gave indications of a fatal, and, as he feared, sudden termination. This caused some conversation, on the propriety of informing the Countess, and also the necessity of causing the Count to arrange his worldly affairs.

Both agreed that neither party, ought to be kept in ignorance of the manifest danger that impended, and it was determined that they should speak openly and decidedly, the next day.

That night the Count was much worse ; Howard was twice called to his bed-side,—another vessel had ruptured on his lungs. The necessity of settling his worldly affairs, was mentioned by his kind physician, and an express was sent to the nearest town, for a Notary.

The sun, next morning, shot his oblique beams into that sick chamber, to enlighten a wretched scene ; the principal object, the dying Eisenberg, looking deadly pale, (whilst a wild, almost unearthly light, shone for moments in his eyes, which as suddenly became dull and lustreless again,) was supported by several pillows in the bed, his head resting on the shoulder of his faithful wife, who struggled to stifle the sobs which seemed suffocating her. Howard stood at the side of the bed, with his finger on the dying man's wrist. The Notary

was seated at a little table, with writing materials before him, waiting for the expression of his client's wishes; he had only written the three or four preliminary phrases, common to all wills, commencing with—

“Forasmuch as I, Wilhelm, Graf Von Eisenberg, being of sound mind, &c.”

When the Count beckoned to him, to show what he had written, it was held close to his eyes for a minute, after which, he exclaimed—

“No! no, not that. Write, I, Carl Gruber, of Leipsio, elevated to the Grafshaft of Eisenberg ——”

Here his voice faltered; yet a look of triumph sought out Forrester, who was sitting at the window, as much as to say, “You see I have courage to be honest now.”

After this, he rapidly proceeded with the disposition of his property, leaving all he possessed to his wife, only reserving a small legacy for his sister, if she should be living, and certain sums to Johan Kobelt, and some others of his domestics. He expressed a wish, that the estate of Falkenbrun should be sold, and that Amelie should not reside there any longer. Having obtained the English gentlemen's consent, he named them his executors. The fat Landlord and his wife were summoned as witnesses, and after some blubbering, affixed their signatures.

This transaction over, the Count begged to be laid flat, the pillows were removed, and, exhausted with the exertion he had made, he sunk into a kind of stupor, in which his breathing became, more and more difficult, every moment.

Howard whispered his friend—

“He’s going fast, the pulse has nearly failed at the wrist.”

The news of the Count’s impending dissolution having reached the kitchen, all the servants had crept noiselessly up the stairs to the room door, and were there waiting, in expectation of the event: an awful silence prevailed, interrupted only by the guttural breathing of the dying man, and an occasional smothered sob, from the Countess. After some little time, the Count revived again, and whispered Howard to give him a restorative; it was given; he then requested Forrester to read for him the part of the first chapter of Isaiah, which had made so deep an impression on his mind; Forrester complied with pleasure, and added some other comforting selections from the Epistle to the Hebrews, and other parts of Holy Writ.

It was a curious, but instructive page, in the history of human life, to see that careless disbeliever sinking out of life, clutching, with dying grasp, at the saving truths of the Gospel. It was also a delightful thing, to see that fine young man in the pride of life and talent, devoting the precious hours of his meridian, to a wretch, with whom he could have no feeling in common, except this, that both were sinners, saved by the all-atoning blood of their Saviour; hard he struggled, and fervently he prayed, to confirm the faith he had been the instrument of inspiring. Grace is a plant of quick growth, and it appeared to spring up with extraordinary celerity in the mind of this dying man, and

gave evidences of a fast ripening to a late, though welcome harvest.

While this scene was going on, Forrester occasionally reading some striking passage with his sweet sonorous voice, a Carmelite monk, who was passing, hearing that there was a gentleman dying in the house, craved admittance to him, and entered the chamber, before any of the persons in it were aware of his presence ; at the moment, Forrester was commenting on the fourth chapter of Acts, and had just said—

“Thus, from the inspired writings you see, that it is not the mere circumstance of belonging to any particular Church, which can obtain salvation for fallen man, although, that is the outward and visible evidence of his creed ; it is the free gift of God, so oft rejected and set at nought, like the stone by the builders. That stone, Christ, is become the head of the corner, and pure and fervent belief in him, his life, mission, gospel scheme, and death for man, are all-sufficient to save the sinner. The upholders of priestly creeds and special dogmas, the work of man, will ever find their satisfying answer in the twelfth verse of this chapter.

“Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

“Except that of the Infallible Church in its mediatorial capacity, the glorious aqueduct of the waters of life to the thirsting sinner!” said a loud voice from the door, and on turning round, all beheld the Carmelite, in his brown dress and girdle.

Even the Count for a moment raised himself, and with a shudder pronounced the name of "Seifenblase," and then added—

"He comes for his revenge; he said that I should die wretched and an outcast! 'Tis true I injured him, but he deserved it! Send him away—No! bring him here close to me, this is no time for rancour."

The priest approached, and crossing himself, answered—

"You speak, my son, like a Christian, one who would willingly receive the consolations of our Holy Church, which I am ready to give you. It is but half an hour, since I thought that I had lost my way, but foolish man that I was, surely it was a special providence, and the prayers of the Church, which directed me hither. Against me, you have no cause of ill will; that is a phantom of your own busy imagination—a prompting of Satan! Except, indeed, you may think you have injured me, in neglecting the Church, of which I am but an humble servant."

Whilst saying this, the Carmelite looked the personification of Christian benevolence and lowly piety: already he had taken out his iron clasped breviary, and was feeling for the pix, within his garment, as he advanced close to the bed-side. The dying Count caught him by the garment, and drew him down towards him, and then in a hoarse whisper, said—

"Father, I thank you for the offer you have volunteered of the services of your Church, but I need them not, and wish them not; they are useless to any one—

worse than useless, to one who despises their mercenary trickery, and laughs at the mock sanctity of their pretended absolution. Go, Father, to those idiots whose ignorance of vital religion, makes them willing dupes to jesuitical roguery, but leave me in peace, for I have learned enough from that little volume, to teach me that dependance on man, in such an hour as this, would be insanity."

"It is never too late for repentance, my son; charity and abundant works of mercy, with the prayers and masses of the Church, will suffice to save the soul of the greatest sinner. Give, my son, give largely; I will joyfully be your almoner, and then, the prayers of the destitute whom you shall relieve, and the benedictions of the Church, shall waft your prayer-embalmed soul to heaven, in a halo of glory."

"Go—Monk—go! Your Church is a false Church, and its priests are selfish and mercenary liars. Can they, indeed, sell salvation? Can they, thus, make void the free grace of God? Can they place themselves, with their works, masses, and observances in one scale, and dare to think and teach, that such will be an equipoise for the blood of Christ? No, man, no! Young as my faith is, it is too strong and vigorous for all the shallow devices of your presumptuous creed. But, that I may escape the infliction of your intrusive presence, look upon me! (here the Count turned his ghastly countenance full upon the monk.) Let not the lure of the rich Count of Eisenberg delude you any longer. Behold the man whom you have never ceased

to curse, and then begone on your false way, and trouble me no more ! I am Carl Gruber !”

Had Seifenblase received a ball in a vital part, he could not have started back more convulsively than he did, as memory confirmed the announcement which had just been made. Before he had time to recover from his astonishment, the two Englishmen pressed him to retire, on the grounds that his presence would have an effect injurious to the health of the sick man.

Whilst he was demurring and grumbling at foreign interference with the rights of the Church, another actor came upon the stage, who, if not announced by a flourish of trumpets, certainly was by the loud neighing of a horse from the kitchen beneath.

The new comer caught Howard by the hand, and abruptly asked—

“Is he dying?”

Howard answered in the affirmative, and shook the hand of the interrogator, who was none other than our old friend, Smith Smithson Smith.

“Then, my enmity is over; tell the poor chap that it is so: although, had I met him during the last six weeks, I certainly should have knocked him on the head, for the scurvy trick he played me, of getting me imprisoned on false information, at Salzburg. Tell him, I cannot harbour enmity long, that I wish to shake hands with him, and forgive him before he goes. How lucky it was, that this wooden leg to which he helped me, went through the stairs, and kept me long enough trying to extricate it, to admit of my hearing,

of the state of the poor fellow, and also to catch something of the wholesome truths he bestowed on yon greasy rogue."

Then turning to the Monk, he continued—

"And so Sir Pfaff, you are determined to establish yourself here, in despite of all good taste and good feeling. Now, Geistlicher Herr, as I have been a witness to your unseemly conduct, permit me to inform you, that unless you are out of sight, before I finish this pinch of snuff, it is more than likely, that I shall transfer the rope from your girdle to your neck, and suit my own convenience, as to whether I shall bundle you down the stairs, or toss you out of the window !

Seifenblase muttered something, in which the words, "verfluchter Kerle" were alone distinguishable, and shuffled down the stairs, Smith calling after him, to take care lest Bingo should take a nip out of him as he passed, as the animal had an utter aversion to hair shirts, and certain other cleanly penitential observances.

The whole of this conversation had been carried on by Smith in a hoarse whisper, and he now approached the bed with the greatest caution, and making as little noise as possible. Forrester greeted him warmly. Attention was next directed to the Count who had fainted; excited and roused by the pertinacity of Seifenblase, he had taxed his strength too much, and the sight of Smith had overcome him completely.

After some time he revived, and to his great astonishment, found his dreaded enemy bathing his temples

with Eau de Cologne, and trying to revive him by comforting expressions. As soon as he was come to himself, Smith said—

“Come, Eisenberg, we have done much evil to one another, it is time we should cease: give me your hand, man; from my soul I forgive you; be as generous to me; that’s right! Who knows but that you may recover yet?”

Strange as it may seem, this hearty, yet eccentric man, now became the dying Count’s constant attendant, and scarcely ever left him; at first, this gave him the most evident and lively satisfaction, and for two days he seemed to improve.

During this period, many short conversations occurred between them, in which Smith induced him to confess the utter fallacy of the art he had practised; but by far, the greater part of the time was spent, whilst he was able to fix his attention on anything, in listening to the sweet words of peace, which Forrester cheerfully read from the page of inspiration.

Three days after this, violent convulsions came on, and he raved wildly; extensive hæmorrhage from his lungs ensued, and a fit of suffocation closed the scene of his earthly career. He died at midnight, in the arms of Smith.

Thus ended the Homœopathist’s mortal course, happy only in his death; tormented daily and hourly to support the vague pretensions of a false science. What balance could the acquisition of wealth be to the failure of respectability and self esteem, the tolera-

tion of the scornful eye, and the glance of derision, and last, not least, the conscience which sooner or later, will awake to torture the time-server and the selfish, whose avarice renders him careless what inflictions he may impose on his weak-minded fellow-creatures, provided they pay. The man who seeks happiness by such a course, however well he may conceal it, is, and must be wretched, the moment the excitement of his career is over. He pays the forfeit every hour for having despised truth; he may think that he is rejoicing in his heart, and chuckling over his prosperity, but time will tell him, it is Satan that is laughing in his breast, and when death approaches, and removes the varnished mask of self-forgiveness and toleration, from thoughts and actions, and they stand forth in quick review, then what a dreadful thing it must be to know, that the brand of falsehood is stamped deeply and indelibly on the greater number.

But Gruber, Eisenberg, Bremer, with his many other aliases, is gone!—Requiescat in pace. But there are some other personages, who have necessarily figured in these memoirs, about whom we shall say a few words, to avoid parting too abruptly with those who have accompanied us thus far.

The Countess, although suffering deep and unaffected sorrow, was not so much overcome by grief, as might have been supposed, when one so young loses the first partner of her affections, and is forced by custom to don the melancholy garb of weeds. The executors consulted her, and by mutual counsel it was determined,

that the Count's obsequies should take place in the ground of a little chapel, which was at a short distance, and where, hitherto, no more honoured relics, than those of the poor miners of the district had been interred. An old Monk resided in a cell hard by, and was the only medium by which the light of revealed religion had been shed, with very feeble ray, indeed, on those hapless dwellers under the earth. Well might it be said of them, that they "saw through a glass darkly."

This poor ignorant old man had been no obstruction to the seldom visits of an agent of the Missionary Society to this wild district—seldom, not from choice, but necessity, for he had a district of from forty to fifty square miles assigned to him, and consequently, could not stop long in any place.

Now, Howard, during the time he had been detained at the Weissen Hirsch, kindly placed his skill and medicine chest at the service of the poor miners, and thus, established a kind of dispensary, and old Father Lucas had availed himself of both, to cure, or at least benefit the crippling rheumatism, and other complaints which his damp grotto had engendered. He was now Howard's sworn ally, and he had, of his own accord, sent a boy forty miles off, to procure the services of the Rev. Mr. H——, the Missionary we have mentioned, as soon as he knew that such would be gratifying to his benefactor. This gentleman came at once, and read the first Protestant service for the dead, which had ever sounded in this little chapel-yard.

Although there was no vital religion, we might almost say, no religion at all, in this locality, still every emblem of popery was to be seen—but that Scarlet Misleader of men's souls, cared not to work actively, for here she had as yet met no opposition.

The kind conduct of the English gentlemen, had so won on the hearts of the poor miners, that on the occasion of the funeral, they all took holyday, and to the surprise of our friends, formed, in place of the unpretending cortége they had intended, a most imposing procession, for it was filled with hearts grateful for past kindnesses.

Any one who had seen them passing along the narrow footpath, silent and solemn, in their gala suits, with their washed faces, would have imagined that it was a procession of beings from the world of the dead, returning to their stilly home. A miner never looks so ghastly as when clean; it is then that the livid pallor, which absence from the sun's rays produces, becomes painfully visible.

The Countess, veiled, and in deep black, walked after the coffin, the intricacy of the path rendering it impossible for a carriage to pass along it; she was closely followed by the two Englishmen, and leant on the arm of the Rev. Mr. H——.

Smith Smithson Smith, mounted on Bingo, could not be said to have occupied any distinct place in the procession; he was here, there, and every where,—a kind of Field Marshal, now before, now behind, trotting about, with a kind of grave activity, and regulating every thing.

On reaching the gate of the rude enclosure, Old Father Lucas was seen emerging from the tomb-stones and crosses, with his rosary in his hand, and bare-headed, making lowly reverences to the dead, and when Mr. H—— advanced before the coffin, and commenced reading, in German, the beautiful service of the Church of England, he took his place by his side, and no response was more audible than his "Amen." It was a scene of love; for the old man really respected his younger brother, though belonging to a different, a more tolerant, though not a more compromising church. On Mr. H——'s various visits, many of his little wants had been relieved, and when he called him "Brother," he meant and felt what he said.

The ceremony was performed, and an address delivered by Mr. H——, to the attentive multitude, who seemed to drink in every word with the greatest greediness, and this was followed by a short lecture from Father Lucas, telling them, that from his heart he approved of every thing that had been done; but that he trusted to their generosity, not to say any thing about it to his Superior, on his next visit.

Every individual present, commencing with the widow, now threw a handful of earth into the grave, many spades were at work, and the dead was soon hid from the sight of the living.

During the entire of this proceeding, poor Amelie had sustained her composure in a wonderful manner; but when all was over, and the clergymen counselled her to depart, she gave way to the full feeling of the

shock she had sustained, and her repressed grief caused violent hysterics, and continued fainting fits. It appeared necessary that she should be removed as quickly as possible ; to accomplish which, the peasants were setting about the construction of a bier, with branches, when the ever-ready Smith discovered a little donkey-cart, belonging to a female pedlar, whom curiosity had drawn to the spot ; of this, he immediately made prize, and telling the hawker that he would purchase her whole stock in trade, he set to work, tossing and tumbling all her muslins and calicoes, gowns, shawls, and handkerchiefs, after a very hay-making fashion, and in a few minutes had made a soft bed on the cart, and the Countess being laid upon it, the young woman, who owned the vehicle, supported her head on her bosom, and thus, though the way was rough, they managed to convey her, with considerable comfort, to the Inn.

When removing her from the cart, at the door of the Weissen Hirsch, her eyes happened to fall on the countenance of the pedlar, who still continued sitting in the cart, almost buried in her soft goods ; immediately she uttered a piercing shriek, and catching the girl by the shoulders, stared into her face, till she became frightened. At last, with a convulsive scream, she demanded—

“Who are you?—Where did you get his face ? Aye, and his voice, too !”

The poor, terrified girl answered—

“I am Antonia Gruber, from Leipsic.”

The Countess fell, apparently lifeless, and it was long before she recovered herself. It was the sister of her late husband, who had thus unconsciously been thrown in her way. When in private, she questioned her closely, found that she was all that remained of the family, and determined to adopt her. She kept her resolution, and never parted from her, till one day, some years after the incidents we are narrating, a modest artisan of Leipsic waited on her, and acquainted her with the circumstance of an engagement having existed between him and Antonia for ten years, and that he had now, by dint of saving and industry, acquired the five hundred dollars, necessary for their setting up an establishment, and that he hoped Antonia might have half as much more.

On questioning Antonia, she acknowledged the soft impeachment, and spoke so favourably of her affianced, that the Countess gave her consent to their marriage, and astonished the young couple, by giving them an equal number of Friedrich d'ors, as they had saved of dollars, for a marriage portion.

A tablet was erected over the Count's remains, containing, according to his own request, the following short inscription:—

“ READER,
BE NOT LIKE ME,
BUT LIVE FOR HIM, WHO DIED
FOR YOU.”

CHAPTER XX.

“Ohe ! jam satis——.”

FORRESTER's health had become perfectly re-established, and he was accepted by the Countess as an escort on her return to Frankfort. Howard gave him letters, authorising him to arrange all the affairs of the executorship, singly, and then set off with the eccentric Smith on a tour, the latter having premised that they were to join some of his family, whom he expected to find at Zurich.

The family alluded to, was that of Mrs. Fortescue. Howard was well received by them, and what, with scrambling among the mountains, sketching, botanizing, poetizing, and, we are afraid, flirtizing a little—these Irishmen are sad fellows—the intimacy became so close, that after some months, when Howard had left them, the fates of two of the party were settled for life, and the fortunes of the other two. A short conversation which occurred at Rotterdam, previous to their embarkation for England, will explain this, better than anything else.

Old Smith was sitting in the window of the drawing-room, No. 5, of the Lion d'or, with his wooden leg on the balcony outside, puffing forth volumes of smoke

from a huge Meerschaum, and occasionally asking a question, or directing a remark to the two ladies who were working at a table, a little farther back in the room.

"Dora, my dear," said the smoker, addressing the elder of the two ladies, "here we are, setting off again for Old England to-morrow, having made a "grand tour," and just coming back as we went, only so many months older, without a prospect of getting rid of this hoyden, who is no good but for mending a few holes for Old Uncle, and fetching him his tobacco-box, or Beutel, (for that's the fashion now,) and wearing out ever so many wooden legs for him, dragging him so many miles every day to see this, that, and the other, and never giving the poor feeble old man a moment's rest. Now, if I could only find some really proper fellow, with a heart and brains enough to manage her properly, I would not mind making him my heir, and imposing the burden of my three quarters on him for society during part of the year, just to vex the slut for sticking to me so long"——

"Does your pipe need some fresh Kanaster, Uncle mine," cried Miss Fortescue, "that your thoughts are running on such strange subjects. I fear the smoke has reached your brain, and wrapped it in most dutch-like and impermeable clouds. Now, I propose an amendment—viz: that a certain Old Foggy, who enjoys the distinguished honour of being my uncle, should make me, in place of any of the eligibles, his heir, and leave me to choose for myself in the other matter."

"Well, suppose the amendment carried, what then? Has my saucy niece cast her eyes on any one whom she would admit to share her smiles and fortune? Confess, Madcap, confess."

"Most Rev. Father Confessor," cried Clara, with a laugh, "I doubt there lives the Briton worthy of thine inestimable Clara's taper hand!"

"Briton!—Briton; I did not limit your tastes: I should not care were he a Pole, or an Esquimaux, or a South Sea Islander, provided he were a *man* all out, mind and body, right down, good solid stuff, able and willing to say and do what is right, in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil. What say you to an Irishman? He's not a Briton, you know."

Clara blushed to the eyes, and the smart rejoinder she was preparing, died upon her lips.

"Ha ha! sly puss, does the scent lie there? Well, my dear Clara, the Old Foggy would not object even to an Irishman, provided you do not select Captain Rock, Lieutenant Starlight, or a joint of the Blustering Beggarman's tail. I positively command you not to aspire to such distinction; and I think my quiet Dora here, will join me in that. But to the point. What do you think of the last specimen of Hibernianism we have seen, the lad Howard. Come, come, if you blush in that awfully rose-affronting manner, I'll ask no more questions. So now, like a darling girl, as you are, get your bonnet, for I'd like to stroll once more into the flower market, and compare my British rose with these foreign productions."

Here the fond uncle imprinted a kiss on the cheek of

his beautiful niece, and both felt assured that they perfectly understood one another.

When Clara had left the room, Mr. Smith said to his sister, with a knowing look—

“Congratulate me, my dear Dora, for being a good matchmaker. Howard is a fine fellow, manly and earnest, and just the one likely to make a spirited girl like Clara, happy : notwithstanding his enthusiasm, he is steady as a rock, so is Clara, with all her spirits ; what say you, Dora ?”

Mrs. Fortescue answered, that she had no wish on earth now, but to see her daughter happily settled, and if her brother's surmises proved correct, and that a solid affection existed between the young people, they should meet with no opposition from her. “But,” she added, “my good brother must not hurry on matters ; let a little time prove the sincerity and constancy of both, and then I care not how soon my share of their inheritance falls to them.”

Three years subsequent to this conversation, a very portly old gentleman might have been seen sitting on the low sea wall of the Villa Reale, at Naples, amusing himself by throwing carlini into the water, for some dozen lazzaroni to dive after, and laughing heartily at the fierce struggles, beneath the clear blue element, of these semi-amphibious specimens of humanity. A closer inspection discovered a wooden leg protruding from the loose trowsers of the old gentleman, and on turning his full face to the observer, it was evident that a very great obliquity of vision marred a handsome

and frank countenance. Immediately beside him, were two ladies, and a tall handsome young man.

"There now, you rascals," said the senior, addressing the lazzaroni; "there's the last handful you shall have from me to-day."

Saying which, he flung the silver as far as possible out to sea, and the whole troop rushed, splashing and tearing through the water after it. The gentleman then turned to his companions, and asked—

"Do you see the boat, Forrester? I declare, my dear Clara, matrimony has completely spoiled that once active youth, Howard: see, there he goes like a veritable Milor, lying at his ease in the stern-sheets, with a crew of these naked sun-bronzed savages pulling him. Time was, when he would have pulled himself, and put the best of his back to it when obeying a lady's behest. Hollo! where is he going now? Give me the glass, Amelie. Ha! they are stretching out like mad, and running in under the Castello del Ovo into the little harbour. Surely he don't expect that we are to walk down there in this broil! I'd be afraid of my leg taking fire in this heat, if I went out of the reach of water!"

"Don't you see, uncle, that my considerate better half has pulled in to the Crocelli to take my mother on board, that we may have no delay?"

"Aye, so it is: I beg his pardon. How dangerous it is to abuse a man in his absence, when he happens to have a little fire-eating wife present, ready to do battle for him on every occasion; but I'll change

her tune ; for I see he has just handed my placid Dora into the boat, and now he has slipped on shore, and oh fie ! Mr. Married man ! he is kissing a young lady he has met, as if his life depended on every smack. Well, it is plain he forgets that there are telescopes in the world. Here, take the glass, thou victim to misplaced affection, and judge for thyself if I have reported incorrectly."

Clara Howard took it, but it did not suit her sight. Smith cried out—

"Quick, quick ; change my squinting focus : there, try it now, or all the kissing will be over."

"Well, you are a sad quiz ; it is only little Emily Forrester, after all. Howard is bringing your baby on board, Amelie."

"Only ! indeed !" said the uncle, gravely ; and pray, Madame, would you rather he had been kissing some blooming maiden of eighteen years, than our fair friend's baby, of half so many months ? But, when he comes, I'll tell Howard how eagerly you snatched the glass, when I only hinted a suspicion of friend Benedick's fealty. There is nothing like a little jealousy for seasoning love ; it is like the Cayenne in the Mullagataney."

"Let me make peace between you," said Amelie Forrester. "You have already apologized for attacking Howard, and Clara has already forgiven him for his attentions to my young lady.— But what can be the matter with Forrester, since he has read that letter with the black seal and edging—he has become pale as a ghost. I wish Jeronymo had not brought it him."

them both in his strong arms, and hugging and kissing them as if they were only children.

At this juncture, Howard and Mrs. Fortescue reached the place, and the rest of the party prepared to get into the boat.

"Come now, Master Howard," said Smith, "do you suppose that I shall permit you to enact the part of dry-nurse to my little lady there? No, no! Sir! Off with your jacket, and take the stroke-oar. You, my Lord, take one of the beam oars, and mind ye, pull like a peer of England, nothing less will satisfy me. Here, you Sirs," to the two displaced Lazzaroni, "overboard with you in a minute; I don't like live lumber. Now, ladies, are you all comfortable? Then give way, men! Steady—longer on the bow there. Huzza! for the Grotto Azurro!"

This little scene winds up our tale; we have only to add, that when the boat had got some distance, a fine manly sonorous voice came sweetly pealing back to the shore, and any English ear which heard it, with bounding heart, would have recognized in its notes, the old and national air—

"The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

FINIS.

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